

JOHN CANADA

OB

NEW FRANCE

SEQUEL TO "THE CASTLE OF COETQUEN" AND "THE TREASURE OF THE ABBEY"

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF RAOUL DE NAVERY

BT

A. W. CHETWODE

Dublin:
M. H. GILL & SON, LTD.

PQ2376 N28 J413

CHARLES TO BE

This can of tunit

syn for wor

Author's Dedication

TO

OUR CANADIAN BRETHREN.

THE love of France abides in your inmost hearts, and France cannot forget you. You retain the Faith and the language of the Mother Country, and thus draw fast the bonds which unite us though an ocean parts us.

These pages breathe love for the soil of Canada, heroism in conflict, courage under persecution, and admiration for greatness of every kind; receive them as a token of our ardent sympathy and an expression of the homage of souls full of love for all that is noble, pure, and great—for all that begins in this world and finds its completion in heaven.

RAOUL DE NAVERY.

Th

Continue to the second

Th

Se

Th

Se

Ma

Aı

Pe

A

CONTENTS.

	CF	IAPTE	R I,				PAGE
The Rapids of La Chine	•	•	•-			•	1
	CH	APTE	R II.				
The Great Hut .	•			•		•	15
	CH	APTE	R III.				
Secret Audiences	•	•				•	26
		APTE	R IV.				
The Silver-haired Maide	n	•			•	•	40
	CI	HAPTI	ER V.				
Separation .	•			•	•	•	54
	CH.	APTE	R VI.				
Margaret Jefferson	•			• •	•		68
	CH.	APTEI	R VII.				
An Angel among the Lo	st					•	82
	CH.	APTE	R VIII.				
Perplexities .		•	•	٠		•	101
	CH	APTE	R IX.				
A Red Sky							117

Contents

		CH	APTE	R X.			PAGE
Prisoners .	•		•				132
		CH	APTE	R XI.			
The Thousand I	les				•		147
		CHA	APTEI	R XII.			
Wild Bindweed .	•	•	•	•	•		162
		CHA	PTEF	XIII.		1 8-	
An Apparition	•	•				•	179
		CHA	PTER	xiv.			
The Pursuit	1						200
		CH	APTEI	R XV.			
The Stake					. •	•	219
		СНА	PTER	XVI.			
Margaret Jefferson		•				233	
		CHA	PTER	XVII.			
A Premature Str	uggle					•	252
		CHAI	PTER	XVIII.			•
The Escape							266
		CHA	PTER	XIX.			
The Martyr of a	Great	Cause					276
		CHA	APTE	R XX.			
The Ruins of Co	ëtouen						O(n)

On a negregoing to respond to respond the negregoing transport the negret tende the countries of the countri

large arden

JOHN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAPIDS OF LA CHINE.

On a splendid day in June, a canoe rowed by two strong negroes and having a few other persons on board was going down the St. Lawrence. Cordial affection seemed to reign amongst the different members of the little party; but, in spite of all efforts to be cheerful, an abiding expression of sadness might have been observed on their countenances. Each one made an effort to give a merry response to the exclamations of surprise and the bursts of laughter uttered by a beautiful little boy who stood in the middle of the boat. He was slight of figure and of transparent complexion, with curling hair; there was a peculiar brightness in his look and in his smile, and the tenderness and devotion of the three other voyagers in the canoe seemed centred on him.

The youngest of these was a lad of about seventeen, tall for his age and remarkably supple of limb. His large bright eyes bespoke a nature at once gentle and ardent. He gazed on the blue-clad child who stood

among them, with an affection almost equal to that of the man who sat in the boat's stern.

This latter might be about thirty-five, and his face, though marked with deep scars, retained great beauty of expression. His noble figure and dignified bearing betrayed high birth, while his simple attire was that of recent mourning.

The last of the voyagers had seen at least sixty summers. Weather and travel in various climes had bronzed his skin; his determined attitude and the manner in which he occasionally gave an order to the rowers, revealed one of those brave merchant captains, who by their talents realised immense fortunes in the Indies, and at the same time upheld the credit of the French flag, by capturing in every latitude vessels bearing English colours. This seaman had braved many a storm, had broken water-spouts with his cannon-balls, had endured deadly calms, faced the monsoon and the typhoon, but had never trembled before danger. The soul of a hero animated his iron frame, yet the old seadog grew tender almost to weakness when the child clasped one of his horny hands with his tiny fingers and smiling called him "grandfather!"

"Well, Tanguy!" said the old captain, addressing Hervé's father, "we are finishing a marvellous voyage; when first they spoke to me of the beauty of the shores of this river, I shook my head in a kind of scorn. One who has sailed over all the oceans of the world knows nothing more glorious than that boundless horizon on which his eyes are accustomed to gaze. But I began to

me rive full a sh my I co ther did

cha

quit the leag The To h abso

muc

fron

almo

law, not y I bor sure ship takes press

unde Mon face, beauty earing that

hat of

es had
ad the
to the
ptains,
in the
of the
s bearnany a
a-balls,
and the

The ld seachild ers and

ressing
byage;
shores
One
knows
zon on

gan to

change my mind when the grandeur of the bay gave me some idea of what might be expected from the river. The course of the St. Lawrence to Quebec was full of wonder to me; I should never have thought that a ship of six hundred tons could ascend a river. But my astonishment was greatly increased when I saw that I could continue my course to Montreal, and anchor there as well as in the finest harbour in the world. I did injustice to fresh water, Tanguy, for this river has almost all the beauty of the sea."

"Yes," replied Tanguy, "this country seems to me quite superb, and the thing that specially charms me is the immensity of its solitudes. We are only about three leagues from Montreal and we are already in the wilds. The blue waters and the vast woods are all we can see. To hearts that have been so deeply afflicted, father, this absolute calmness seems to be a solace. The tumult of Montreal causes me a kind of alarm. I have seen too much of men for some months, I feel the need of escaping from them——"

"I have known it, Tanguy," answered his father-inlaw, "and I have forestalled the desire which you have not yet expressed. My cargo has been sold to advantage. I bought nothing but French merchandise, and I was sure of disposing of that at Montreal. The mate of the ship is a good fellow, whom I can trust thoroughly. He takes command of the Lady of Gaul, and will go for the present and trade with South America. He will not undertake long voyages, and will frequently return to Montreal, until we are able to come to some decision as to our future. My greatest wish is to make it easy for you to choose your place of abode, Tanguy."

of a

Tan

hea

the

wan

had

Her

fear

upo

spe

bine

the

had

a ste

plet

rive

the

lake

cate

pan

the

in s

asst

que

in c

but

T

B

The young man stretched out his arms towards the river's banks and said, "Father, let us come nearer to the town if you will, but let us not leave the St. Lawrence. This morning, when you proposed that we should take a ride, I understood your meaning and I thanked you from the bottom of my heart. To-day is perhaps the first day during which I have been able to shake off the heavy burden that weighed upon my soul."

"This excursion was planned two days ago, with Toyo and Tambou. I desired them to have a boat ready and to wait for me four leagues from the town. After having made you ride along the shores of the St. Lawrence, I wanted to give you a more complete idea of their beauty by a trip in a canoe. I feared too that Hervé might suffer from over-fatigue. In less than three hours, that is at the fall of day, we shall be back in our hotel, and to-morrow we will begin to consider how your projects can best be carried out."

Toyo turned towards the Captain, and stopped rowing, then said, "Massa Halgan, you hear thunder roaring?"

The old seaman shrugged his shoulders, looked at the sky and replied, "How can you think of a storm in such weather as this? Row on, Toyo, row on; though we have some hours of daylight before us, we must remember we have to reach the town and return to Montreal before night."

Toyo plied his oars again with the passive obedience

asy for

to the vrence.
take a

u from rst day heavy

After he St. dea of that s than

l rowunder

ack in

r how

at the n such gh we st re-

lience

of a slave, then turning his head towards his brother Tambou, continued, "Brother must have heard it?"

"Yes," said Tambou, "but it is not thunder from heaven, it is the thunder of water!"

Both the Indians bent themselves back and worked the oars skilfully.

Silence had fallen on the passengers. Tanguy's eyes wandered along the banks of the river whose forests had not yet been cleared away. The youth who sat at Hervé's side spoke to him in gentle undertones, as if he feared to interrupt Tanguy's day-dreams or to break in upon the Captain's grave reflections.

The canoe was gliding over the water with increasing speed, a speed which was not accounted for by the combined efforts of the negroes. A distant tumult reached the ears of Halgan, and he now understood why Toyo had spoken of thunder. There was certainly no sign of a storm to be seen in the sky, but the country was completely new to him, it was intersected by numbers of rivers which were swelled by their tributary streams; the St. Lawrence itself sometimes widened into a mighty lake, its course was broken by sudden and stupendous cataracts; and, accustomed as he was to the wide expanse of the ocean, the Captain began to wonder whether the St. Lawrence might not have some terrible surprise in store for him. His skill as a mariner however reassured him, and if his own life only had been in question, he would have sat still with Tanguy rapt in contemplation of the wondrous prospect before him, but his eye fell on Hervé who was smiling and playing

with his youthful friend Patira; he became alarmed for his beloved grandchild, and rising up went to the forepart of the boat.

The sound which the blacks had been the first to perceive was gradually increasing in intensity; the boat was going down the stream in a manner which disquieted him and which was not completely due to the action of the cars. In order the better to comprehend the situation of affairs, Halgan desired the two blacks to stop rowing for a moment; they obeyed him, but the boat still darted on with the speed of an arrow.

"There certainly is a current," said the Captain, "a river is not the sea, after all. Give me your oars, Toyo, and let yours rest, Tambou; I can manage the boat."

Hervé clapped his hands joyfully. "Oh! how quickly we are going," he cried; "we are flying faster than the birds!"

"Indeed," said Tanguy, speaking to Halgan, "the coat is going at a wonderful rate. Have we nothing to fear?"

"I think not," answered Halgan, "except this sound which is almost deafening. The river seems perfectly calm; I have no doubt there is some reason for the increased speed of our boat, but she is strong and I am an old sailor. Don't be uneasy, my son, you won't come to grief with me."

Tanguy's confidence in the Captain's skill kept him silent, he only placed Hervé on his knees and held him pressed against his breast.

The sun was slowly sinking towards the horizon, the trees of the forest stood out with strange distinctness

agai alreligh still with quie

an a at t strail land of the

T

tree of the

problems son bra fas sec ing hu

ga

to

ac

ed for

fore-

o per-

boat

dis-

to the

ehend

lacks

t the

loyo,

how

aster

ooat

r?"

und

ctly

in-

an

e to

um

im

the

888

against the crimsoned sky, while great shadows were already hovering over the green low-lying banks. Twilight had not yet come, but the sounds of day were stilled and its beauties were dimmed. Calmness, mingled with deep melancholy, took possession of the mind to quiet it and of the soul to bear it aloft from earth.

Tanguy continued silent; from time to time his lips lightly touched the child's brow, while he interchanged an affectionate glance with the youth who was seated at his feet, and who sang in a low tone a mournful strain, which must have been brought from a distant land, for each note seemed to find an echo in the heart of those who heard it.

Far off a light wreath of smoke was rising above the trees from an Indian hut hidden within the deep shadows of the wood.

While Captain Halgan was listening to the ever approaching thunder of the waters, and Hervé sleeping in his father's arms hushed by the murmur of his friend's song, a man came to the river's bank, bent over the branch of a tree in which an iron ring had been made fast, and undid the rope of bark by which a canoe was secured. He got into the light boat, drew in the floating rope, seized two oars and began to row without hurrying, but in a manner which proved his thorough acquaintance with the river and with the modes of navigation in use among the savages.

He had seen from the shore the heavier boat of our travellers, and, impelled by a sudden fear, had decided to prepare for what might happen. "Never," said he to himself, "would a native of this country thus guide his boat on the St. Lawrence. God guard the strangers, they are nearing the Rapids!"

And indeed the aspect of the river was changed; instead of the sand over which the limpid waters had rolled, stone now formed the bed of the St. Lawrence, and rose so high that there was scarcely as much water as a canoe might draw. It seemed as if a giant staircase were formed of living rock beneath the river, and the current was rushing violently over the steps. To increase yet more the perils of the navigator, the rocks rose here and there above the waters of the St. Lawrence, many reefs appeared above the surface, and amid the many obstacles and unknown dangers of the river, the skill and experience of the best seaman would have been at fault.

The increasing speed of the boat's course, and the roaring of the waterfalls surprised Captain Halgan, and he began to perceive that the lives of the loved beings under his care might be in danger; he seized the oars in a kind of desperation, but at this moment their assistance was likely to be dangerous rather than useful, the boat was suddenly carried away by the current and glided along swiftly as an arrow from the bow. At one moment its keel touched the rocky bottom, the next its sides came into contact with the reefs. Powerless to slacken the course of the canoe, Halgan's only care now was to hinder it from striking too violently against the rocks, but the oars were soon shattered in his hands, the impetuous rapids dashed the boat against an enormore

rock the

The smooth dimit a receptable passes for a

At with faller press whet when with you a

In boat,

it loc Te the

safet "Th ship

caln

said

rock, and the shock was so great that it rebounded from the rock and was driven into the middle of the river.

of this

1,,

d; in-

s had

rence.

water stair-

river.

steps.

r, the he St.

, and

of the

vould

d the

and

ings

rs in sist-

the

and

one

t its

s to

the

ids.

9110

God

The rapids were passed, the St. Lawrence was again smooth as a mirror, but the danger was by no means diminished; the side of the boat had been shattered by a reef, water was coming in, and the efforts of the passengers to bale it out or to stop the hole could only for a time retard the inevitable catastrophe.

At the moment when the boat had struck on the rock with a fearful crash, Hervé with a cry of terror had fallen back insensible in his father's arms, and Tanguy, pressing him closely to his heart, was wondering whether it was not time to seek safety by swimming, when the man in the bark canoe, paddling towards them with all possible speed, cried out: "Do not be afraid! you are saved!"

In another moment he was so close to the half-sunken boat, that he was able to take hold of its side.

"Spring into my canoe!" he said calmly, "though it looks but slight it is quite able to bear you all!"

Tanguy went first, then Patira; the negroes stood in the sinking boat waiting to see Halgan in a place of safety, but he signed to them to get into the canoe. "The Captain," he observed, "is the last to leave a shipwrecked vessel."

As the boat went to pieces and floated down the calm bosom of the river, Halgan sat down at Tanguy's side.

"You certainly do not belong to this country, sir," said the man who had so providentially seen them from

the river's bank and saved them from certain death, "you must be strangers or you would know the Rapids of La Chine."

"We are Frenchmen, sir," replied Tanguy, "and have only been in Montreal for a few days."

The youth, plunging one of his hands in the stream, bathed the temples of Hervé, who still lay motionless, while Tanguy gazed on his pale countenance with an

expression of tender anxiety.

"It will be nothing serious, probably," said the master of the canoe, "the child has fainted from terror, but there is no danger in his state. Unfortunately, I have no restoratives with me, but the air, no doubt, will set him right: however, allow me to make you an offer, and to ask you a question—Did you mean to re turn to Montreal this evening?"

"That was our intention," answered the Captain.

"Is it absolutely necessary that you should be there?"

"No, unless this child's state --- "

"Be at ease about him—I have finished my questions, and this is what I can offer you: You see I am drawing near the bank of the river, and you may observe a solid dwelling-place half hidden among the trees—will you accept my hospitality, or had you rather return to Montreal by means of this canoe?"

"Sir," said Tanguy, "we owe our lives to you, and we thankfully accept another benefit from your hands—Montreal is at least two leagues distant, and my son does not yet open his eyes."

owner land.

Tw to the of the dour of seeme as the from

The found his pacanoe then construction who, another

Cap after : his st the sh

As maple of the other interprusher round

head

Rapids

, " and

stream, tionless, with an

aid the terror, ately, I doubt, you an a to re

ain. uld be

estions, drawserve a —will surn to

u, and hands ny son "Very well! and I thank you, sir," responded the owner of the canoe; "a few minutes more and we shall land."

Twilight came, and while the travellers drew near to the abode of their deliverer, the other shore of the river faded from their view, and the splendour of the sunlight passed away. The dark forest seemed to grow larger and larger before their faces, as the blue distance could no longer be distinguished from the line of trees.

They were nearing the shore, and when their deliverer found himself close to the mooring-place, he pushed his paddle firmly into the bottom, brought his barkcance so near the bank that he could spring on land, then drew out the rope and made it fast to a giant Shumach tree, and gave a helping hand to Tanguy, who, with his child still held in close embrace, in another moment stood at the Canadian's side.

Captain Halgan, Patira, Toyo, and Tambou, one after another left the canoe, and their host quickened his steps as he led the way to a great house over which the shadows of night were gathering.

As the wanderers passed under some giant sugar maple trees, two different sounds welcomed the owner of the dwelling—one was a joyful barking, and the other a strange guttural cry, which might have been interpreted as an expression of affection. A great dog rushed out to meet his master, bounded round and round him, licking his hands, and raising his beautiful head towards him, while a gigantic brown bear came

forward with heavy steps shaking his immense head, then slowly raised himself to an erect position, uttering a dull grumbling growl, and finally placed his velvet paws on the shoulders of the travellers' kind host.

"Gently, Phebus!" said the man, "down Mingo! you are good faithful creatures! Draw back and show respect to those who are entering our door." The dog raised his head, sniffed at the new-comers, and then rubbed himself against Patira's legs, while Mingo, the bear, trod heavily at Tanguy's side.

Neither bear nor dog as yet crossed the threshold of their master's dwelling; their duty as guardians was not concluded, for they quietly placed themselves one on each side, like sentinels ready to sound an alarm on the first appearance of danger.

Two servants hastened to meet the Canadian, and a tall man, wearing the national dress of an Indian tribe, approached him with an air of dignity and an expression of tender affection. "My brother has made a prosperous trip," he said, "my brother brings back strangers."

"Yes, Black Bison," answered the Canadian, and then turned to Tanguy, and pointing him out to the Indian, said, "Give this beautiful boy into the care of my Indian brother without any fear; he has a knowledge of medicine which might astonish many a learned doctor."

Black Bison took hold of Hervé cautiously, looked at him anxiously, and then turned his eyes to the Canadian, as if in expectation of a command rather than a request. them all fe fathe Th

66 T

and thall.

garm
wrap
fox,
a fet
Halg
prese
open
cogn
roun

Indi frier

stran

fear

66 1

A mea and S

figu har It c "Let the Black Bison listen to my words and engrave them on his heart. Terror has deprived this child of all feeling of life—the boy must smile again in his father's arms."

The Indian bowed his head with majestic calmness, and the servants opened the tolding doors into the great hall.

Black Bison began by taking off Hervé's damp garments, warmed his icy limbs by slow friction, wrapped him in a warm rug of the fur of the black fox, took some bottles from a sort of cupboard, and put a few drops of some liquid on the child's mouth. Halgan and Tanguy bent over their darling, and presently his eye-lids quivered, a gentle breathing opened his lips, he gazed around him in wonder, recognized Halgan and his father, then threw his arms round Patira's neck, and finally, catching sight of the strange figure of Black Bison, uttered a cry of mingled fear and wonder.

"The Wren is afraid of the Black Bison," said the Indian, "but he will soon learn that the Red Skins are friends of the Pale Faces."

At this moment the bell announced the evening meal, the door was opened noiselessly, and a strange and charming being appeared on the threshold.

She seemed to be about thirteen years of age, her figure was tall and graceful, and the dress she wore harmonized with her peculiar and surpassing beauty. It consisted of a white tunic adorned with embroidery, and confined by a girdle of rare shells. A long neck-

Mingo!
d show
he dog
d then
go, the

e head.

attering

s velvet

st.

hold of as was one on on the

and a tribe, xpresade a back

then dian, ndian medi-

ed at Canaian a lace of many-coloured pearls hung down to her breast. Mocassins worked with porcupine quills and glass beads, covered her tiny feet, her hands were long and delicately formed like those of a European girl. Her skin was of a warm amber tint, and her magnificent long hair was, by some strange, yet graceful freak of nature, white as the foam of the cascade, or the snow of the glacier. A golden band confined this hair which floated around her like a liquid veil.

"Father, father," she asked, as she pressed the master's hand to her lips, "no accident has happened to you?"

"None, thank God! and those who are under my roof are in safety."

Hervé, who was now in Patira's arms, looked at the silver-haired maiden with a sweet smile; in another moment she was at his side, the two innocent creatures understood and loved one another at first sight; Hervé gave his hand to the silver-haired maiden, and they went together into the vast dining-hall.

"Gentlemen," said the Canadian to his guests, "you are at home."

In another moment all were grouped around a well-spread table, and after having seen Hervé comfortably established, the little Indian maiden kissed his brow, and said, in a musical voice, "The Wren and Non-pareille will love each other as if they had been rocked in the same cradle."

THE receive the time fail

which large serio of we toget The bark of li good gott upp whi offer

The

Was

 \mathbf{wh}

M

or

CHAPTER II.

reast. glass

and

Her

icent

ak of

mow

hich

the

ned

my

the

her

res

rvé

ey

ou

11-

ly

W,

1-

d

THE GREAT HUT.

THE dwelling in which Tanguy had been so hospitably received partook of the character of an Indian cabin in the primitive nature of its materials, and at the same time, resembled a fort in some points which could not fail soon to strike the eye of an observer.

The palisade surrounding the immense enclosure in which the house stood, was formed of trunks of trees, large and solid enough to resist a bullet and presenting serious obstacles even to the axe. Great cross-pieces of wood held the sharpened posts of the palisade together, and heavy bars of iron defended its gates. The house was also made of trunks of trees with the bark left on, the windows, large enough to admit floods of light into the lower apartments, were furnished with good shutters and showed that nothing had been forgotten in providing for the safety of the house. In the upper storeys, loop-holes served to give light to rooms which were less frequently used, and at the same time offered an important means of defence in case of attack. The menacing aspect of some of these arrangements was partly concealed by the broad projecting roof from which the snow could easily slide in winter.

The house was entered by a flight of fine steps, an mmense vestibule gave access to rooms whose spacious proportions enabled their master to exercise hospitality on a large scale. Phebus and Mingo were generally

to be found in the court or the vestibule; the former ever lively and playful, the latter sleepy and sad, unless when fear took possession of him and roused his overwhelming strength and called forth his terrible growl.

Tanguy, Captain Halgan, and the youth Patira were in an immense dining-room; liberality without luxury presided at the table. The dinner-service was common, the provisions substantial, and the beer sound and good, but the habits of the master were evidently temperate.

The silver-haired maiden had taken possession of Hervé with a sort of affectionate despotism. his blue garments were being dried, she wrapped him in the fur of a black fox, and the pretty boy might have been taken for the model of some picture of the Holy Family, in which St. John is to be seen, smiling, crowned with curling hair, and clad with a fleece which displays the transparent skin of his infant form. strange attire of his companion, the tender gravity of her expression, the beauty of her necklaces, the grace of her smile, and the wonderful floating hair which surrounded her, all combined to transport Hervé into another world. From time to time he looked at his friend Patira as if he would ask him the meaning of all the marvels which surrounded him, but the youth was absorbed in thought, and perhaps the subject of his meditations was the same as the subject of Hervé's delighted surprise.

The meal began in silence, but by degrees the host succeeded in giving some animation to the conversation; he described to the rescued travellers the beauty of the sp intim coura

Th hall, draug in ho

The had a protect member

anoth two d

On pieces other were bison a care earth rated into nary the bowl

insta

grea

of that virgin nature in the midst of which he dwelt, he spoke of Indian tribes with whom he seemed to be intimately acquainted, and whenever he praised their courage or made mention of their virtues, his eyes turned to the Black Bison or the silver-haired maiden.

The Indian had followed the host into the dining hall, but he did not share the meal, only accepting a draught of the brown beer which he seemed to quaff in honour of the visitors.

The maiden who answered to the name of Nonpareille had adopted the European customs of her friendly protectors, although her dress still betrayed her remembrance of her own race and her affection for it.

When the meal was over, the guests withdrew into another apartment which was divided into two parts by two different styles in which it was furnished.

On one side might be seen convenient and simple pieces of furniture of French form, together with many other things belonging to civilized life; on the other, were heaps of furs, chiefly those of the bear and the bison, apparently destined to serve as seats. From a carved rack hung pipes with curiously sculptured earthenware bowls set in rings of silver or brass, decorated with figures and trimmed with feathers, and fitted into large wooden tubes; others of yet more extraordinary workmanship were fixed to the blade of an axe, had the handle of a tomahawk for a tube, and a stone bowl. The warlike owner of such a calumet could instantly make it a terrible weapon. The host of the great hut offered his guests pipes of a less formidable

3

unless s overgrowl. a were uxury nmon, good.

erate.

former

on of While aim in have Holy iling, which The

grace
which
into
t his
ng of
outh

ct of rvé's host

rsauty kind, provided them with good tobacco, and said in a voice of remarkable power and sweetness, "Your rooms are ready, gentlemer, you must retire when you like a the pleasure of your visit does not make me forget the fatigue and violent emotion you have to-day gone through."

Tanguy gave his hand to his host, "You have welcomed us," he said, "according to the traditions of antiquity and the custom of the desert. We have received from you the greatest possible services, we have shared your bread and your salt, and you do not yet know even our names."

"I know," replied the master, "that you are men of intelligence and good heart; your speech assures me that you are French; can anything more be needed to enable us to understand and appreciate each other?"

"I am called Marquis Tanguy of Coëtquen," rejoined the young man. "Captain Halean was father of the wife for whom I mourn, whose features live again in Hervé's countenance. As to this youth who seems already quite abashed, because he is afraid of hearing his own praises, he is Patira, and he saved our lives on a previous occasion——"

Patira came forward towards the host and laid his nervous hand in that which the gentleman held out to him. The silver-haired maiden gazed at him with simple-hearted admiration; evidently it made her happy to know that he was brave.

"As for me, sir," said the host in his turn, "I am known under the name of John Canada."

Cans
Mon
we l
hero
to r
Cari
Abrs
the
relat
to m
in tl
anu

emote hand of l

rejo need our

" Sc

44

obli the "What!" exclaimed Coëtquen, "you are John Canada, who fought for New France by the side of Montcalm! Oh! believe me, we all know you, and we have admired you from a distance as one of the heroes in the glorious struggle which needs not success to render it immortal. You were at the battle of Carillon, your blood was shed twice on the plains of Abraham. My brave father, who was a connection of the Montcalms, a friend of the Bougainvilles, and a relation of the Marquis of Vaudreuil, has often spoken to me of you! What a happiness for exiles to find in this distant land a man so devoted to the old flag and to the zervice of God!"

The manly features of John Canada betrayed deep emotion, a tear stood in his eye as he pressed the hands of Halgan and Tanguy; slowly, as if fearful of losing his self-command, he uttered the words, "France! my beloved and noble France!"

"Why did you speak of fatigue a little while ago?" rejoined the Marquis of Coëtquen, "I never felt less in need of sleep. It would be such a pleasure to talk of our common country."

A cloud of perplexity passed over John Canada's face. "So you do not mean to retire to your room?" he said.

"By no means, and until you yourself go to rest—"

"I shall not go to bed to-night."

"Then we shall remain with you, unless your duties oblige you to part from those whom you delivered from the Rapids."

"In any case," answered John Canada, "the hour

e have tot yet

id in a

rooms

u like .

forget

y gone

e wel-

ons of

nen of es me ded to '?"

her of again seems aring res on

id his
id out
with
appy

I am

for doing so has not yet come, we have still time to

speak of France."

A shudder passed through the frame of Coëtquen, and he said, "We have hardly been a month in Canada. We have fled from France, which now offers us nothing but a scaffold—John Canada! torrents of blood are flowing in our country, the cross is cast down from the desecrated altars, the nobles are only escaping death by banishment. Ruin is on every side. A red rag has taken the place of the banner with the lily of France for which you have fought, and amid the terrible convulsions which now distract the country, it seems as if its institutions and its glories must completely perish."

"Do not believe it! never believe it!" cried John Canada. "France is suffering! is in her agony! she lies a martyr on a blood-stained soil, because she is the prey of the ambitious, of murderers, and unbelievers. But her torture has lasted only four years, while we, Canadians, inhabitants of the old country, have been enduring ruin, persecution, transportation, and death, for thirty years. For thirty years a struggle has been going on in Canada between the Catholic Faith and Protestantism. Our patriotism is punished by exile, our faith is proscribed. It is not enough for our enemies to banish those who speak too loudly, there is wholesale transportation, entire districts are depopulated, and family ties are broken with wanton

ferocity. What has been the fate of Acadia? Where

are our exiled brethren? Alas! what is before us?

I ma ears coun of th in th tribe born the l to m Fren be in need giver to h which at th agair

we have untrocana sold

it wi

"

hand side toma e to

ien,

ıda.

ing

are

the

ath

rag

of

the

, it

m-

ohn

she

the

ers.

we.

een

th,

een

 $\mathbf{n}\mathbf{d}$

le,

ur

ere

le-

on

re

8 P

I may speak, since my name has already reached your ears: I have fought unceasingly for the freedom of my country and if all patriotism had died out of the hearts of the men of New France, it would still be preserved in this dwelling which is called by the wild Indian tribes, the Great Hut. Ever since the day when I was borne back wounded, from the great battle fought by the heroic Vaudreuil, the love of my country has been to me a sacred thing. I am proud of the name of Frenchman, and I husband my remaining powers to be in readiness for the hour when the Canadians may need me. I did not choose the name I bear, it was given to me, and I hold it as a noble title. I seem to have been made the representative of our country which is vanquished indeed, but still alive and ready at the first sound of hope and deliverance, to rise up again and pour forth her blood on the plains which it will fertilize!"

"Alas!" said Halgan, "how you must have suffered!"

"We have wanted for everything except courage; we have slept on the burned ground, we have passed, bare-footed and weak with hunger, through the wild untrodden forests. Bigot, the wretched governor of Canada, who has received the reward of his evil deeds, sold us worn-out muskets, which burst in our bleeding hands—yet we held on. French regiments fought side by side with the militia of the country, Indian tomahawks fraternised with our arms. The sound of our bugles was overpowered by the native war-cries.

hull

was

beca

num

hand

fron

sup

80.

If G

action

We

We

mee

gatl

mor

the

and

har

eac

gai

de

pr

to

of

bı

to

p

The Red Men and the Pale Faces were animated by one common sentiment, all fought for the great Ononthio, and offered their lives for New France. Though the mother country abandoned us we could never forget her. Hatred for our conquerors has outlived the sorrows of defeat. We are, and shall ever be Frenchmen. We shall never cease to speak that familiar eloquent language which is so rich in tenderness and in power. Our hearts are still true to her who has forgotten us, and those who have breathed the air that passed over our cradles have a special claim on our friendship."

"Brave, noble heart!" exclaimed Coëtquen.

"We can now understand each other," rejoined John Canada, "and if what I am about to tell you alarms your conscience, you will forget it."

"On my word of honour!" said the Marquis.

"You will answer for Patira, as I do for Non-pareille?"

"Yes," replied Halgan.

"Well!" continued John Canada, "the Great Hut has become the central meeting-place of all who are suffering in body, in mind, or in heart. Here come, singly or in groups, every day and every month, those who need food or counsel; here at fixed times assemble those who share my hope of raising Canada to new life, and delivering her from the conquerors who have become her tormentors. Oh! do not say that we are seeking comfort in a vain dream: since the day when the Black Bison brought me here, pierced with three

ov one

nthio, h the

forget

l the

ench-

niliar

rness

who

l the

m on

John

rms

on-

Hut

are

me,

080

ble

fe,

Ve

ire

en

ec

bullets, this abode has been the last refuge where it was possible for us to meet. We have patience, because we have faith and strength. We count our numbers without hurrying into action. Perhaps this band of brothers, united by a single idea, and chosen from all ranks of society, will do nothing more than support and console one another. And if it should be so, would not our work have still been worth doing? If God appoints us an hour, we will act—if the hour of action comes not, we will continue to suffer in silence. We do not take part in politics, properly so-called. We cannot even be said to be conspirators. We meet together, that is all. Each one leaves our gathering with a fresh impulse for good and a more generous confidence in the Lature. The poor, the rich, the learned, and the unlettered, the savage and the missionary, all flock to this wooden house; hands are clasped in one another, hearts understand each other, and God does the rest."

"But what of the police?" asked Captain Halgan.

"Oh! I am well aware that they would give a good deal to be rid of me, and accordingly I am extremely prudent; those around me guard me, I leave nothing to chance, and give no reason for violence. If I had listened only to my own feelings, I should often and often have drawn down upon me the terrors of the law; but I owe myself to others, and I have no right to run to destruction. The police are watching for an opportunity and I make it my business to give them

none. The morrow's success may be sacrificed by to-day's imprudence."

"And one of your meetings takes place this evening?"

"Yes, this evening. Friends, poor and afflicted persons, will come from Montreal and the neighbouring islands, from the villages on the banks of the river and from the depths of the forest, to speak together of the land from which you have taken flight, and of 'the old country' which they would fain deliver from every trace of the English."

"But," inquired Tanguy, "besides the snares which may be laid for you, does not your isolated situation of

itself expose you to serious dangers?"

"I have indeed, everything to apprehend, and therefore, I am always ready for combat. This wooden house could stand a siege. To tell the truth, I have nothing to fear from the English. The day that they catch me in the act of conspiring against the right of the strongest, they will judge me with unmitigated severity, and I need have no hope of mercy; but until such time as they can take me, condemn and execute me, they will leave me in peace. What I always look forward to is an attack from the savages friendly to England. I have had five different alarms from them, they were defeated, but not without difficulty. Indian chief who is calmly smoking his calumet here, was of great use to me, to say nothing of Phebus and Mingo, whose intelligence was equal to their courage. The village of La Chine consists of a few hats whose inmates are devoted to me; in case of need

I can by a I

the n
After
us to
of a n
feelin
becom
a pers

At from heigh John

within

grand

He in his parei which myse

and draw your a che poin will

1

I can summon them here and they can easily reach me by a path unknown to the Hurons."

ed by

ing?"

licted

uring

r and

f the

the

very

hich n of

ere-

den

ave

hev

t of

ted

 \mathbf{ntil}

ute

ook

to

m, The

net

us

ir

W

ed

"I sincerely admire you," said Tanguy, "and all the more because your courage endures so long. After all, nothing is easier than the daring that impels us to face a danger however great, under the influence of a noble idea and amid the excitement of generous feeling. But coolly to realize what you are doing, to become the soul of a party, to be the representative of a persecuted nation, and to confine your very courage within the limits of prudence, is indeed heroic and grand."

At this moment Black Bison took his long pipe from his lips, raised his tall figure to its utmost height, and left the hall, after having made a sign to John Canada.

Hervé had just fallen asleep, and Patira raising him in his arms, said to the silver-haired maiden, "Non-pareille, I should like to lay this dear child in the bed which the master of the house intends for me, and myself to return to this hall."

"Come!" said the young girl, gently.

The cry of the blue owlet was now heard, and gives notice that John Canada's friends were drawing near the Great Hut. Light as a bird the young girl passed before the youth, opened the door of a chamber in which a night-lamp was burning dimly, pointed to a little bed and said, "My young brother will have sweet dreams here."

The same cry was heard for the second time, and the

silver-haired maiden took Patira by the hand, and led him back to the great hall whose curtain was raised by the Black Bison.

CHAPTER III.

SECRET AUDIENCES.

THE countenance of the Indian betrayed emotion scarcely to be controlled by the gravity habitual to men of his race, who unite great simplicity of heart to their courage. It might have been guessed that the cry which he had heard, and in answer to which he had arisen, proceeded from the lips of some companion of his youth, who had wielded the tomahawk at his side in war with a hostile tribe, or had, with him, shouldered the musket when the Indians joined their French allies in resisting the invaders of Canada.

The chief—for his noble mien, the scars which seamed his breast, and the silver and gold medals which hung from his necklace, claimed the title for him—had chosen to appear at John Canada's assembly, not in his war-paint but in mourning colours. Black predominated in the numerous lines drawn on his face, and the buffalo skin which served him as a cloak, bore as canting arms a bleeding heart transpierced by an arrow. His legs were hidden by buckings of supple leather, which were ornamented by the hair taken from enemies slain in battle.

A scalping-knife and a brilliant axe hung from his

girdl of hi over pear

> Pi the Blac Cans

not t Tang was

> Algo hall. shod a gr fittin

> > ing T wes

> > > I h
> > > by
> > > of
> > > the

to fr

and led sised by

girdle; rings of silver rattled from the immense lobes of his ears, and wampum necklaces fell like a breastplate over his chest where the tattooed totem of his tribe appeared beside his paint.

Pierced-Heart silently seated himself in a corner of the spacious hall, and accepting the calumet which Black Bison presented to him, began to smoke. John Canada was too well acquainted with Indian customs not to respect the chief's imperturbable reserve; Halgan, Tanguy, and Patira watched him with a curiosity which was kindly rather than indiscreet.

Hardly a moment had passed after the arrival of the Algonquin Sachem, when another visitor reached the hall. He was a tall old man, clad in a torn cassock, and shod with mocassins of buffalo leather. He leaned on a great maple staff, and wore on his head a black close-fitting skull-cap. A few locks of white hair strayed over his thin neck, and an expression of hidden suffering enhanced the asceticism of his appearance.

The missionary came to John Canada as quickly as his weariness permitted him.

"I come," he said, "to seek refuge; for the last week I have been hunted like a wild deer, and I have escaped by little less than a miracle from the Indian partizans of the English power, who look on us as the enemies of their gods and the opponents of their allies. God knows, my son, that I do not concern myself about political affairs or new divisions of country, all I do, is to teach men the law of God and to bear the crucifix from hut to hut. But the English are not content with

motion to heart the le had ion of

at his

him,

their

which
which
had
his

omil the antrow. nich lain

his

having taken possession of our territory, they seek to snatch from us that which has been won by the Gospel. The greatest severity is shown to the tribes which have remained friendly to France, and now protection and peace are offered as the reward of the abjuration of their faith. John Canada! my feet are bleeding in the mocassins which a kind Indian widow bestowed upon me, and the old missionary is hungry."

Tanguy and Halgan gazed at the old man with reverent pity and the Silver-haired maiden hastened forward and bent down before him with arms crossed upon her breast. The priest blessed her and she glided from the hall, beckoning to Patira to follow her. When they came into the dining-hall, Nonpareille put some bread, a slice of venison, and a jar of fresh water on a tray, gave it to Patira to carry; and then taking a basin, a towel and a pitcher, returned to the missionary who had sunk exhausted on a seat.

She knelt before him, washed his bleeding feet and bound them up, first with fresh leaves and then with linen bandages, and, when this was done, stood before him silent and modestly graceful, while Patira served his frugal meal.

The great hall meanwhile had gradually become filled with visitors belonging to very different social positions. Some of the men had come from Montreal, and the neighing of their horses, which were fastened to the palisades surrounding the court, might be heard; others had descended the St. Lawrence in their bark canoes, the poorer traders had come on foot through

Some they through

the In long I

All at each clock appoint amell to spewome

back

" (G

have peace wat hear you

fat wi

in

fo hi seek to Gospel. which tection tion of in the upon

reverrward
n her
n the
they
read,
tray,
in, a
had

and vith fore ved

me
ial
al,
ed
i;
k

the forest and arrived worn-out with their journey. Some of them related the crafty expedients to which they had been compelled to resort in order to pass through the districts infested by the Huron bands.

While the Europeans gathered around John Canada, the Indian chiefs flocked to the sagamore and took the

long pipes presented by the Pierced-Heart.

All spoke in an undertone; the men looked cautiously at each other; John Canada watched for the great clock which stood in a corner of the hall to give the appointed signal; its hands moved slowly round the enamelled dial; two minutes more and he was to begin to speak, but the door was violently thrown open and a woman with dishevelled locks cast herself at his feet.

"Give me back my daughter!" she said, "give me back my daughter!"

"Your daughter! Amy David, your daughter Lucy?"

"They have taken her from me, the wicked wretches have stolen her. For a long time I have not had a day of peace or a happy hour; I knew that the monsters were watching for their prey, and I pressed my child to my heart, as if my love could guard her. You know her, you know she is good, and beautiful, and pure, an angel in her devotion, a saintly soul! We are poor—my father's fortune has been taken from us—we worked with our hands all day and at least half the night, but we never complained; we were happy in our affection for one another. Persecution assailed us in a crafty and hidden manner; work became scarce, we were turned

out from several poor abodes which had given us shelter. One day a Protestant Minister visited us on the pretext of taking an interest in our position: he expressed compassion for us and gave us to understand that our lot might be ameliorated if I wished it. Do you understand what he meant? If I wished it! I saw that my child was growing pale, and I asked myself if she could endure our protracted martyrdom. spoke to me of apostasy. If I would consent to deny my faith, I should be made more comfortable, if notalas! I knew it well, if not, mother and child would soon die of hunger. I bid the tempter begone, but that Two days after Lucy renight we had no supper. turned to me in a state of terror, she believed she had seen dark-looking men pursuing her. I tranquillized her with some difficulty, and we decided that for the future she should only go out with me. crafty foes laid a snare for her. A note was written to inform my child that she could obtain remunerative work in a distant part of the town, on condition of going for it immediately. I was out at the moment when Lucy received the letter; she thought she ought not to wait for me, lest the opportunity should be lost, and accordingly she started. She had hardly gone twenty paces from our door, when she was arrested on an odious charge, and in spite of her tears and her protestations of innocence, drugged off to one of those places of confinement in which thieves and abandoned women await trial. When I came home my house was empty; I wept and prayed and looked for my child's return;

in the she w when only amids accus such which

that am v

order

66

full allo step had

The cal

lo se helter.

pretext

d com-

our lot

inder-

that

if she

n he

deny

not-

rould

that

re-

had

ized

the

the

n to

tive

of

ent

cht

st,

ne

n

0-

86

n

in the morning one of the police came to tell me where she was imprisoned. You will believe me, John Canada, when I say, I had rather have heard of the death of my only daughter—Lucy in that place of horror! Lucy amidst those reprobates! my angel among fiends! Lucy accused! I am almost beside myself when I think of such cruelty, when I dwell on the infernal wickedness which tries to blacken the daughter's reputation in order to be revenged on the mother's faith."

"It is horrible! horrible!" murmured John Canada.

"You will give her back to me? Will you not? say that you will give her back? See I am on my knees, I am weeping, I beg for justice and pity!"

"Pity! poor woman! poor mother! do you not see that our hearts are overflowing with pity? our eyes are full of tears for you; but justice! but when shall we be allowed to give you justice?"

"To morrow if you wish it," said a young man, stepping forward from the midst of a group in which he had been hidden. "We have muskets still, and we can make powder, if we have not money enough to buy it. The blood of the brave and the tears of the weak are calling for vengeance. A few moments ago I shuddered at seeing Father Flavian amongst us bearing the traces of his glorious martyrdom. If his long white locks no longer float on his shoulders it is because he has been scalped by the Hurons. Hurons in the pay of England The blood-stained trophy, I should say the venerable relic, adorns the wigwam of some Indian. Who shall hinder us from rising against so cruel a yoke? We

have bound ourselves by no promises, and the oaths made to our fathers are broken every day. Let us rise against the oppressor who has taken possession of us as if we were mere goods to be bartered. Father Flavian will not preach revolt, he is afraid that we should avenge the horrible cruelty he has undergone, but this woman is weeping and suffering! Our priests are scalped, young Catholic maidens are carried away to be confined in so-called industrial institutions! Yes, yes, pity for Lucy and her mother, and vengeance on our foes!"

"Death to our foes!" repeated twenty voices.

Pierced-Heart slowly drew near, "The Pale Faces love us," he said, "and I am going to tell the Pale Faces what I have seen in the huts of our brethren. The new rulers oppress them and torture them-while the great Ononthio treated them as his children and honoured them as warriors, the spoilers of the 'Old Country,' take their hunting-grounds and let hostile nations loose upon them. The Black Robe has been tortured, faithful Indians are massacred every day; peace had been sworn, peace which was to last as long as the rivers should flow, as long as the stars should shine in heaven, but the oaths have been despised and the battle-axe has been taken from the place where it was buried. I come from the Counsel Hut, I bring to you the words of the old men and the desires of the young men; the English have betrayed the Indians; the Indian will send forth the arrow and the tomahawk. I have spoken and men have listened to my words."

Pierced-Heart remained standing, and looked around

him effe exc dist hear

66 clad Hea com and bow cows coun Malo the d in or an o my 1 good grov soldi yout the cond the ! perh

its v

first

ade

nst

we

vill

ige

nan

 \mathbf{ed} .

ed for

cea

ale

en.

ile

nd ld

ile

en

7;

g

ld id

it

0

е

him with a calm and haughty glance to judge of the effect which his speech had produced. The guttural exclamation uttered by the Indians seated at some distance proved that it had found an echo in mighty hearts.

"You have spoken well," said a young Canadian, clad in a hunting blouse, as he approached Pierced-Heart. His manly beauty and his free, noble bearing commanded the sympathy of all who looked upon him, and he continued: "we have borne patiently, we have bowed beneath the yoke; now, if we would not be cowards we must take our revenge. I am from the old country, and my father was one of the first who left St. Malo to make his fortune rapidly in Canada. He gained the desired wealth, my family possessed estates and lived in opulence. All was taken from them and I was left an orphan, for my father fell gloriously at Carillon, and my mother did not long survive him. I owe it to the goodness of an old friend of my family that I did not grow up in ignorance, and, as I could not at once be a soldier, I became a hunter. But in common with all the youth of Canada, I long to take up arms and reconquer the territory which was ours. Every day makes our condition worse and increases the overbearing pride of the English. If it was a question of taking Quebec, perhaps you would say that the position of the city is too strong and that we should only die in vain beneath its walls, but Montreal is not too well defended to fall into our hands, if we venture on a brave blow. Our first victory will draw around us all those who take the

more

Hut:

India

you '

like .

using

what

wept

powd

are p

coun

slain

frien

let

grou

bone

then

age

whe

wor

wou

and

and

suf

Car

gai

yo

winning side. The sons of those who fought like heroes on the plains of Abraham are longing to avenge their fathers. You have often striven to stem the irresistible impulse which urges us on, John Canada! I do not think it is possible that you can stand between us and the English. You have heard Father Flavian and this heart-broken mother, you know the opinion of our friends the Indians—give the signal and within a month all the men in Canada capable of bearing arms will be gathered round you!"

A murmur of approval greeted the words of George Malo, and many of the young men came to shake hands with him.

It was now an old Indian's turn to take part in the discussion.

He was extremely old, the white hair fell over his shoulders. Over his leathern gaiters, which were covered with thongs of deer-skin tastefully crossed over each other, was a short tunic of bison skin ornamented with curious patterns and fringed with scalps of human hair, which were a memorial of many deadly deeds.

As he came forward the young Indians rose in token of respect.

"I have seen a hundred snows," said the old man, in a feeble voice; "I have fought for France, and my heart was sad when the battle axe was buried. Raise it up again to the red sun of war! My sons, who are elders of the tribe of Castors, will recover the fire of youth when war begins, and the children of my grandchildren will shoot their arrows with valiant hands. The sagaeroes

their

stible

think

d the

this

f our

onth

ill be

orge

ands

the

his

vere

over

ated

nan

ken

, in

art

up

ers

th

en

n-

mores have sent me to say to the master of the Great Hut: 'The tomahawk is thirsty!' You, whom the Indians venerate and whom the great Spirit inspires, you will understand our prayers, and will bid us rise like a troop of warriors."

"Oak of the White Moss," replied John Canada, using the picturesque language of the Indians, "I know what the Abenaquis are suffering, and as a man I have wept over it——"

"We no longer want tears," said the old man, "but powder and blood! Look around you! all the chiefs are painted in the colours of war. If you refuse your counsel, they will march without a guide, and will be slain to no purpose. Let the Great Pale Face, the friend of the Indians, take their part in the new war let him help them to conquer back their hunting grounds, to return to the place where their fathers' bones were buried, and whence the English have driven them away."

"I come from Quebec," rejoined a man of mature age; "revolt is in every heart. George Malo was right when he told you that a victory would be more easily won at Montreal; but this first success of our arms would have an effect like that of a train of powder, and while the deliverers hasten to lay siege to Quebec, and gain possession of the town by the side which suffered Welfe's audacious assault, all the French and Canadians will be against the garrison, and open the gates of the town. We are fifty here to-night, when you say the word, we shall be fifty thousand!"

The meeting now assumed an aspect of tumultuous agitation. Hearts were overflowing with anger, and indignation broke forth into passionate eloquence. Each of those who had come from a distance to bring the complaints of the oppressed to the Great Hut, had a tale of iniquity to relate and an accusing word to speak. The Canadians trembled, lest, infuriated by the opposition of the settlers, the English should transport them by hundreds as they had transported the Acadians. A breath of generous wrath passed through the various groups; with a little army of men like these, New France might be reconquered, and the banner of Montcalm might again float on the breeze.

John Canada could do what he would with all the men assembled in his hall, and nevertheless he hesitated. While he gave himself body and soul to the suffering and oppressed, he wished as long as possible to delay the outbreak of a movement whose success could not with any certainty be counted on. Prudence put him on his guard against rash enthusiasm. Yet, he knew that each one of the envoys had spoken truly; oppression was leading to revolt, and the vanquished would rather, if need be, have died with arms in their hands than have seen their most sacred rights trampled under by brute force.

For many a long year had John Canada sustained and consoled the sons of the heroic defenders of their country and kept alive the energy of the survivors of twenty glorious battles. He was the distributor of alms and the living soul of the people; the love of his

vanque his branched as the count had refund comme mother all will sphere prote

He that t contin fall u

he ki would his with espo

> seng lend visi con ing

> > Old

ltuous

r, and

Each

g the

had a

peak.

posi-

 \mathbf{them}

rious

New

ont-

the

lesi-

the

ible

cess

nce

et.

y;

ed

eir

ed

ed

ir

of

ρf

ia

A

vanquished country seemed to find its chosen home in his breast, and when he declared that henceforth he would bear the name of John Canada, all looked on him as the very personification and representative of the country. With his manly soul and his tender heart he had remained completely a Frenchman; he spoke of the "old country" with a fervour which could not fail to communicate itself to his hearers; he consoled weeping mothers, he received travellers, opened his dwelling to all who were in trouble, and exercised through a large sphere a sort of royal authority against which no one protested.

He knew full well that the English dreeded him and that the police were on the watch to take him, but he continued his mission, well assured that he would not fall until the hour appointed by God.

Besides, John Canada in no degree deceived himself; he knew that whatever the result of the struggle he would fall in it. He had already made the sacrifice of his life, he only wished that it should not be given without gaining something for the great cause he had espoused.

And now, when he must give an answer to the messengers who were waiting his decision in respectful silence not unmixed with visible tokens of impatience, a vision of blood rose before the eyes of Montcalm's ancient comrade. He saw himself as he had been on the evening of that battle which had decided the fate of thousands and changed the nationality of a territory as vast as the Old World. He asked himself whether he had done

one the

elici

the

still

with

the

to h

and

rag

bani

revo

cow

you

rive

Rap

mu

Coi

"i

sin

are

th

T

well to keep alive the sacred fire of patriotism which was burning in every heart, and whether a terrible responsibility did not weigh on him in regard to the fearful events which were now inevitable. But there was no time to be spent in such dreams, the groups of young men and the Indian chiefs had all gathered round him.

"The hour has come, John Canada! God has made it plain! Answer us, will you be our chief? Nothing can now prevent the holy war."

"Nothing?" asked Montcalm's friend.

"No! Nothing!" answered all, "we must deliver ourselves from the English, or die!"

"You hear theta, O ay God!" said John Canada; "the voice of the oppressed is to me as Thy voice."

He motioned his friends backward with a slow and solemn gesture, and went to the great clock. Then drawing from his breast a very small key which hung to a little iron chain, he opened the ebony door of the clock-case and took from its hiding-place a staff round which were rolled some silken rags.

A rapid movement soon unfurled them, and the messengers who thronged round John Canada saw with surprise and emotion the embroidered lilies of the ancient banner of New France.

An unanimous cry of affection and enthusiasm burst from the lips of all present—"France for ever!"

No one now remembered that France had abandoned the conquered country, and allowed her once brilliant and noble daughter to be torn from her bosom. No whic.

rrible

to the

there

ps of

hered

made

thing

liver

ada ;

and hen

the

und

the

vith

ent

urst

aed

ant No one now recalled the mocking words of Voltaire about the "acres of snow" in Canada—words which had elicited no protest or remonstrance. France had played the part of a step-mother, but New France loved her still; and the sight of the tattered and soiled banner with its half-broken staff, brought tears to the eyes of the Canadians.

The Marquis of Coëtquen pressed the glorious trophy to his lips. "I find thee here," he said; "I bless thee and welcome thee! Far away, a red and mud-stained rag has been set up, and men have told us, 'this is the banner of France!' It is false! The lilies of St. Louis and of Jeanne d'Arc are our standard! I have fled from revolution, anarchy, and the scaffold; here I find my country! I remember that I am a nobleman, and I beg you to count me as a soldier!"

"I cannot boast of my skill in navigating your rivers," said Halgan—"you know how I fared in the Rapids of la Chine, my dear host—but I can use a musket and a boarding-axe, and where the Marquis of Coëtquen is you will find me."

"I claim a place at your side, my lord," said Patira; "in Canada as in France I am in your service."

The Silver-haired Maiden looked at Patira with simple-hearted admiration.

"It is well!" she exclaimed, "yes! it is well! you are worthy to be the young chief of the children of the Abenaquis and Algonquins."

"And you?" asked Patira, "what will you do, if there is war, Nonpareille?" "I will dress the wounds of the warriors."

Father Flavian came forward. "Bloodshed appals me," he said, "but you are rising for a good cause; may the blessing of God be upon you, and the blessing of the aged, the weak, and the oppressed! If I cannot promise you victory I consecrate you to martyrdom."

The men bowed their heads as the missionary raised his trembling hand, and John Canada replaced the banner of Montcalm in its secret hiding-place.

Hands were pressed and ardent wishes interchanged; in another hour all John Canada's guests were sleeping beneath the roof of the Great Hut; they needed no other bed than the bison's skin, and hope filled their sleep with dreams of glory and of liberty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SILVER-HAIRED MAIDEN.

THE situation of the Great Hut was sufficiently isolated to secure John Canada's friends from a descent of the police; but the English had in their service Hurons who were greedy of spoil and eager to bring back scalps to their wigwams. The English employed the Mingos in deeds which they would not themselves have done. The greatest circumspection was therefore needed, and when meetings, such as that of which we have spoken, were held at the Great Hut, John Canada's guests waited till the fellowing night before

under the occa Whit sistate too vappressauginsis indiscould

regin with delive that this Department

it wa

broulayi
to chr
opp
mit
Th
by

tio tor bo ppals

ause;

nnot

aised the

ed;

oing

no

ly

nt

ce

g

ed

0

е

undertaking their return journey to Montreal through In the morning, on this present the forest. occasion, the assembly assumed another character. While John Canada accepted the idea of armed resistance, that of battle was repugnant to him. He was too well aware of the military strength of England to approve of an attack which must end in wholesale slaughter. Therefore, in a more tranquil assembly he insisted that time should be taken for the preparations indispensable before action. A hecatomb of heroes could not have saved the country. Before all things it was necessary to form the colonists and Indians into regiments, and make ready for the mortal struggle with such care and mystery, that it might avail for the deliverance of New France. John Canada believed that at least a year would be required in order to attain this result.

During the great council held that day, John Canada brought out an enormous register bound in red, and laying it on the table, turned over the leaves and read to his hearers some extracts from the heart-rending chronicle. It was the history of twenty-five years of oppression, the daily memorial of all the horrors committed. Every page bore stains of tears or of blood. This immense record related the crimes committed hour by hour by the conquerors against a disarmed population. The cry of the oppressed sometimes took the tone of prayer, and sometimes that of despair. The book had not all been written by John Canada; the differences of handwriting and of style, showed that

sig!

aim

gra

the

im

had

He

too

his

cee

Tar

the

tin

pla

ho

be

W

u

various hands and diverse characters had been engaged in the work. Men who had been robbed, calumniated, and insulted; women who had been treacherously made widows; orphans who had no support save charity, had recorded their sufferings on these pages. Eloquent words told of the devotion of the missionary; and the chief whose hand could wield the tomahawk, but could not express his ideas with the pen, had simply painted on these pages, signs and figures which embodied his tale.

Every one of the passing guests of the Great Hut in turn gazed upon the stern and bloody pages: and on the last leaf of the volume were inscribed the names of those who were longing for the resurrection of New France.

The strength of the tribes, the number of Canadians capable of bearing arms, the funds that could be collected, were all calculated with the greatest care by the chiefs of the movement, and it was decided that unless any unforeseen event should occur, the struggle should begin in the following spring.

"We must go through six months of ice and snow," said John Canada; "not until the rivers and torrents flow freely can we begin a warfare which will see us conquer or die on the battle-field. Meanwhile, I will travel through the length and breadth of Canada; the Abenaquis and the Algonquins will see me seated at their council fire." The duty of recruiting friends to aid the sacred cause was confided to John Canada's guests, and each one swore that he would never lose

gaged

iated.

made

v. had

quent

d the

could

inted

l his

it in

d on

es of

New

ians

col-

the

less

uld

v."

ats

us

ill

he

at

to

's

le

sight of the mission which was henceforth to be the aim of his life and the goal of his hopes.

The farewells spoken as the assembly broke up, were grave, and even George Malo, the most ardent for the coming struggle, left the Great Hut under the impression produced by a momentous decision.

The Canadian envoys, Red Skins and Pale Faces, had gathered together for the evening meal, and Pierced-Heart, Oak of the White Moss, and the other chiefs, took the road to their villages, while George Malo and his friends went to Montreal and the last-comers proceeded to their habitations.

Soon no visitor remained at the Great Hut, save Tanguy, Halgan, Patira, Hervé, and the missionary.

While the men were conversing on serious subjects the young ones were chatting in an under-tone. From time to time a fresh young laugh was heard, as Hervé played with Nonpareille's silver hair.

"Patira," said Hervé, "are we going to leave this house and return to the town? Everything here is so beautiful; there are such fine bears' skins, and such weapons hanging on the walls, and then Mingo is so gentle, and Phebus so merry; and besides, listen to me, Patira, I will not come away from the Great Hut unless I can bring with me the girl that calls me the Wood-Wren."

John Canada heard the child's words. "My Lord Marquis," he said, "you hear this little despot! No doubt your aid would be of the greatest value to us at Montreal, but you are a French Emigrant, and as such

will soon be an object of suspicion to the police. You seek to be in peace until the day when you can serve a great cause, is it not so?"

"Yes," replied Tanguy, "I want quiet, for I have

suffered, suffered dreadfully."

"Then make yourself a dwelling like this—establish yourself in the country as a settler. The government will grant you a tract of land, on condition of the approval of the Indians, the ancient owners of the soil. A few barrels of brandy, some blankets and firearms, will procure a regular concession for you, for you must observe that the government which spoils and decimates us, makes a point of keeping up the appearance of legality."

"The product of the merchandise on board my ship would pay for a French department," said

Halgan.

"We understand one another," replied John Canada, "our object is one, let us make an alliance which will strengthen both of us. The erection of a house like mine is neither costly nor tedious, although you must acquire land to make a settlement, the woods are at hand, and workmen are numerous, so that in three months, that is to say, before winter sets in, you may be installed."

"I like the idea," said Tanguy; "do you approve of it, father?"

"So thoroughly," answered Halgan, "that to-morrow I will go to Montreal, and take the preliminary steps for obtaining the concession of which our host has spoken."

N and hair O beil

Her

with girt pros

to h
T

cour

Wh bro join

> ex; she pa

th th se "We shall not go away from Nonpareille?" asked Hervé.

You

ve a

lave

lish

ent

the

the

re-

70u

nd

ar-

ny

id

8,

11

e

Nonpareille understood the child's loving inquiry, and taking him on her lap, covered him with her long hair as with a veil.

On the morrow, Halgan started for Quebec; the builtiant sunshine was lighting up those rapids which I most proved so fatal to his family, and he gazed with curiosity and wonder on the immense forest which girt the horizon. His heart was satisfied with the prospect of living peaceably in these remote wiids until circumstances might render a return to France possible to him and those he loved.

The business which he had to transact at Montreal proved neither tedious nor difficult. He had money enough for the purchase of land, and a native of the country undertook to make a distribution of brandy and wowder in his name, and to obtain in return a sision of the territory from its Indian possessors. When he returned from Montreal, Captain Halgan brought with him a score of woodmen, carpenters and joiners, and several servants.

John Canada gave the new colonists the aid of his experience, and it was decided that their dwelling should be made on the model of their host's. A strong palisade was to surround and defend it.

Patira, Hervé, and Nonpareille wandered about among the woodmen who were felling the ancient giants of the forest. More than once the little Indian maiden seemed saddened by the fate of some grand tree; she

not

the

mai

rece

have

nym

idea

dow

ance

for]

ful

seei

No

she

clear

sion

not

fath

Ind

roc

nig

th

sh

H

th

6

66

did not yet understand that it was absolutely necessary to have some settled and stable abode; she had grown up in a hut made of interwoven branches, and thought that life was as peaceful and happy in such a dwelling-place as it could be within the most solid walls. She regretted the shady foliage; she grieved over the nests which were in the fallen branches; and when the sap flowed under the strokes of the axe, it seemed to her like the generous blood pouring from some great wound. But Patira could soon dispel her mournful dreamings by a song, or Hervé by a caress.

"Why should the Wren's father build a house?" she asked; "is not ours large enough? When the Mingos are in the woods we must think of coming near one another to be safe from them."

Patira had become the friend and protector of the little Indian maiden. Her picturesque language, her sweet voice, and her eloquent words had a great charm for him. The memory of but two women lived in his soul; the Marchioness of Coëtquen, whom he often saw in his dreams, with her blue robe, and her fair flowing hair, or again in the dark attire which had served her as a winding-sheet—and the gentle, pitiful Claudia, who had defended him against John Anvil's violence, and whom in the last day she had spent in Brittany, he had seen weeping and half mad, leading her hungry children along the roads and over the wide-stretching plains. To Patira's imagination the Silver-haired Maiden appeared as a being unlike all others, clothed in poetical mystery. He loved her, but

neces-

e had

ches.

py in

most

she

ches:

axe,

from

her

e ?"

the

lear

the

her

 \mathbf{rm}

red

he

er

ch

le,

nn

nt

d-

10

11

ŧ

88.

not without a kind of awe. She seemed to belong to the race of Korigans, rather than to that of ordinary maidens, and but that he had seen her bow ber head to receive the missionary's blessing, he would perhaps have never believed that she was not a kind of fairy or nymph. Everything about her tended to keep up the idea of mystery. The long white hair which reached down to her feet, gave her a kind of ethereal appearance. But the thing that struck Patira most was, that for Nonpareille darkness had no existence; the beautiful eyes of the maiden were gifted with the faculty of seeing in the dark, as certain nocturnal birds can do. No one who saw her by day could have guessed that she had this strange power, for her eyes were bright, clear, and transparent, and possessed a depth of expression unusual in one so young.

"Nonpareille," said Patira to her one day, "you are not the daughter of our friend, and yet you call him father."

"Like the bird whose name she bears, the little Indian girl grew up in the great forest. Her mother rocked her by day in a hammock of flowers, and by night upon her breast."

"And Nonpareille's mother is dead?" asked Patira.

The girl's great eyes sparkled, a shudder passed through her frame, and in a low and sorrowful voice she replied, "Nonpareille's mother is dead. The Hurons slew her. One night the war-cry was heard, the enemy came—the tomahawk did its deadly work—the Blue Owlet sought to carry Nonpareille away

and save her, but an arrow pierced her, and cast her to the ground."

Ro

yo

alv

alv

Pa

she

add

cas

not

nea

pri

800

and

dist

you

if t

my

the

figl

kno

Ro

rap

the

the

and

"And Nonpareille's father?"

"The English slew the husband of the Blue Owlet; the Great Beaver was a famous chief."

"And how were you saved?" inquired Patira.

"The Black Robe has often told me about it. Father Flavian was returning from Lake Superior with the master of the Great Hut; they were passing through the desolated village; Nonpareille was moaning among the dead; John Canada took her away as a treasure and kept her safe. As Nonpareille grew she learned to bless Father Flavian's God. Father Flavian poured on her brow the water that makes the soul pure like an angel's, and the child of the tribe of Great Beavers adores the Lord Jesus and kisses the holy cross.

"And tell me, Nonpareille, have you never regretted the forests?"

"My tribe is scattered, Patira. My heart dwells in the Great Hut. John Canada has been kind like a father. His words are never false, and his soul opens to all sorrows. The Black Robe says John Canada is a saint, and Black Bison declares that he is a great warrior. What more can poor Nonpareille want? She used to think the Great Hut dull and dark, and the words of Black Bison and John Canada too grave, but you have come, Patira, you have come with Hervé, and the face of everything is changed. There are songs and laughter in the house, as there are in the forests: the Black

her to

wlet;

ut it. perior issing noanay as

grew ather s the be of s the

etted

her.
all

ior. I to s of ave

ter ick Robe and John Canada are Nonpareille's fathers, but you are my brother, and it seems to me that you have always lived in this country, and that your voice has always been sounding in my ears."

Sometimes, while the silver-haired maiden talked to Patira of the half-faded memories of her childhood, she would thread wampums with which she liked to adorn Hervé's neck, or would embroider supple mocassins of deer-skin for Patira.

"The Hurons are a wicked race," she said, "and nothing will change their hearts. Rapids that are nearly calm on the surface, are to be distrusted. The print of a European's shoe through the forest would soon betray his race, but one mocassin is like another, and all the skill of the Red Skins is often unable to distinguish them. I never wish to see war-paint on your skin, which is of a different hue from mine, but if the Hurons should come—the Hurons who killed my mother the Blue Owlet, or the English allies of the Hurons, you would take a musket, and you would fight side-by-side with John Canada. Nonpareille knows not how to use arrows or lances, and the Black Robe would not have us avenge our dead kindred."

The construction of the new dwelling went on rapidly under the Marquis of Coëtquen's direction, and the young ones spent many hours amusing themselves in the halls of the Great Hut, or on the banks of the river.

While the workmen were putting the logs together, and squaring the trunks of the trees, Tanguy sometimes lost himself in memories of former days; in place of the dwelling framed of the oak and the maple, the Castle of Coëtquen rose like a vision before his mind, with its massive towers, of which the highest and most gloomy had served as a dungeon for Blanche Halgan, and had heard the first infant wail of Hervé, mingled with the sobs of his fair young mother.

When evening fell and the mists began to float over the vast river, Tanguy would think of the great lake which formed a double girdle around the feudal manor, and in the midst of which its ruins now stood.

Tanguy in his exile mourned not for his great fortune, or for the grandeur of Coëtquen; had Blanche been at his side, he could have lived happily in the log-house; with her and Hervé, his old ancestral halls or the shores of the St. Lawrence, or the gloomy shades of the great forest would have been full of joy.

It was not long before John Canada surmised that some grief even deeper than that of exile was preying on the heart of his guest. The chivalrous character of the Lord of Coëtquen had won his heart; with the gentle patience of a friend, and the skilful prudence of a physician, he sought to discover the secret sorrow of his soul. One evening when Tanguy and his host were alone together, the former related the mournful history of the Round Tower, the treachery of his brothers, the tragic fate of Blanche and the devotion of Patira; he spoke of his own despair, his attempted suicide, his sojourn in the Abbey of Léhon, the providential manner in which Patira had secured a boat and finally of his meeting with the Lady of Gaul.

f

the

ind.

nost

zan,

gled

ver

ake

or,

ine,

een

ise;

the

the

hat

ing

ter

ith

nce

OW

ost

 \mathbf{ful}

his

on

ted

vi-

bat

"I have now," said John Canada, "a new reason for loving you. Though I seem rather too old to be your brother, my heart is as fresh as when I was twenty and as full of affection. I had not guessed your secret but I had seen that you were in sorrow, let me now share that sorrow with you, and your burden will be lightened."

From the hour when Tanguy made John Canada the confidant of his history, a most intimate friendship was established between them and the two noble-hearted men were constantly together.

John Canada was sorry to see his friend's abode completed, and although Tanguy promised to visit him frequently, he could not but regret their separation.

"Besides," he added, "what is to become of Nonpareille without your boy and Patira? Who could have imagined that slight delicate-looking youth to be such a hero?"

"It would indeed astonish and trouble Patira, if he were told that his young life is richer in noble deeds than that of many men of mature years."

If John Canada thought anxiously of the solitude which would again be Nonpareille's portion when his guests left the Great Hut, Patira had another cause for uneasiness. He knew that the distance between the two habitations would signify little; after his nightly journeys from John Anvil's house to the Round Tower, it seemed an easy thing to run from one hut to the other. But, accustomed as he was to the massive structure of Coëtquen, and the granite walls of the

Abbey of Léhon, he felt some alarm regarding the materials employed in the erection of the Marquis' new dwelling-place. The manor of Coëtquen had indeed been attacked by fire, but its solid stone work and gigantic towers had been blackened, not destroyed. The besieged Castle and Abbey had lost their splendour and beauty, yet their ruins were still grand, and the storm of revolution had not been able altogether to anihilate them. But what would be the fate of Tanguy's new habitation in the event of an assault? In this country of wondrous forests, the earth is rich in metals of various kinds, but the working of mines is so costly, that people shrink from spending large sums of money for a small and uncertain profit. Of what use to Patira was his skill as a blacksmith and lockmaker—that skill which had enabled him to save Hervé, and preserve the Treasure of the Abbey-if he could not procure any iron to melt in the furnace of a forge, to hammer on the anvil, and fashion into swordblade or plough-share? With John Canada's words in his mind, and the knowledge that war was in all probability not far distant, Patira begged Captain Halgan to give him a note for the mate of the Lady of Gaul, desiring the young man to hand over to him various things which he wished to convey to the new dwelling-place.

"I understand," said Halgan, "you are afraid that Tanguy will feel the want of some of the furniture which was placed in my cabin."

"Exactly so, Captain; will you write? I will myself

go to Montreal, before the vessel leaves her moorings and will bring back the things required."

"Do as you think well, my boy."

Patira borrowed several carts and went to the town.

He had the furniture of the Captain's cabin and of Tanguy's placed in one of them, but he also filled two with other things whose nature he kept secret from everyone. He had to spend several hours in removing the desired objects, he then packed the carts securely, and himself drove the first.

When he approached the Great Hut, instead of entering it, he turned to the right and went to Tanguy's future abode, passed into the palisaded court, and then, having awakened Toyo and Tambou, made them help him in the heavy work of unlading the carts. More than once the negroes were overcome with fatigue, and begged for a respite, but Patira was pitiless, and it was not till the dawn of day that he led the oxen back to the Great Hut.

Halgan was equally surprised and delighted when he saw the change which two of the rooms had undergone. A kind of elegance now reigned in them and with a little good-will Tanguy might have fancied himself in a chamber at Coëtquen.

As to the rest of the contents of the three carts, Patira had shut them up in a spacious subterranean hall, whose entrance Toyo and Tambou vainly endeavoured to find the next day.

At last, at the end of two months, the massive doors

the

da

int

ma

and

 $_{
m the}$

int

and

a si

bar

abo

voi

are

loc

Ca

 \mathbf{th}

R

to

 \mathbf{th}

рE

were in their places, and the smoke of the new habitation might be seen rising towards heaven; the house was ready for its masters. The sadness of John Canada's heart was disguised beneath an affectation of good humour. Nonpareille who was less accustomed to overcome her feelings, wept while she embraced Hervé.

Hands were closely grasped, words of affection were spoken, and a few hours later, Tanguy, Halgan, Hervé, and Patira, were sleeping in the house of the Rapids.

CHAPTER V.

SEPARATION.

DEEP darkness covered the moonless sky, the great river, and the mysterious forest. The different sounds that filled the air, alone indicated the position of the forest and of the giant stream. Smothered groans and prolonged whistling were heard among the branches, while the thunder of the rapids and the surging of the waves against the rocks were even more alarming than the confused voices of the wind among the foliage or the tread of a panther as he rustled through the underwood. Meanwhile, two men, whose whispering tones betrayed disquietude of mind, were walking along the bank of the river from whose bosom a veil of mist was slowly rising. In the midst of the darkness, in the solitude which seemed so complete, it might have been

thought that they were afraid of spies and scented danger on the breeze. They were followed by two intelligent animals, which seemed to understand their masters' thoughts, to conform themselves to their mood, and imitate their prudence.

n

The two men were soon opposite a habitation where the veiled light of a lamp was shining through the interstices of a window.

"They know my signal," said one of the wanderers, and putting his two hands up to his lips, he uttered a sound like the prolonged cry of the screech-owl.

Almost at the same instant, a window opened, and a similar cry was heard in response, and immediately afterwards the sound of keys turning in locks, and of bars being drawn back, proved that the visitors were about to be admitted.

"Is it you, Patira?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, Father," replied the youth, who recognised the voice of the missionary, "the Marquis and the Captain are waiting for you in the inner hall."

The youth barred the doors, turned the keys in the locks, and went on before Father Flavian and John Canada.

A messenger had informed the Marquis of Coëtquen that John Canada would come to the house of the Rapids in the course of the night. Halgan was putting together notes for a future account of his voyages to the Indies, and his son-in-law, by the aid of documents which John Canada had procured for him, was preparing a history of Montcalm's campaigns.

Hervé was sleeping in the upper chamber, and Nonpareille who had been for two days at the house of the Rapids, had obtained permission to sit up with Patira, who, with the patience of an artist, was carving a dagger for the little Indian maid, while she embroidered a doeskin case for him.

After he had brought the missionary into the Marquis's room, Patira returned to Nonpareille.

"Who has come?" she asked.

"Father Flavian and John Canada are here."

"At this hour of the night! something serious is going on, and Nonpareille is afraid."

"Her friends know that she is brave," replied Patira; "if there is danger she will be told of it."

The two young people continued their work, but Patira's hand was often idle, and more than once Nonpareille's embroidery lay on her lap.

Meanwhile, the men downstairs were conversing confidentially together.

"Are you then in danger?" asked Tanguy, coming close to the Canadian.

"Danger is an atmosphere in which I am accustomed to live," answered John with a smile. "If it were not my duty to take care of myself for the sake of the party which looks to me as its head, I should long since have been carried away by the natural impetuosity of my character, and acting under the impulse of generous indignation, I should doubtless have fallen into some one of the snares which are continually laid for me. Until the day when my death can serve

the decur

repa bark tuft

to be

"C nised in my once,

now of his production of the control of the control

miser

thin I fel

slouc

crim

66 (

and

the cause which I defend and whose triumph I hope to secure, I will resolutely guard my life; my conduct this evening proves it sufficiently."

"Are you being pursued?" asked Tanguy.

onthe

ra,

ger

e-

he

is

a;

ut

n-

h-

g

d

00 - 0

"A little while ago," rejoined John Canada, "I was preparing to go down to Montreal, and was loosing my bark canoe from its accustomed mooring-place by a tuft of reeds, when I saw a man approach whom I know to be my mortal enemy."

"You have never done harm to any one."

"Certainly not! but the individual whom I recognised in spite of his disguise, has the greatest interest in my capture or my death; you will understand it at once, when I say that he is an obscure underling of the police and aspires to a higher situation. The miserable creature has the ambition of a giant. He now crouches like a slave, but if he can attain his end, his pride will know no bounds, and will outdo that of Gorton himself. The gad-fly threatens the lion, the serpent hisses and prepares his venom. In spite of the white wig in which his head was hidden, of his great slouched hat, and the coat which hung loosely on his thin miserable form, I recognised Jefferson, or rather I felt he was there."

"Does he mean to have you arrested?"

"On what pretext could be do it? I am doing nothing criminal or illegal."

"But then?" asked the Captain.

"He wishes to put me out of the way, that is simpler, and causes less noise. If Jefferson was wandering

curiously around my house, it was no doubt to ascertain my means of defence, and to plan the best way of taking it by assault."

"What did you do when you recognised the agent

of police?" asked Tanguy.

"I deliberately unmoored my boat, and steered my course towards the Rapids of La Chine; after having passed them I went quietly on to Montreal. A boatman undertook to carry my canoe on his back and leave it opposite the Great Hut, and I hastened to George Malo. He knew by public rumours which filled some with sorrow and others with exultation, that the government had determined to bring matters to an end with me, and that the most rigorous measures would be taken with all who aspire to restore the integrity of the Canadian territory. The journey which I must necessarily take to rally all our scattered forces, is hastened by circumstances. If I were to stay another month in the neighbourhood of Montreal, I should silently disappear, and with me, perhaps, would perish the last hope of those who have remained French. I depart therefore by night, and none of my servants will betray the mystery of this sudden journey; Father Flavian accompanies me. George Malo is entrusted with the political direction of affairs at Montreal. I should be very glad if you would see him from time to time. He has a noble generous heart. I entrust Nonpareille to you. Treat her as a sister of Hervé and Patira."

"You will not take Black Bison with you?"

"Ho munica "W

"As You m

" Ca

danger "To

> friendl An

feature to go w "My

> can bu stake, t lously a this poo

"Yo Tanguy

The covered head, a a sight skin of a red l

Flavia

fearful

an Al

"He will serve us as a messenger if we want to communicate with each other."

"When shall we hear from you?"

rtain

y of

gent

my

ving

oat-

eave

orge

ome

ern-

with

aken

of

must

s, is

ther

 \mathbf{ould}

rish

I

ants

 $_{
m ther}$

 sted

e to

rust

and

Ι

"As often as possible, but the country is very large! You may rest assured that my heart is with you."

"Cannot you wait for daylight? these forests are dangerous—"

"To-morrow our way may be intercepted, the tribes friendly to the English may be lying in wait for us."

An expression of deep pain passed over Tanguy's features as he enquired "has Father Flavian strength to go with you?"

"My dear son," said the missionary, "the savages can but kill me. Thrice have I been bound to the stake, thrice have I been delivered almost as miraculously as the Apostle was delivered by the Angel. And this poor old head of mine has been scalped."

"You have undergone that martyrdom!" exclaimed Tanguy.

The missionary slowly took off the skull-cap which covered his forehead and came down on the back of his head, and Halgan and the Marquis of Coëtquen saw a sight which excited their terror and surprise. All the skin of the head had been removed with the hair and a red line marked the course of the knife. After this fearful barbarity had been inflicted on him, Father Flaviar had lain as if dead amid the smoking embers and the corpses which strewed the place once occupied by an Algor juin village; the compassion of a woman saved him. The cure of so terrible a wound was con-

60

sidered almost an impossibility, but, thanks to her knowledge of healing herbs and her charity, the missionary survived. It was a deep grief to him to live on, though he never said so, wishing to submit completely to the Holy Will of God. He had almost tasted death and now life was bitter to him. Amidst his horrible sufferings the vision of eternity had smiled upon him; he had heard the rustle of the angels' wings-and then the celestial apparition had faded away, his wounds had been healed, life resumed its course, and again he resumed his apostolic labours. Who can describe the fervour of the prayers of this man who had deemed himself so near the vision of his God? Who can tell the number of the tears that flowed from his aged eyes? Since he had undergone this fearful torture he had seemed to grow gentler than ever, to have more tenderness for little children and more compassion for poor sinners. The Canadians revered him as a saint, and the converted Indians could not look on his venerable head without remembering that their hands had also wielded the scalping knife, and then the bloodstained trophies that adorned their fathers' huts appalled them instead of making them proud. Father Flyvian loved his red children dearly. He thought that the missionary journey which he was now about to undertake in John Canada's company, would be his last, and that he would fall by the river's side or beneath the shade of the forest, leaving his body to earth while his soul was received by the angels, and he rejoiced at the hope of seeing face to face the Master to whom he had devoted his whole being.

Whe John C affection

"Is I

"Beg In an

ed in the

"My call of d tune har mother family o

"Non her swe brother.

The a Canada' control For a m her deli child of impress proof of been gir

which t

At la

John C

When the three men had finished their conversation, John Canada rose, shook Halgan's and Tanguy's hands affectionately and asked—

"Is Nonpareille sleeping?"

know-

onary

hough

to the

h and

suffer-

n; he

then

ls had

he re-

e the

 ${f eemed}$

in tell

aged

ure he

more

on for

t, and

erable

also

ained

them

loved

sion-

ke in

at he

de of

was

pe of

de-

"She is waiting to see you."

"Beg her to come down."

In another moment the Silver-haired maiden appeared in the great hall accompanied by Patira who seemed to be her living shadow.

"My child," said John Canada, "I leave you at the call of duty, and I trust you to friends. If any misfortune happens to me, stay with them. Your father and mother are dead, you have no family save the great family of the Canadians and the French."

"Nonpareille understands," said the young girl in her sweet voice, "she has taken Patira for her brother."

The Silver-haired Maiden threw herself into John Canada's arms, and, in spite of her violent efforts to control her emotion, burning tears rose to her eyes. For a moment she sobbed, leaning on the shoulder of her deliverer; this sudden weakness on the part of a child of that race in which the power of mastering the impressions of physical pain seems hereditary, was a proof of filial affection far beyond what would have been given by the strongest protestations. Accordingly John Canada pressed her to his heart with emotion for which the sadness of farewells and the dangers of the journey but too fully accounted.

At last the time for parting had come: John Canada

went into the court accompanied by Halgan and the Marquis of Coëtquen, Patira again drew back the iron bars, opened the locks, and unfastened the bolts. John Canada's two companions were again at their master's side; these companions were Phebus and Mingo.

He laid his hand on the head of the dog which

seemed to look at him with an inquiring eye.

"Yes, Phebus!" he said, "yes, my good dog, you may follow us, but you must be mute, as mute as if every bark might call up one of our Huron foes. You, Mingo stay in this house; you would be of no use to us in the forests but here you will take care of Non-pareille."

The girl stroked the great head of the bear gently with her little hand, he growled in a friendly manner appearing to understand his master's words and to resign himself.

"Are your arms in good order?" inquired Tanguy.

"I have my crucifix in my girdle," answered the missionary.

"I have plenty of powder and shot," said John Canada.

"And provisions?"

"We take enough for three days and Providence will care for the rest."

With a last warm pressure of the hands of his friends, the defender of Canada's cause left the enclosure surrounding the House of the Rapids.

Halgan and the Marquis of Coëtquen could no longer see them through the black night but the sound of and the Tangumous posts court a pareil under owner haired

For

their

amon

that J
perhap
and N
At las
Patira
haired
by Tan
dresses
genera

On fondnowith the M that the

for the

they Toh

d the

e iron

John

aster's

which

ı may

every

Mingo

to us

Non-

gently

anner

to re-

nguy.

d the

John

dence

ends,

aur-

nger

d of

their footsteps reached the ear, by-and-by it was lost among the murmurs of the wind through the branches, and the rippling of the waters against the rocks. Then Tanguy and Halgan left the outer gate against whose posts they had been leaning, and returned into the court: Patira replaced the iron bars, and with Non-pareille, returned to the great hall; Mingo, probably understanding that he had been made over to a new owner, rubbed himself caressingly against the silver-haired maiden and rested his head upon her knees.

For a long time complete silence reigned; all knew that John Canada had taken the first step in a terrible, perhaps even fatal, course. The young ones said nothing, and Nonpareille was secretly wiping away her tears. At last, in obedience to Tanguy's affectionate desire, Patira and his companion went upstairs, and the silver-haired maiden having roused the maid-servant appointed by Tanguy to attend on her, quietly let herself be undressed, without any of the charming words which generally flowed from her lips. She felt that she had for the second time been left an orphan.

On the morrow Tanguy's advice, and Hervé's childish fondness did something to console her she went on with the embroidery of her hunting-pouch, and then begged Patira to make a collar for Mingo. These occupations filled up the day, and after two more had passed, the Marquis of Coëtquen told Hervé and Nonpareille, that they were to begin a course of study whose value they would hereafter understand.

John Canada had not been mistaken in believing that

lov

sou

Bu

her

dee

att

hav

ret

Jef " I

En

vol

a fa

to s

cost

Mar

and

to b

fath

wish

beco

supe

wou

and

posi

"

he had seen Jefferson in the neighbourhood of the Great Hut. The police agent was preparing for the attack. Although he had great confidence in the skill of the Indians whom he meant to employ in the execution of his projects, he was not a man to leave anything to chance. A rapid sketch of the position and accurate notes regarding the arrangement of the different buildings, would enable the Hurons to win an easy victory. Jefferson accordingly returned home gay and cheerful. His eyes shone brightly under their lids and an unwonted excitement was betrayed by every movement. He looked at his miserable house with a kind of scornful pity, and seemed to apologise to his daughter for the hard work which was her daily portion.

"Soon you will be rich!" he said.

"Father," replied Margaret, "I am not ambitious as you know—what you give me is enough for me—if I can read, and pray, and work, and when a bird chances to pass, sing, I want no more. Yes, indeed, if I were rich, I would make a good use of my fortune, but in the meantime, until I can give the poor money, I do what I can to console them. I weep with them in their troubles, and I constantly tell them to hope on."

"You do well! very well!" said Jefferson, shortly. He was alarmed at his daughter's purity and goodness, when he thought of his own baseness. While Margaret was laying the table, her father mechanically took up a book which was lying close to her work-basket. He was struck by its name: "The Canadian Hero." It was an account of Montcalm. In her solitude Margaret

the

the

ll of

tion g to

rate

ild-

ory.

rful.

un-

ent.

orn-

15 as

-if I

nces

were

the

at I

heir

tly.

ess,

aret

up

He

It

ret

loved to live with saints and with great men. Her soul expanded as she read of devotion or patriotism. But for the timidity which repressed the aspirations of her heart, she might have been capable of glorious deeds; she was reserved, and the fear of attracting attention, or being the object of admiration, would have soon brought her back to the quiet duties of a retired life.

"Who lent you this book, Margaret?" asked Jefferson, in a voice which he endeavoured to soften. "It will not do for the daughter of a loyal subject of England to seem to admire Montcalm—and this other volume? a popish work! how little regard you have for a father's counsels! If an ill-disposed stranger were to see these two books in my house, it would probably cost me my place."

"Mother was an Acadian and a Catholic," answered Margaret, gently; "you promised her that my thoughts and my soul should be left free."

"Certainly! certainly!" said Jefferson, "I was wrong to be angry. Two men are at warfare within me, the father and the official. The father wishes what you wish, and loves what you love. The poor official becomes cowardly and servile before the power of his superiors. If I were to lose my situation, what would become of us?"

"I would work for you," answered Margaret.

"Yes! yes! I know you would, you are fond of me, and now I appeal to your affection. I am in a difficult position, I have many enemies, I ask you not to do any-

thing that may compromise me. If your mother led you to look on Montcalm as a hero, it is not necessary that everybody should know your opinion. And be on your guard against any appearance of zeal, and don't get entangled with the Papists. I am myself a Protestant!"

Margaret sighed and calmly replied, "I will try to respect your wishes without going against my conscience."

"Come! you are a good girl, Margaret, you are not annoyed with me?"

"How could I be annoyed with my father?"

"Kiss me then."

"With all my heart."

After the evening meal, Jefferson prepared to leave the house.

"You are going out, father?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, important business ----"

"Will you be long away?"

"Perhaps I may."

"Very well," said Margaret, "I will wait for you."

The police-agent went out and Margaret leaning at the window, watched him depart. Her father's reproaches had cast a deep sadness into her heart. In spite of Jefferson's kindness, she felt that a separation existed between them. The Acadian's daughter had inherited the virtues of the departed; she treasured her Catholic Faith and her love for the "old country," as an heirloom. Rarely were these burning questions mentioned between the father and daughter, but when circumstances brought them forward, Margaret gently

defe love Can and time with wou beyo by t of so did:

a ser into stun soun It

her

T

Sh to h abser busin wrap her s

wome God, light The :

110

at

our

en-

to

on-

not

ave

re-

In

ion

nad

her

28

ons

en

tly

defended her Faith and her political sympathies. She loved France, not merely because France had numbered Canada amongst her discoveries and possessions, but also and especially because France was Catholic. Every time that Jefferson touched upon any subject connected with nationality or religion, Margaret's heart was wounded. She felt that a part of her father's soul was beyond her reach; while she knew herself to be beloved by this cold and hard man, she guessed that the burden of some secret or sorrow was weighing on his life. She did not venture to ask a question; she pitied him, and her fervent prayers were mingled with tears.

That evening as Jefferson went away, Margaret felt a sense of loneliness come upon her. She had fallen into a sort of aimless reverie with her eyes fixed on the stunted trees which grew near her window, when the sound of a church-bell suddenly startled her.

It seemed as if the voice of God was calling her.

She answered the invitation which floated from afar to her ear, by a deep-drawn sigh. Her father being absent she was free. While he was occupied about his business, Margaret had time to think of God. She wrapped her cloak around her, shut the door, and turned her step to the church.

The bell was still ringing, and from all sides men, women, and children, were hastening to the house of God, to seek the refreshment and strength, the heavenly light and the fire of charity which their souls needed. The rich brought their wealth to the Saviour's feet and the poor laid their miseries before Him. The power of

that wonderful communion of souls which exist in the Church was manifested at that time with all its consoling mysteries. Some hastened to the holy place to find their spiritual guide and friend, others walked slowly on rapt in the thought of the Divine Saviour who was about to hear their prayers and to give them His blessing. The laughter of children broke joyously forth from amidst the crowd; the little ones could only lay aside their mirth and be devout when kneeling before the Altar.

Margaret slowly entered the Church, sought a retired place, and kneeling down, began to pray.

A sound of sobbing beside her thrilled her whole frame, it seemed to bespeak some immense sorrow, and Margaret resolved to find out its cause.

The crowd filled the Church, the doors were shut, the sound of the bell had ceased, but the poor sad woman kneeling at Margaret's side continued to sob bitterly.

CHAPTER VI.

MARGARET JEFFERSON.

A PREACHER ascended the pulpit, he spoke of the Cross and of its eternal dominion, then the singing of sacred hymns rose up to the arched roof and the Office was ended by solemn Benediction. Margaret had forgotten the pain which her father's reproaches had caused her; her own troubles seemed small compared to the heart-

for he who v sorrov Marg

The ically down

tone o

ing.

It vrising

she veconting way

will r

" yes witho

The then throb broken grief before her, she forgot to seek for consolation for herself, and thought of nothing but the poor creature who was bowed low on the pavement, pouring out her sorrows to God. When the tapers had been put out, Margaret gently raised the woman and said to her, "Come!"

he

n-

to

ed

ur

m

ly

ly

)e-

be

ole

nd

ut,

an

880

 \mathbf{ed}

as

en

r; tThe mourner let herself be raised up, leaned mechanically on the arm which was offered her, and thus walked down the long nave.

When they had reached the street, Margaret said in a tone of compassion, "Shall I take you to your home?"

"Do you know me?" said the woman, amid her weeping.

"You are in sorrow-I pity and love you!"

It was a mild, calm evening, a brilliant moon was rising in the heavens, and by its quiet light the mourner looked upon the face of her companion.

"Yes," she said, "you are young, you have pity she went some steps further, and then standing still, continued: "I am weary, very weary, I live a long way off."

"What matter?" rejoined Margaret, "my father will not be back before ten o'clock."

"I accept your offer then," said the poor woman, "yes, I accept it, for I could not drag myself home without assistance."

Margaret and her companion walked for a long time. The woman was still weeping, but silently; now and then she stopped as if completely exhausted, her heart throbbed fast, she was blinded with tears, her troubled

gaze rested on Margaret and she seemed to discover a likeness between the beautiful face before her and that of some beloved being; again she resumed her slow course, dragging her feet along the ground, as if she had not power to raise them.

It took Margaret more than an hour to bring her to her miserable dwelling.

For a moment Margaret hesitated, doubting whether to cross the threshold, but she felt already that she would like to come back some day, and accordingly she overcame her timidity and entered the damp basement story in which the poor woman lived.

When the latter had lighted her lamp, she stretched out her hands to Margaret, and said, "God bless you! God bless you in those dear to you!"

"My mother is dead," replied Jefferson's daughter, in a feeble voice.

"Dead, too?" said the woman.

"Have you then lost some loved one?—a child, perhaps?"

"I had rather it were so," answered the mother, in a tone which was almost fierce.

"Oh! do not speak such words," said Margaret, "surely our Lord has given you strength to forgive—"

"No! no!" said the mother, wringing her hands, "I have begged God to give me such courage, but I cannot! I cannot! There are men more cruel than the panthers in our woods, men who would drink the blood in our veins, drop by drop. You have lost your mother! but

what is with to me compa child into a

" W

"Cana a reas

> "I dust, e

> > "D

" A " A

"Y

Lord sorely you."

her! I shut I who a

"G" and what is the separation for which you mourn compared with that which drives me to despair? Lucy—my Lucy is of your age, she is as beautiful as you are—it seems to me that you are like her, you are so gentle and so compassionate. This angel of goodness, this saintly child has been taken from me, stolen from me, thrown into a prison——"

"Why? Oh! why?" asked Margaret.

"Persecution is persecution," rejoined the widow.
"Canada is Catholic and England is Protestant, that is a reason, is it not?"

"And have you not asked for justice?"

"I have gone on my knees, and bowed my head to the dust, offering my life and liberty in exchange for hers."

"Poor mother!" murmured Margaret.

"Do you know the terms that were offered me?"

"Some treachery, no doubt?"

"Worse still-apostacy."

"And you refused?"

a

I

1

ır

ıt

"I put my cause in the hands of God!"

"You have done nobly," said Margaret, "and our Lord cannot fail to bless you. He has afflicted you sorely, but believe me He will restore your daughter to you."

"If you knew how carefully I have watched over her! Lucy was a pure bright flower—these wretches have shut her up with the very dregs of society, with women who are a disgrace to our sex, with thieves—."

"Good God! how dreadful!" exclaimed Margaret; "and your petition has been everywhere rejected?"

"One man only has promised me his protection: he who is the support of all sufferers."

"John Canada?" asked Margaret, quickly.

"Yes, but John Canada bid me wait. And how can I wait when Lucy is suffering and is calling me, and I am afraid of being overwhelmed by despair before I can save her?"

"Have you tried to visit her in prison?"

"That consolation has been denied me."

"You gave your name, no doubt?"

"I had to give it. I was asked—they hope to conquer me by making me endure the extremity of misery."

"Do you think you can trust me?" asked Margaret.

"Yes! yes!" replied the unhappy mother.

"Will you let me go and see your daughter?"

"Go! I beg you to go! how I shall bless you!"

"I will at least make the effort, what I should be afraid to do for myself I will venture for you. Your daughter's name?"

"Lucy David."

"I will remember it, and your own?"

"I am Amy."

"Listen," said Margaret in a tone of deep feeling, "God does nothing in vain; He has brought me across your path that I may be of use to you. Anything I can, I will do; even if I have no news to give you but only a hope, I will come and tell you. It is growing late, my father will be coming home, and he might be displeased or uneasy at my being out so late. Kiss me! I will bear your kiss to your daughter."

Am "G

The on tov feetly latene a serio filled

As

neight pass it a cry o opposi the me

Man who w that a pushed thund

respect distinguished arm w

him, a ing vo of me thank be ve

Amy David clasped Margaret in her arms. "God has sent me an angel!" she said.

The young girl left the widow's lodging and hastened on towards her home. Most of the streets were perfectly dark and she lost her way more than once; the lateness of the hour and the apprehension of incurring a serious reproof if her father were at home before her filled her with fear.

As she drew near to a dark by-street, she heard the sound of song and rude laughter proceeding from a neighbouring tavern; she hurried her steps hoping to pass it, but three drunken men barred her way. With a cry of alarm she drew back into the shadow of the opposite wall, but her terror only amused and encouraged the men, who began to jest at her fears.

Margaret's cry had, however, reached the ear of a man who was passing through the adjoining street. He felt that assistance was needed, came straight to Margaret, pushed the drunkards away, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Who dares to annoy my sister?"

The young man's attitude and tone commanded respect, the three companions turned away with indistinct excuses and Margaret's defender, taking her arm within his, rapidly walked on.

"Where do you live?" he asked. Margaret told him, and, as she walked on at his side, said with a faltering voice, "I do not know what would have become of me without you, sir; my father will be so glad to thank you—if he has already reached home he must be very uneasy about me—I went out to go to church,

and found a person in great trouble, and so was delayed too late."

There was something in Margaret's countenance and voice which made the young man think that gratitude from her would be very sweet.

They walked on in silence, he felt her hand still tremble as it rested on his arm, he was much touched by her alarm though he could not account for the sudden sympathy she had awakened in his heart.

"You are French?" he said.

"My mother was an Acadian, sir."

"A Frenchwoman, then, and a martyr."

"Yes," replied Margaret in a tone of mingled sorrow and wonder.

"And your father?"

"I pray for him," said Margaret.

The young man understood her delicate reserve and at the same time guessed her secret sorrow.

The little house in the alley was still in darkness; Jefferson had not returned. The young girl slowly took her hand from her protector's arm, and pointing to her humble abode said, "I thank you sir, may God give your mother every blessing!"

"I am alone in the world, quite alone," he replied, "and I should find life very sad were it not that I am struggling for a great cause."

"You too! you are hoping for better days?"

"My name is George Malo!" said the young man, with a kind of pride.

"Blessings on you, then! Although my father still

looks o men ar and to that yo pray fo

Margopened girl in had en of this

Mar

from h

life ha She th Cross, c tavern whose in according to

Jefferse energy which already was in see Lu

Afte

"go again thread very

looks on me as but a child, I know that some Frenchmen are hoping to free our country from her invaders and to disinter the sword of Montcalm; I also know that you are John Canada's friend. In future, when I pray for my country I shall not forget your name."

Margaret bowed a farewell to George Malo and opened the door of her house. When he saw the young girl in safety, he slowly went away, but not before he had engraved in his memory the name and situation of this remote part of the town.

Margaret took up her work again, but it often fell from her hands. Never in the course of her young life had so many events been crowded into one hour. She thought of Amy David weeping at the foot of the Cross, of her own terror when the tipsy men from the tavern stopped her way, and then of George Malo, whose name was often mentioned by young Canadians in accents of hope, and was associated with that of John Canada.

After Margaret had been about an hour at home Jefferson returned. He seemed full of spirits and energy, and embraced his daughter with a tenderness which touched her all the more because her soul was already under the influence of deep emotion, and she was intending to beg her father to enable her to see Lucy David.

"You are tired with waiting for me," said Jefferson, "go and rest yourself, Margaret; the sun will rise again to-morrow and there will be time enough to thread your needle. God grant I may become rich, very rich, to save you from putting out your eyes!" "When you are rich, father, I will work as much as I do now, but I will give more away."

She saw him smile and then continued, "Do you know, there is one class of sufferers who interest me more than all others. Misery out of doors under the blue sky is but half misery. Besides, however badly off poor people may be, they still have some friends at whose fireside they can sit down, they can look for work and ask alms; but there are unfortunate creatures who suffer and groan without any consolation, and I pity them above all."

"You mean prisoners, Margaret?"

"Yes, father."

"Prisoners are criminals; they have no right to expect

anything but punishment."

"Most of them are criminals, no doubt—but however bad they may be they have a right to pity, and they need to be urged to repent. Their heart rebels and they curse God and man. I would fain speak to them of resignation—and after all, among captives some innocent persons are to be found, victims of odious calumny; they beg that their case may be brought to light, they ask for justice and justice is not done them. Father! those are the poor I should wish to help if ever you grow rich."

"Very well! very well! Margaret! I know you are a

good girl."

"Is it very difficult to obtain admission to the prisons?"

"Yes, very difficult."

"To whom must one apply for a permission to visit a prisoner?"

night but of the u anoth

took It white

work

merit were to die moth ment

of sep

Man A
Engl
worse
and
neare
popu
when
despe
looke
breal

hers

from

66 '

"The Police authorities only can grant it. Good night, Margaret; it may be very good to be charitable, but one must not expend one's pity or one's alms on the unworthy. But we will speak of all these things another time when I am rich, very rich."

 \mathbf{h}

ou

1e

ly

at

or

es

ty

ect

er

ey

ey

e-

nt

ey

or

re

a

ne

it

Jefferson kissed his daughter again, and Margaret took a candle and went up to her little room.

It was peaceful, like a little sanctuary, adorned with white hangings and protected by a crucifix; the only work of art it contained was an engraving of no great merit, representing the departure of the Acadians, who were taken by force from their country to a foreign land to die there, carning with despairing voices on the fathers, mothers, and children sent by a cruel power into banishment elsewhere, so that loving hearts had the anguish of separation added to the sadness of exile.

Margaret remembered having heard that her mother, an Acadian, had been carried away on board one of the English vessels and had returned to Canada at the risk of worse than banishment. Jefferson had married her, and thus the young woman had been enabled to live nearer her own country and in the midst of a Catholic population. When difficulties beset Margaret's path, when her task seemed heavy and she felt inclined to despair of bringing her father to share her faith, she looked at the engraving which represented this heart-breaking scene and hoped for the help she needed from heaven.

"My father will not assist me," said Margaret to herself; "I quite understand it; he either will not or cannot—I will try myself to obtain what I wish for. The police officials have wives and sisters of their own, they will understand that a young girl wishes to comfort one of her own age. I love Lucy David already; poor creature, she is suffering for her faith, and her mother, with the courage of the ancient martyrs, urges her to be constant and endure—""

Margaret went to bed and fell asleep. The next morning her father, according to his habit, left her early; he was not to return until dinner time; Margaret was free for the day. She put on a simple dress and went to the office where her father had told her that permission to visit the prisoners might be obtained.

She was trembling, for she was excessively timid and reserved. Her walk on the previous night and the step she was now about to take appeared to her deeds of extreme daring. She was soon in front of an enormous building of gloomy aspect; a shudder passed through her frame as she crossed its threshold. The men who were moving about the corridors were pale, and the expression of their countenances was dull and sinister. Their very gait betrayed fear; they glided along close to the wall, frequently turning their heads to look back, a habit no doubt contracted by the continual watchfulness over the prisoners which it was their duty to exercise. Margaret was sent from one department to another; she observed that curious glances were directed to her and were followed by evil smiles; the suavity of manner of the more polite among the officials annoyed her. At last she found herself in a passa an old

"Pr a priso "W

"Lu

The and for the boo

of tear she is you wi

" Is !

" W.

"Ch blue ey

"WI

The swered, James enough you wo Yes, I

permiss

my chil

a passage, at the end of which, behind a kind of grating an old man was writing at a desk.

"Pray, sir, would you give me permission to visit a prisoner?"

"What is the prisoner's name?"

"Lucy David."

r.

n,

n-

٧;

er

es

xt

er

ret

 \mathbf{nd}

at

ed. nd

he

 \mathbf{ab}

orsed

he le,

nd led

ds

nvas

ne

us vil

ng in The old clerk opened a register, looked for the name and found it, then having read a note in the margin of the book, added, "there is a bad mark against her for insubordination."

"O! sir," said Margaret, whose eyes were now full of tears, "perhaps she will become more tractable if she is allowed some consolation in her trouble. I beg you will not refuse to grant my request."

"Is Lucy David a relation of yours?"

" No, sir."

"What is your reason for wishing to visit her?"

"Charity," answered Margaret, raising her great blue eyes to the clerk's face.

"What is your own name?"

"Margaret Jefferson."

The old man looked at her, smiled kindly, and answered, "You ought to have begun by saying, 'I am James Jefferson's daughter;' that would have been enough. Jones! a card for this pretty girl. No doubt you would like to visit Lucy David more than once? Yes, I see it in your face! well, here is a permanent permission which holds good till it is withdrawn. Go, my child."

Margaret thanked the old man cordially, and passed through the office so quickly that she did not hear him say to his colleague, "To think of that wretched Jefferson having a daughter, the very sight of whom would be enough to convert a sinner!"

Margaret pressed the ticket of admission in one of her little hands; she was full of joy; God was helping her; she had at once succeeded in an undertaking so difficult, that her father had begun by giving her to understand

that it was almost impossible.

The first feeling of satisfaction was, however, soon mingled with some anxiety. Certain things seemed to her inexplicable. Did James Jefferson, the timid, shrinking poor man, whose ambition had often made her smile sadly, and who was, at this very time, gaining but a modest livelihood, really occupy a more important position than Margaret had supposed? If any one had told her the day before that the name of Jefferson would have been a talisman able to open the heavy doors of a prison, she would have been greatly surprised. But Jefferson himself could not be in ignorance of the power of his name, and if he really knew it why had he at once discouraged Margaret when she had wished to ask his help?

"Lucy David is a Catholic," thought Margaret to herself, "and my father hates Catholics. Nothing but his extreme love for my mother, and the solemn promise which he made to her when she lay on her deathbed, could have induced him to leave me free to worship as she worshipped."

been she hatten open migh

It and a All th was d

W

stood gratina you in the permit florid expression measurements then parlo

Ma Lucy to give chose of he "Pra

" I advis

sed

im

ef-

uld

her

er;

alt,

ind

on

to

id.

ade

ing

ant

nad

son

ıvy

ed.

the he

to

to

out

ro-

nip

As often as Margaret showed the ticket which had been given to her, to any one of the officials of whom she had to ask her way, she met with the most polite attention; by-and-by she found herself again in the open air, in the street, and hastened her steps that she might the sooner reach the prison.

It was a mournful-looking pile, with immense walls, and small barred windows admitting little light or air. All the doors had great iron bolts, and the principal one was doubly fortified; sentinels kept guard around the place, lest any one should seek to escape.

When Margaret had entered the prison court, she stood and looked leisurely at the walls and the iron gratings, and her heart grew heavy as she thought that a young girl of her own age was suffering and weeping in the terrible place. Tremblingly she presented her permission to a tall, masculine-looking woman, with a florid complexion, heavy red hands, and a countenance expressive of savage ferocity. Mrs. Jones seemed to measure the trembling Margaret with a glance, and then roughly asked her, "Do you want to see her in the parlour, or had you rather go into the yard?"

Margaret was anxious to know as much as possible of Lucy David's daily life, in order that she might be able to give an account of it to her mother, therefore she chose to go and see the poor girl in the place where most of her time was spent, and said to the gaoleress, "Pray, take me to the yard."

"I hope," added the virago, "that you are going to advise the wretched girl to be obedient. Since she has

been here we have been able to do nothing with her She pretends to be a most devoted Papist, but the reason for which she has been sent here does not agree with her appearance of virtue. The other girls under my care are much more tractable."

Mrs. Jones opened a massive door, and, holding it in one hand, said to Margaret, "I will come back for you in two hours."

The yard was long and narrow, and within it stood a few half-dead trees. Seats were placed here and there along the giant wall, and on them were some women working with their needles.

At the extreme end several were collected together and were speaking in loud voices, shouting and gesticulating. Margaret thought that, between their songs and shouts, she heard a sob. She hurried forward, anxiously thinking that the unhappy girl she had come to see might even now be at the mercy of these outcasts of society.

For more than an hour a terrible scene had been going on in the prison yard.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ANGEL AMONG THE LOST.

THE prison to which Lucy had been conducted was full of the lowest women. The advent of this young creature with her sweet pure face excited among them a kind of astonishment mingled with pity. Soon the prisoners

were innoc of he while young with poor of into a the diyard. dimly her con he

For with of ab into a "Wh

were

"I reason panio

the ci

"In very v were divided into two camps, one of which affirmed the innocence of the new-comer, convinced by the mere sight of her modest bearing and her clear child-like gaze; while the other considered her as their fellow. The younger ones felt a sort of pity, and approached Lucy with kindliness which brought tears to her eyes. The poor child who had been arrested the day before and cast into a dungeon with straw for her bed, had come from the darkness of the prison into the harsh light of the yard. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she only dimly saw through her tears those who were now to be her companions. She looked around her as if scared; then drew back towards the wall, and, joining her hands on her breast, fixed her imploring eyes on those who were so curiously scrutinizing her.

For some minutes the prisoners contented themselves with examining the new-comer; but a bold-faced girl, of about five-and-twenty, with long, black hair, burst into a loud laugh, and turning to her companions said, "What crime can this pretty dear have committed?"

"Yes, what can she have done?"

n

u

re

n

er

i-

gs

d.

ne

sts

ng

11

re

of

rs

"I will ask her," said the great dark girl, who, by reason of her complexion, had been named by her companions the Black Pearl.

"No," said a woman, who was accused of theft, "let the child alone, she is unhappy; she can hardly keep from weeping; perhaps she is innocent!"

"Innocent!" exclaimed the Black Pearl. "It is all very well to say that when we are on our trial. We all plead 'not guilty;' it is an understood thing, and it may

answer, but, between ourselves, the pretence is of no use; you, who seem to pity her, are yourself charged with

theft and concealment of stolen goods."

"What next?" asked the woman. "Yes, I have stolen; my daughter was ill, I had no money, and I lost my head; who among you dares to blame me for having stolen for my daughter? As to my trial! I will tell the truth; it will be the best plan. Maud has died since I have been in prison; I do not want to live any longer."

"And it is in remembrance of your daughter that you

wish to befriend our new companion?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Your pity will not overcome our curiosity."

"Yes, yes," cried twenty voices at once, "let her tell us her story."

'The Black Pearl, accompanied by a band of women, soon surrounded Lucy, and she, as spokeswoman, asked "What is your name?"

"What matters my name to you?" said Lucy, with a sigh; "you are not the judges; why should I give up the name my father bore to ridicule?"

Lucy David's reply was received with loud laughter.

"At least," resumed the Black Pearl, "you might confess to us the reason which has brought you here."

"I don't know," said Lucy, in a faltering voice.

"She doesn't know! She was gathered like a spotless lily and brought into the gaol—a flower on a dunghill! What were you doing when you were arrested?"

Lucy kept silence for a moment; she was afraid to

answ belie agair obser wome osity alarn the t knew coura "Iw very no br God's have vided went found our po ly, an hand

"A loud la "T

addre

denial

"A who h

"I

answer, and was but too well aware that no one would believe her simple and tragical story. But when she again raised her eyes she saw that the circle of curious observers had drawn closer and closer to her. The women turned their shameless faces towards her, curiosity seemed about to give place to menace. Lucy was alarmed. What danger was to be feared from telling the truth? God, who sees into the depths of the soul, knew that she would not lie. Summoning up all her courage, she said, in a voice half-smothered with sobs, "I was trying to get work; my mother and I are poor, very poor; work is scarce, and for two days we had had no bread in the house. My mother and I still trusted in God's mercy, and when a letter came, telling me I could have some shirts to make, I thought we should be provided for for some days. My mother was absent, so I went alone. When I reached the place mentioned, I found no one there; some one had made a mockery of our poverty and our tears. I was returning home quickly, and, as I passed before an open shop front, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, a word of reproach was addressed to me, and, in spite of my supplications and denials, I was arrested."

"And is that all?" asked the Black Pearl, with a loud laugh.

"That is all!"

e

Ι

S

u

11

ed

a

ıp

r.

ht

to

"And why should it not be all?" rejoined the woman who had stolen; "terrible things are done now-a-days; what is your religion, young girl?"

"I am a Catholic," replied Lucy.

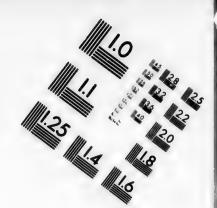
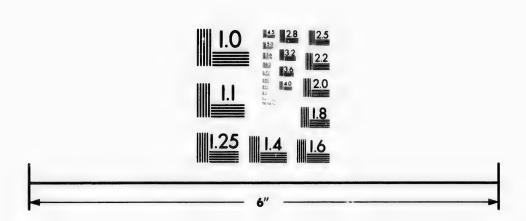


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET W. BSTER, N.Y. 14580 (716) 872-4503

SIM SERVICE SERVICE STATE OF THE SERVICE SERVI



h

y: It

as th

re

ef

ar

W

di

CO

ar

be

V

aı

th

ak

st

fo

tl

re

Ы

The words raised a dreadful storm. The miserable women who, for the most part, did not believe in a God. looked on it as a crime in Lucy to confess her mother's faith. For a moment the most offensive epithets were heaped upon poor Lucy, who, quite unable to support herself, sank upon her knees, and with joined hands and bowed forehead wept hot tears which rolled down her pallid cheeks like a heavy summer shower. She seemed to herself as one in a fearful dream. Each opprobrious term was like the blow of a hammer upon her head and inflicted a separate wound on her heart. She asked herself what she could have done to provoke the animosity of these women. She implored their compassion by her tears, her humble attitude, and the beseeching words which broke from her lips among her sobs. But the furies continued their odious cruelty, and until Mrs. Jones summoned them to return to their dungeon, Lucy was their butt and victim.

During the previous night she had no doubt thought her cell very gloomy and her solitude most desolate, but now when she was left alone without anyone to mock at her tears or to scoff at her sorrow, she deemed herself almost happy.

"My cross is heavy, Lord," she said, "I am falling beneath the burden; but Thou wilt raise me up. The martyrs Thou hast chosen may fall beneath the axe of the executioner or faint upon their painful way, but what matters it, O Lord? Thou art the Sovereign Master, the Lamb whose Blood was shed for the salvation of the world, the Dispenser of all graces."

ble

od,

r's

ere

ort

nd

ıer

led

us

ad

10-

on

ng

rs.

cy

ht

ut

ck

elf

ng

he

of

ut

rn

2-

Long did Lucy weep and pray, and the angels who are always the companions of the suffering, gathered up her words and soothed her to sleep in her prison.

The next day, as soon as Lucy appeared in the prisonyard, her tormentors assailed her with redoubled cruelty. It seemed as if they had been permitted to afflict her as the evil one was to afflict Job. When Lucy found that every word she spoke was turned into derision, she resolved to preserve an absolute silence. But the persecution only assumed another form; seeing that all their efforts to draw from her a complaint or even a word, were useless, the prisoners in their perversity found another way of inflicting suffering on the poor girl.

They did not allow her to isolate herself. If she went away from them they pursued her, and as silence was a kind of consolation to her wounded spirit, they did not permit her to enjoy it. Crouched down in a corner, Lucy would try to fix her thoughts upon God and upon her mother, and then these depraved wemen began to relate their crimes and iniquities in a loud voice. They sought to tarnish the mind of this chaste and beautiful being, as some unclean creature tarnishes the rose-leaf by its slimy track. Lucy asked for mercy, she fled from one end of the yard to the other, she stopped her ears and endeavoured to avoid hearing the foul language, but gestures succeeded words, and while thieves forcibly held Lucy's hands their companions repeated their hateful songs.

The same thing went on day after day; Lucy vainly begged to be left in her dungeon. She was fearful, not

of being perverted, but of going mad. She offered to work twenty hours a day and to eat the hardest and blackest bread, but all was in vain; at the appointed hour the female gaoler, Mrs. Jones, dragged her into the yard as young martyrs of old were dragged into the amphitheatre.

eari

see,

WOI

66

T

mur

forn

the

mun

orde

were

amo

place

her '

lease

pati

lent

volu

giou

cou

once

diff

rup

its :

8

F

One evening however, after the other prisoners had been more cruel than ever, the gaoleress went into Lucy's cell.

She found her lying unconscious on the heap of straw which served her as a bed, she had no strength to undergo fresh torments. The care of a doctor in time aroused her from her fainting-fit; she seemed like one waking from a long sleep, and was even able to smile when she saw at her side the doctor and another man with a calm expression of countenance.

"Oh! save me, gentlemen!" she said; "save me, for the love of God! Do not let me be sent back to that dreadful place. It would kill me. You see it would kill me. I am burning with fever. Every song of these women seems to split my head, and is like a red-hot iron piercing into my brain. What have I done that I should be shut up here? I swear to you that if they accuse me of theft or any other crime it is a calumny. I do not remember having offended God or man. Only think, sir, how my mother must be weeping for me! I am sure she must come every day to the prison-gate to see if I am not to be let out. Look at me, sir, you see I have not done any harm!"

The doctor shook his head, feeling began to overpower him. The man who had accompanied him looked long and earnestly on the young sufferer, then said, "We will see, we will see what can be done for you."

"In the first place, let me be separated from the women who have been torturing me."

d

0

0

"Certainly, as long as you are ill," replied the doctor.

"Oh! if it might please God to call me to Himself!" murmured Lucy.

The doctor and his companion went away. The former was named Jacob Perkins, and the latter was the Rev. Mr. Laird, a minister of the Reformed Communion.

For the next week, in compliance with the doctor's orders, the greatest care was taken of Lucy. Books were lent her, a bed was arranged, and a sufficient amount of good and tempting nourishment took the place of the coarse and ill-prepared food which had been her portion; she had work to do, and the hope of release enabled her to bear her trial with the greater patience.

One morning, on awakening, she saw that the books lent to her had been changed. The titles of the new volumes gave her to understand that they were on religious subjects. She rejoiced in the hope of finding encouragement and consolation in their perusal, and at once read some pages with the avidity of a thirsty soul.

She, by-and-by, came to a passage which presented difficulties to her comprehension, and accordingly interrupted her reading to endeavour by reflection to discover its meaning, and failing to do this, ultimately turned over the page in hopes of finding a solution of her perplexities

are mi

Th

pri

brd

alle

Lu

bee

you

the

chi

6

hav

It i

in v

veil

led

a p

and

eve

inte

bee

6

After proceeding a few lines further, Lucy again stopped: "No," said she to herself, "although this book speaks of the Saviour, the ideas are not quite like the teaching of the Gospel; the author misrepresents the meaning of the Apostles. While professing to teach, he is really misleading his readers. Here is a wolf in sheep's clothing. This must be the writing of a Protestant! They are hoping by degrees to beguile my wearied soul. They deem it easy to deal with a poor young girl who has been alternately tried by loneliness and by the presence of the wretched beings amongst whom she has been cast. Persecution has taken another form, that is all."

Lucy pushed away the books, and with clasped hands and tearful eye, she said, "My God, Thou wilt be my Defender! I am weak, and to all appearance forsaken by all, but Thou dost watch over me, and as Thou didst deign to send an angel into the Apostle's prison, Thou wilt send one to me."

In the evening the Rev. Mr. Laird obtained admission to the prisoner's cell. He glided slowly and stealthily in and looked at the captive with an air of kindly interest.

"I hope," he said, "that your time is passing less tediously and wearily. I would willingly make your position more endurable; you may depend on my kindly consideration and indulgence.

"I need mercy from God," replied Lucy, "for we

are all sinners in His sight, but as I have never committed any voluntary fault, I seek no pardon from men. The authorities have been mistaken in casting me into prison, or else an infamous deed ——"

n

iø

to

of

le

e-

 \mathbf{n}

da

ny

en

st

bu

8-

d

of

88

r

y

"I am willing to believe it, you seem to be a modestly brought-up girl. I will ask that your mother may be allowed to come and see you."

"You will do that, sir? you really will?" asked Lucy, taking Mr. Laird's hand in her own.

"Certainly and most willingly; if any mistake has been made you will not long remain here."

"How good you are!" said Lucy, "how very good!"

"I am fulfilling my duty as a Christian minister; your case interests me; you seem like a white lamb in the midst of angry wolves. But God, Who protected the children in the furvace, can keep you from all harm."

"He is my only refuge," replied Lucy.

"No doubt you think you pray to Him as He would have you do, and yet you may be in dangerous error. It is not your fault, my child. You follow the religion in which you have been brought up; but if it were permitted me to show you your mistake, to take away the veil that covers your eyes and to bring you to a knowledge of the truth, I should look on it as a happiness and a privilege. The Papists have perverted your reason and darkened your mind."

"Not a word more, sir!" said Lucy, "I am and I will ever be a Catholic! I wished to give you credit for good intentions, and I fancied that these books had, perhaps, been sent here by some mistake. I am now convinced of your real meaning. You hope to procure for me, at the price of my apostasy, some alleviation to my sufferings. Do not offer me such favours; I will never buy them by cowardly denial of my faith. My mother may have to mourn for me, but I will never give her cause to disown me."

Mr. Laird tried all the power of his smooth eloquence, and, in a long discourse, in which he explained after his own fashion many of the prophecies contained in Holy Writ, he endeavoured, first to persuade and then to alarm Lucy. Weak and dejected as the young girl had been but an hour before, she found strength and energy to reply to the minister's arguments, and evinced a firmness and presence of mind which left him little room to hope for success in his proselytizing efforts.

He withdrew, however, without any appearance of irritation, thinking it possible that time might subdue her moral energy, as it had been expected to wear out her physical strength.

Notwithstanding her request that they might be taken away, he left the books on the table.

Was it not possible that, in sheer weariness, she might be led to read them, and, if once she did this, was not her faith in the Catholic religion certain to be shaken?

But the Rev. Mr. Laird was greatly mistaken. Lucy tore up the books, and the floor of her cell was strewn with the fragments of their pages.

From this time forth the nature of Lucy's sufferings was changed.

Instead of spending two hours among the wretched

wou ject hort an a insii vou very read and Bib men ama

WOL

mel won with attended She son ally street, A been ally

th

dr

women in the yard, whose language had seemed to wound and scorch her very soul, she was now subjected to discourses, controversial arguments, and exhortations from Mr. Laird. Sometimes he came with an air of gentle kindness, and his words were sweet and insinuating; and, on other occasions, he would endeavour to make it plain to her that she was standing on the very brink of an abyss where devouring flames were ready to consume her. He would speak of Gehenna, and apply to her all the most alarming passages of the Bible, working himself up into a state of angry excitement, and, at last, worn out by his own eloquence, and amazed by the force of his arguments, would depart from the cell, treating Lucy as a child of perdition.

During these interviews, Lucy used to sit silent and melancholy in the corner of her cell, letting Mr. Laird's words pass by her as if they were but the sound of the wind. She knew that nothing would be gained by attempting to answer; she endured them as she had endured the insults of the thieves and depraved womer. She tried to avoid hearing what he said, but words would sometimes reach her, and, although they did not actually destroy her quiet of mind, they used to cause a strange feeling of distress which she could hardly have explained. Sometimes she felt as if this man was taking possession of her very soul and dragging it from her. A kind of giddiness would come over her; her head become weak and confused; ideas chased one another through her brain. The visits of Mr. Laird were dreaded as torture would have been. Physical suffering would have been easier to bear than this moral distress and weariness. The unhappy girl, at last, came to regret the prison-yard.

One day when she stood upright and undaunted before Mr. Laird, and informed him that his company was even more irksome to her than that of her fellow-prisoners, his look of hatred made it plain to her that there was no more hope for her.

sh

8

th

th

th

uI

ha

W

M

ag

no

th

ot

hø

ha

hε

rı

Bo

W

 \mathbf{m}

de

he

fr

ti

Alas! the poor girl had no hope except to die.

"Daughter of perdition!" said Mr. Laird, in a voice of mockery, "you have refused the light; you are determined to persevere in the ways of sin. Return to your fitting companions!"

"God grant me a place amidst the virgin martyrs!"

She returned to her place in the corner of the cell, and, worn out with her sorrows, began to sob. Sweet child! how sad to be taken from her mother's house and cast into such a den of wickedness! She wept and wrung her hands; the terrors of death came upon her; then she called up her happy memories of the past when her father still lived and her mother could smile. How far away it all seemed! and those blessed days would never return! but, what is earthly bliss after all? Lucy must now give it up and only fix the gaze of her soul on the opened heavens, whence angels were looking and holding out to her the palm of victory.

Prayer and visions of heaven comforted her. Next morning Mrs. Jones roughly drew back the bolts of her cell, and, with a hyena laugh, said to her, "Come, my

is-

to

e-

ny

w-

at

ice

le-

to

1"

ıl,

et

se

 \mathbf{nd}

r;

st

e.

y8

er

ze

ls

of

kt

y

pretty Papist, you have been shut up long enough, here is a fine day to take the air!"

Lucy rose without making any reply; she knew that she must go back to the yard. As she approached it a cold sweat broke out upon her temples, her heart throbbed violently; her powerless feet dragged along the pavement, till the gaoleress roughly seized her by the wrist and drew her on.

A gust of fresh air blew in Lucy's face as Mrs. Jones unfastened the door. Lucy opened her eyes, which she had instinctively closed in order to avoid the sights that would meet her in the yard. She freed her wrist from Mrs. Jones' grasp and sat down, supporting herself against the wall. She had a faint hope that she might not be recognized by her persecutors; it was possible that, since her departure, they might have chosen another victim. And, indeed, more than one new-comer had borne the brunt of their cruel mockery, still nothing had made them forget Lucy David.

The Black Pearl was the first to recognise her on her return; she called her companions together and all rushed to Lucy.

Questions and insulting words were rapidly spoken. Some asked if she had established her innocence. Others wanted to know when her trial would take place. She made no reply. From words, the women proceeded to deeds. The kerchief was snatched from her head, and her beautiful fair hair fell in masses down her back. A fresh idea of malice passed through the mind of the captives. Black Pearl seized one of Lucy's hands, while

Louisa took hold of the other. A living chain was formed; all began to sing a rude song, dragging Lucy round with them in their mad dance. She tried to resist, but she had not strength to stand against their brutal force. She called for help; but her complaints and cries were drowned by louder shouts. At last, she gave herself up like a dead thing, and was pushed and dragged here and there by her tormentors. Her head fell back, and the long hair came like a veil down to her knees; the shadow of death seemed to come over her pale face. Still the wild, savage dance went on. Hatred and despair suggested fresh couplets full of horror and malice, and, as the women danced on, their songs were changed into howls and discordant shouts.

While this fearful scene was going on, Mrs. Jones opened the door of the yard and admitted Margaret Jefferson.

The gaoleress did not at once go away; she had begun by enjoying the barbarous mirth of the prisoners, but after all, she felt that they might, perhaps, have gone too far. Mrs. Jones was in a position of responsibility, and, though the persecution of a Papist might be looked upon with indulgence, it was possible that she might suddenly be called to account for what was going on in the prison.

Black Pearl broke off from the dancing circle when she became aware of the gaoleress' presence. She let go the hand of Lucy, who would inevitably have fallen flat on the ground, but that Margaret's kindly instinct he a Lu

ur

an a

the

elle care fron "Ye

was '

beco

you.'

will 1

"A

knew. for the again. never month urged her at once to her side. She supported Lucy in her caressing arms, led her to a quiet seat, and said, in a trembling and sorrowful tone, "Do not be afraid, Lucy, I have come from your mother."

These words revived the poor girl. She looked at the stranger, and, reading a calm compassion in her eyes, she remembered that she had prayed God to send an angel to help her, and gave thanks that her prayer was answered.

Margaret helped Lucy to put up her long and dishevelled hair, arranged her torn garments with sisterly care, and, when she had, in some degree, recovered from her alarm, and was able to listen, said again, "Yes, Lucy, I have come from Mrs. David."

"You know her?—it must be very lately you have become acquainted with her, for I have never seen you."

"We met where those who suffer often meet. She was weeping and I was praying at her side."

"Poor, poor mother!"

d

h

89

et

9-

8,

7**e**

ի-

at

"She is suffering cruelly from being separated from you."

"Oh! if she knew—if she only knew the truth —you will not tell her all you have seen here?"

"I will only tell her what you wish."

"At last some one has taken pity on me. If you knew. My life is a torture, first for the body and then for the soul, and then the physical suffering begins again. But I hope I shall soon die! my mother will never see me more in this world, if I am left two months here."

"You shall not stay, Lucy; I am but a poor girl, but I have learned this morning that my father has more influence than I had thought: his name was enough to open the prison doors for me. You may guess how poor Margaret Jefferson will do her best to enable you to get out of this purgatory. We are about the same age; you have no father and my mother is dead; we are both Catholics; how many reasons we have for loving one another!"

"Dear, dear Margaret!"

"Oh! I won't content myself with asking to see you; I will bring your mother, whatever efforts it may cost me. What is the first thing you desire?"

"To be alone! quite alone, not to see Mr. Laird, the minister who is trying to make me become a Protestant, or these dreadful women who will be the death of me—a dungeon, if they would keep me always in a dungeon."

"Would you like some books?"

"They will only let me have Protestant books."

"Would it be a comfort to you to have some work?"

"Yes, Margaret, and besides mother is so poor."

"Very well, I will see if I cannot get leave for you to work."

"And you will come back?"

"Twice a week."

"When shall you see my mother?"

"When I leave you."

"Tell her that I am brave and that nothing can shake my constancy. Beg her to take courage, that I may be able to stand firm. You see we must believe M

in

Sa

m

m

ca

on

doi doi tin up:

wit my kn Ge

fen tho

sha ma

6

tha

of s

in miracles since you are here, helping me like a good Samaritan. I have prayed so much our Lord has heard me. Lot me look at you well, Margaret, so as to remember your dear face when you are absent. If you cannot come back your features will ever be engraved on my memory. How your father must love you! Margaret, you will be a second daughter to my mother."

"And then I shall be your sister, dear suffering friend!"

"And she will not be left childless!"

18

y

y

y

u; st

he

ıt,

ou

an

at

ve

"Hush! hush!" cried Margaret, in a trembling voice; "I have said, I would save you. How is it to be done I know not; I am but a poor girl and very timid! A look troubles me, and a word is enough to upset me; by-the-by, the very evening I went home with your mother I had the greatest fright I ever had in my life: some drunken sailors stopped my way. I knew not what to do when a deliverer was sent to me—George Malo, you know his name, perhaps?"

"George Malo, the friend of John Canada, the defender of the oppressed; the Indian's friend; one of those whom God chooses as apostles or heroes!"

"I owe him my life, Lucy; he told me his name, that I might apply to him, if danger threatened me. I shall never forget him; he will be of use to you, you may be assured."

"Perhaps," said Lucy; "but, believe me, Margaret, George Malo and John Canada are engaged in matters of such great importance that the fate of a young girl cannot much signify to them. Let us try to do something ourselves. You are powerful, Margaret, since you enter the prison without opposition. Whatever you can do for me will be well done. God has sent you; one must welcome angels' visits."

h

V

fe

n

h

as

lil

pi

de

al

w

th

re

in fo

pi

he

w: fu

The two young girls embraced each other and continued their conversation, which touched on many different subjects, and was often interrupted by tears.

By-and-by the gaoleress returned and beckoned to Margaret.

"Farewell, for a short time," she said to her new friend, "I shall see your mother before going home."

When Margaret was passing through the long passages with Mrs. Jones, she took a silver piece from her pocket, and, putting it in the guardian's hand said, "I shall often trouble you to let me in."

"It will always be a pleasure," answered Mrs. Jones, holding the silver close.

"Make Lucy's position as easy as you can; don't make her go out in the yard; it will be the death of her."

"As you express a wish, of course it will be attended to; you understand, great consideration is due to Mr. Jefferson's daughter."

For a moment Margaret was tempted to ask for some explanation of the influence exercised by her father, whom she had always believed to be a poor, simple, and timid man, devoured by secret ambition. A feeling, which she could not have explained, kept back the question which had almost risen to her lips. With a last appealing look at Mrs. Jones, whom she had begged to

show kindness to Lucy, she left the prison; and, when the heavy gate had closed upon her, turned round to look again on its high and gloomy walls, and then bent her steps in the direction of the widow's house.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERPLEXITIES.

ł,

°t

 \mathbf{of}

 \mathbf{d}

r.

ae

r, id

g, le st

to

WHEN Amy David had parted from Margaret, she had felt consoled by the young girl's sympathy and kindness, but she had not based on it any serious hope of her daughter's rescue. She did not, for a moment, imagine it possible that a pale, delicate, timid young girl, like Jefferson's daughter, could open the doors of Lucy's prison. Amy was thankful to have met with one who could weep with her. She appreciated Margaret's selfdevotion and good-will, but, when the mother-with all her rights, her eloquence and her tears-had failed, what could be done by the child whom she had met by chance in the church where she had gone in quest of that silence which is the friend of great sorrows and the repose of thoughtful souls? Amy felt certain of seeing Margaret again. In the widow's loneliness she found comfort in knowing that a loving hand would press hers, and that an affectionate heart would receive her confidences. She slept better that night, and, rising at the dawn of day, arranged her little rooms with special care, rubbed up the cold tiles, dusted the furniture and opened the windows to let in a ray of sunshine, soon to be followed by the sunshine of Margaret's smile.

After eating a small piece of hard, black bread, the widow took up her work and waited, sitting near the casement so as to warm her limbs, which were shivering with fever.

About three o'clock a gentle knock was heard at her door; she got up, opened it with trembling hand, and saw Margaret's bright face.

"I bring you a kiss from Lucy!" said the fair young girl, throwing her arms round the widow.

"From Lucy? You have seen her? You have been allowed?"

I

n

0

I

iı

80

to

g

I

W

"I do not yet understand my boldness or my success; I have succeeded, that is the great point. If I were to say that your child is not suffering, I should speak untruly without convincing you. All that I can say is, that she is patient under trial; we love each other already. I shall be able to see her twice a week. When next I go to the prison I will bring her a letter from you. When you write to each other you will feel less separated. Here is some work; I asked for it in a shop in my own name, and I will undertake to bring it back."

"You are my Providence!" said the widow.

"O!" answered Margaret, "it is sweet to love, and, for my part, I owe you many thanks; if you knew how lonely I have been! My father is absent all the day; I used to read or work at my embroidery; but I have often found the hours very long."

"Would you not have liked to have some young girl of your own age for a friend?"

"My father does not allow me to have any acquaintance with the neighbours."

"And what is your father?" asked the widow.

"He is a clerk."

"In some Government office?"

"I believe he is at an armourer's," answered Margaret.

"What! you don't know the name of the office to which your father goes daily?"

" No."

d

ir

n

ld

h

k.

er

 \mathbf{el}

in

g

ł,

re

"That is odd; but I beg your pardon for my curiosity, Margaret; it proceeds from my interest in you."

"Your questions cannot hurt my feelings, Mrs. David; if I cannot answer you, it is because my father never spoke of his business to my mother or me, and on your account I have learnt more of his position than I had done in fifteen years before."

"How is that?"

"By what I have been doing for Lucy. You may imagine that yesterday I was very anxious to know what steps I must take in order to see the dear prisoner. I was trembling like an aspen leaf on my way to the police office. Well! a permission was, at once, given to me, as soon as I had said that my name was Margaret Jefferson. A common name, however! In the prison, Mrs. Jones, the gaoleress, was almost respectful to me. I conclude that my father is right when he says to me, as he sometimes does when he bids

me good-bye, 'Little Margaret, you shall be rich—very rich—and we shall be as good as the proudest people in Montreal!'"

Hours passed quickly to Amy David and Jefferson's daughter. The widow gave the girl a letter for Lucy, and when they parted, pressed her to her heart as if she had known and loved her from her infancy.

Margaret's step was light, and her heart beat like that of a young bird trying its wings for the first time, as she went back to her gloomy home. She gathered a branch of lilac and placed it near her by the window. She craved for the fresh perfume and the sight of the flowers; her soul was opening into a new life. The events which had happened during the last forty-eight hours had changed the current of her existence, and for the first time, great interests had taken the place of the dull and melancholy aspect of her days. Her tender pity for two suffering fellow-creatures, the efforts she was making on their behalf, and her hope of being able to do them good, filled her soul with a sense of something new and unforeseen. And another cause tended to excite and agitate her; she could not get rid of the desire to know something more of her father's occupations. On what grounds did his ambition rest? What did he look for? What did he hope for? Up to this time she had believed him to be poor and lowly. When others had thought his look cruel and mocking, she had considered it gentle and tender. What to his superiors seemed servility, was, in her eyes, but a modest opinion of his own merits. But she now perceived that his complex nat was and tion

She

what here app any mad ami

> and you ling not such You quit

> > of i

and

cha

nature presented some strange contradictions. There was some mystery which Margaret could not fathom, and she began anxiously to seek for its solution.

Moreover, she was troubled by a kind of remorse. She felt conscious that her father would not approve of what she had been doing. For a moment she asked herself if she ought not to tell him everything, but the apprehension that he might positively forbid her to have anything more to do with the widow or her daughter, made her see this course to be impossible. She examined her conscience carefully, but could not discover anything wrong in her conduct.

if

e

v.

ts

18

ıe

11

18

O

е

n

k d d d d d d s

Jefferson returned early; he seemed very cheerful, and, rubbing his horny hands together, said, "Have you got a nice little dinner ready, Margaret, my darling? we may begin to enjoy our future fortune. Is it not time that my daughter should leave off wearing such common dresses and cooking my dinner herself? Your housekeeping is admirable, certainly, and you are quite a pattern manager; but I don't want to have you leaning over the stove; the heat is bad for you, and I will not have you blacken your fingers with the charcoal; and how gloomy this house is!"

"It is, certainly," answered Margaret, "but it is full of memories; my mother died here, and I was born here. Do you think this dream of fortune will soon be realized, father?

"Soon-yes, certainly soon, my dear child."

[&]quot;Your armourer is powerful and generous then?"

"How? What do you mean?" asked Jefferson, looking with a piercing eye at his daughter.

"But, father, it is all quite simple; if your salary is increased, it must be because you are of great use."

"Yes," answered Jefferson, in a low voice, "I am of great use."

He went towards the window, inhaled the perfume of the lilac, and heaved a deep sigh. He needed air; his daughter's simple remark had brought a deep colour to his face, and his thin, sickly frame trembled. If Margaret suspected anything! But she suspected nothing. Her question was really a very natural one, and the only thing that need have astonished Jefferson was that it had not sooner been asked.

Fearing, however, that the conversation might again turn on subjects which he wished to avoid, he asked his daughter to read to him. While Margaret read the book which her father had selected, Jefferson was occupied with his own reflections, and gave no heed to the interesting story with which Margaret's attention was soon completely engrossed. About nine o'clock, Jefferson rose from his seat; Margaret closed the book, and he said to her: "I am tired; good-night, my little girl!"

Margaret took a candle and went up to her room. Instead of retiring to rest, however, Jefferson opened his desk, took out paper, pens, and ink, and then taking sundry memoranda from a greasy portfolio, began to copy them with great speed. From time to time he

stop:

was fathe thing

senti joine ing

by he creat lone!

that
even
pure
on a
of L
Geor
deliv
were
chiv
ferve
was

not be la

twee

stopped, passed his hand over his forehead, then resumed his work with intense earnestness.

on,

ry

eat

of

me

ir;

our

If

no-

and

Was

ain his

ook ied

er-

on

son

he

ttle

m.

 \mathbf{ned}

ng

to

he

Margaret had gone quietly up to her own room. She was glad to be alone, not that she did not love her father, but because she could now think over so many things that she was not afraid of being weary.

She walked round the narrow room in which she was accustomed to live. She looked at the picture representing the embarkation of the exiled Acadians, she joined her hands before her mother's picture, and, falling on her knees, raised her soul to God.

When she rose up, she felt strong. She knew that, by her means, comfort would be brought to two unhappy creatures, and this hope made up to her for her life of loneliness.

Generally Margaret—whose sleep was wont to be like that of an infant—used to go to bed quickly, but this evening the moonlight was so beautiful, and the air so pure, that, instead of shutting her window, she sat down on a seat beside it, and began to think of Amy David, of Lucy, and then, for a moment, of that brave young George Malo, who, with John Canada, aspired after the deliverance of New France. All Margaret's sympathies were for the "old country." Canada—the Catholic and chivalrous—was the country of her soul. Her mother's fervent heart was beating within her. Kind as her father was to her, Margaret felt that there was an abyss between them. Where the sacred bond of religion does not exist, affection is not solid or durable. In order to be lasting, it must have its source in God. Margaret

sat there dreamy and melancholy, looking at the calm heavens above her and giving full scope to the white wings of her dreams. goin

som

was

ing

nigh

wou

gon A

dow

shad

 ${f T}$

T

thou

It h

mig

oug

frie

run

tha

lan

tur

tak

pro

sir

M

A

Eleven o'clock sounded from the neighbouring steeple, and, as the last note died away in the air, footsteps were heard in the street. Two men came to the wooden gate of Jefferson's house and carefully opened it, he at once meeting them.

"Is it you, Long?" asked Margaret's father.

"Yes, Jefferson, and I have brought the man I mentioned to you."

"I was expecting you," replied the agent.

The door was shut, and Margaret heard no more; but her curiosity was deeply excited, and she could not think of sleep until after the departure of the nocturnal visitors.

"Another strange thing," said the young girl to herself, "is that my father should send me away on pretence of going to rest, when he was really expecting two visitors. Is this visit connected with his hopes of fortune? He was almost angry with me for asking where his place of business is, and the name of the armourer who employs him. But it is natural, very natural. These men are speaking very low—there is but a thin ceiling between my room and the hall, yet I hear nothing—nothing at all. But, after all, why should I wish to know their business. It is wrong of me to be growing so curious. It would seem as if I was acting the spy towards my father! No! no! that is not my reason for regretting that I do not understand what is

going on. If what is being said did not concern me in some way, I should not feel so anxious ——"

alm

hite

ple.

ere

ate

nce

en-

but

not

nal

er-

re-

wo

or-

ere

rer

ral.

hin

no-

I

be

ng

my

18

Margaret remained in her place by the window; rest was further than ever from her thoughts.

A long hour passed. A sort of oppression and shivering came over the young girl. She thought that the night air had chilled her; still she determined that she would not close her casement until the visitors were gone.

At last, she heard the sound of chairs being moved downstairs, and, standing up, she remained hidden in the shadow of the window, but in a position from which she could see everything.

The two visitors were now under the lilac trees.

The lane was completely deserted, and the three men thought they could talk as securely there as in the house. It had never even occurred to Jefferson that his daughter might still be up.

"All is settled then, Dick," he said, "and you thoroughly understand all I have said?"

"As well as if I had made the plan myself. My friend and comrade, Tom Smith, the best of Canadian runners, will go to Eagle-Plume's village and tell him that the moment for action has come; or, to use the language of those strange tribes, he will bid him 'overturn the sacred caldron, dig up the buried war-axe and take his scalping-knife.'"

"Very well," answered Jefferson; "Tom Smith will provide himself with everything that can excite the desires of these childish and savage creatures. Above all,

he will not spare fire-water, for that gives the Indians who serve us, without loving us, bound hand-and-foot into our power. Let us pay them well, Tom Smith, and not be taken in, in any way; the savages all lean to the side of the detestable French, and though some tribes consent to aid us, they will never devote themselves to our cause from real affection."

"There will always be time to do away with the Indians," said Dick Long.

"I will undertake to bring fifty men," said Tom Smith; "will they be enough for the expedition?"

"Half the number will do," said Jefferson; "the dwelling-house is carefully built, but there are not many servants in it."

"You are sure that there will be no bargaining about the reward?"

"Not if you succeed."

"Good-bye, Jefferson!" said Dick Long, shaking hands with him.

"Good luck to you, Tom Smith!" rejoined Jefferson.

The two men went away whistling a hunting tune. Jefferson watched them depart, shrugged his shoulders, and then shut and bolted the door.

Margaret noiselessly closed her window, and, kneeling down beside her bed, hid her face in the coverings She felt that she must pray; must trust in God; must cast herself into his arms as a frightened child casts itself on its mother's bosom; she needed to beg Him to show mercy to the guilty and to grant his protection to

the stra that dece

such a property smile and the again term

fear and plea

fres

our once the office nool Mar

feve

the weak. In her trouble and anxiety, and amid the strange and new emotions which filled her soul, she felt that her whole hope must be founded on Him who never deceives as.

ns

ot

h.

to

ne

n-

n-

m

11-

ny

ut

ng

r-

le.

rs,

ıl-

8

ıst

t-

to

to

What had she heard that could overwhelm her with such sudden anguish? Margaret could not have given a precise and definite answer to the question. Long and Smith had been speaking to her father about the Hurons—a vacillating tribe of Indians who sold themselves alternately to England and to France—but the gentle maiden knew nothing of politics, and might easily have misapprehended what they said. Her sleep was broken and unrestfermed at dawn she rose and went down to the hall, trembling at the thought of seeing her father again, and yet urged towards him by a feeling of extreme curiosity, which was not free from a mixture of terror.

Jefferson's appearance might have dispelled her vague fears. He was laughing and humming as he paced up and down the room; and, according to his custom when pleased, was rubbing his hands together.

"Come and kiss me, Margaret!" he said; "you look fresher than the flowers which are trying to come in at our window. Have you slept well? I never wakened once, and I dreamt that I had bought a pretty house in the outskirts of the town for you. I had given up my office, and we were living happily in a green, shady nook. It is pleasant to dream! And you? Why, Margaret, you are pale and trembling! Can you be feverish, you naughty girl? Come, another kiss, to

prove to your father that you understand all his tender love for you."

66

66

"

M

and

you

for y

anx

A

shot

fron

serv

she

othe

had

had

be :

ther

alte

mys

wha

first

that

cord

S

"

The young girl presented her forehead to her father, but she did not that morning feel impelled to throw herself into his arms and cover him with caresses. His persistent falsehood increased her sadness.

Little was said during breakfast. Jefferson was absorbed in serious thought and took no heed of his daughter's dejected attitude. By-and-by he went out, promising to return early.

When she was left alone, Margaret at once thought of fulfilling the promises she had made to Lucy and Amy David. She had found some work for the latter, but not enough; more must be obtained elsewhere. Besides, the shop which had furnished it was English, and she preferred having dealings with French people. She set out, consoled by the thought of doing a good action, and went to a ladies' outfitting shop to ask for work.

Margaret's countenance was so open and pleasant, that her request was received with smiles.

The specimen of embroidery which she brought with her was much admired, and the mistress of the establishment gave directions that all work of the kind which had not yet been promised to others should be entrusted to Margaret. The parcel was tied up and Margaret was about to take it away, when the head of the shop opened an account book and said, "Kindly give me your name that I may enter the number of pieces you are taking and the rate of payment to be made."

"Margaret Jefferson," answered the girl.

"Your address?"

er

r,

W

18

8.0

is

ıt,

 \mathbf{ht}

 \mathbf{d}

r,

e-

nd

е.

 \mathbf{d}

or

ıt,

th

b-

nd

bе

ıd

οf

οť

"Lilac-tree Lane."

Madame Delphine stopped before entering the name and addr.33. "Margaret Jefferson!" she repeated; are you Jacob Jefferson's daughter?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am very sorry, Miss Jefferson, very sorry indeed for you; but it is impossible for me to give you this work."

"But why?" asked Margaret, with sorrowful anxiety.

"I forgot that I had made previous arrangements."

At a sign from Madame Delphine one of the young shop-girls undid the packet, and Margaret turned away from the counter with tearful eyes.

As she was leaving the shop, Madame Delphine observed, in a low voice, "Poor girl! it is not her fault."

She was an object of pity, and why? It seemed as if she were suspected and accused of some fault which another had committed. Who was this other? People had seemed kindly disposed towards her, but her name had changed their feelings. When she was known to be Margaret Jefferson, daughter of Jacob Jefferson, there was neither smile nor work for her. The sudden alteration of manner must proceed from some cruel mystery. Margaret would have given much to know what it was. In her disappointment, she thought at first of going straight home; but then she remembered that Amy's living depended on her exertions, and, accordingly, she went to a second shop. The proprietor

began by asking her name and address. She gave them humbly and timidly, looking anxiously at him. Two customers turned their heads and drew back hastily, as if they thought that their garments would be soiled by touching Margaret's.

CE

W

in

ge

tic

an

m

L

on

wi

800

fire

let

in

is]

one

me

hav

 \mathbf{for}

me

crea

frie

pra

deal

stre

"I can do nothing, Miss Jefferson, nothing at all," said Monsieur Bertrand, drily.

Margaret went quickly away, covered with confusion, for she felt that her very name, in some mysterious manner, was looked upon as evil.

Coming to another shop, a few doors further on, she went in. A young woman, a fervent Presbyterian, who was well known among the members of her denomination, and whose name Margaret had heard mentioned in connection with certain religious meetings, came forward and politely asked to know her wishes. Margaret stammered out her name and her request.

"Work!" answered the young woman. "As long as there is any in the shop you shall never be refused. Mr. Jefferson's daughter is always welcome here. We know how much her father has done for the cause of true religion and the authority of the king."

On this occasion, Margaret felt much inclined to refuse the proffered work; however, as it was to be of use to Amy and Lucy, she decided that she had no right to do so, but the gracious manner of the Presbyterian troubled her even more than the repulses she had met with in the two French houses.

"What does this mean?" she asked herself; "what service can my father be rendering to the Protestant

ve

m.

ly,

ed

on.

ous

she

vho

na-

l in

for-

ret

z as

sed.

We

e of

re-

use

ght

rian

met

hat

tant

cause. English and Schismatics speak his praises, while French and Catholics reject him. I did not think that the sorrow I felt yesterday could be so much increased to-day."

Under the influence of this painful anxiety, Margaret reached Amy David's house. The widow's affectionate greeting dispelled her sadness for a moment, and the happiness she felt in being able to do good made her forget her own troubles. Amy spoke of Lucy constantly, and Margaret promised to visit her on the following day.

The doors of Lucy's prison were again opened without any difficulty, and the two young girls were soon in each other's arms. When the emotions of the first moment had subsided, Lucy read her mother's letter, and afterwards gave Margaret four pages written in pencil to convey to her. "Tell her that my courage is keeping up," said Lucy; "suffering is nothing when one is fulfilling a duty. I know that God will deliver me; my confidence in Him is unbounded. Would He have sent you to me unless He meant to give me comfort? The very gaoleress has become different towards me—who would have thought that a little timid creature like you could do so much? Dear sister and friend! if you only knew all the happiness I have prayed God to give you."

"Happiness!" answered Margaret; "that is a great deal to ask; it will be enough for me if I always have strength to suffer."

"To suffer! you to suffer!"

"Perhaps by suffering more, I shall better learn to console others."

"Tell me, Margaret, have you any hope of obtaining justice for me?"

"I will do all I can, be assured of it—look, here is a book which you may hide in your dress; read it again and again; it is "The Following of Christ." Pray for me, Lucy, and now farewell, your mother is anxious for tidings of you."

Margaret left the prison in deep dejection; the generous and enthusiastic excitement which leads youth to deeds of self-devotion for the innocent, the virtuous, and the suffering, had passed away, and she now felt as if she was accomplishing an imposed task, and paying a compulsory debt.

In the evening, her father's gaiety had a false ring to her ear; she left him early and heard him go out. Before he came in she had fallen asleep. The next day, as she passed beneath the lilacs, she saw a paper on the ground, took it up mechanically, and read the few lines it contained.

It was a list of about thirty names, the last, underlined with red ink, was that of George Malo, and a note was added to the effect that he was to be watched.

Margaret fell back on the bench and burst into tears.

The spen nig gon wer fam wen at a regrilaid

the

One

it wa

Si

of L her l were of he plete cheri resto think

of he her f

CHAPTER IX.

to

ng

is

it

ray

ous

the

uth

ous,

t as

ring

ring

out.

 \mathbf{next}

aper

the

der-

note

into

A RED SKY.

The dwellers in the House of the Rapids had spent a calm and peaceful day. According to his nightly custom, Captain Halgan with his servants had gone round to see that all was right. The iron bars were in their places, the bolts were fastened, and the family, exiled by the horrors of the French Revolution, went tranquilly to sleep. The Captain had long been at rest; Tanguy of Coëtquen was forgetful of his regrets in the illusions or a dream; Patira had just laid aside an interesting volume, and extinguished the lamp which stood on a little table beside him. One alone was still awake in the House of the Rapids; it was the silver-haired maiden.

Since the Coëtquen family had come to the village of La Chine a great interest had taken possession of her life. Formerly, the orphan, whose first memories were of a flight through the forests after the massacre of her people, had lived at John Canada's side in complete security, but in the depths of her heart she cherished the images of a past which nothing could restore. Nonpareille could not without ingratitude think of returning to the woods which once concealed the villages of her tribe. And what would have become of her there? It was almost certain that no member of her family had survived the ruin of her race. Could

pa pu

ar

W

sh

di

ti

or

ne

kı

ar

pa

ďε

he

N

sh

ke

ar

N

A

M

ad

uj

H

fa

she go and take her place by the fire of strangers? Yet, more than once, in spite of her gratitude, and notwithstanding the civilizing effects of John Canada's society, she asked herself whether happiness and liberty were not to be found in a hut of branches, beneath the shadow of the brilliant foliaged shumach, by a river's side or on the banks of a lake. But, no doubt, what Nonpareille really wanted most was the companionship of those of her own age, for from the day that Hervé and Patira crossed the threshold of the Great Hut she ceased to suffer from that home-sick longing for the wild woods, and the whole aspect of life was changed for her. She sang like the birds whose nests had once hung close to her swinging cradle, and while she retained the native pride of her race, she became fonder of study. Having submitted to civilization, she at last grew to love it. The hours spent with Patira and Hervé seemed to be hours of blessing. She was delighted with her own progress, and often imagined the astonishment mingled with fear which would fill the mind of a member of the tribe of Great Beaver, if by any possibility one had survived, at seeing her read a printed book, and express her ideas by the aid of characters which had long been a mystery to her. She never made up her mind to the sacrifice of her picturesque costume. She felt so free in her elaborately embroidered tunic, and her feet were so light and nimble in her leather bead-worked mocassins that she resolutely refused to make any concession on this point. One day a Canadian lady brought Non3 ?

nd

1'8

tv

he

r's

at

ip

nat

eat

ng

vas

sts

ile

me

on,

ith

She

na-

 \mathbf{uld}

ær,

her

the

r to

of

her

80

sins

on

on-

pareille some European garments, and insisted on her putting them on. The poor little thing felt paralysed and disfigured; the long hair which she loved to have floating about her like a veil was fastened up and she was brought before a long looking-glass, but when she saw the effect of her new attire, she tore it indignantly, took down her hair again, and for a long time could hardly forgive the Canadian lady.

"Father Flavian who poured the cleansing water on my forehead," said the silver-haired maiden, "does not bid us give up the totem of our tribe. He knows that the image of our Saviour is engraved on it, and hangs to the wampum necklace. When Non-pareille dies, she will go to heaven in the dress of a daughter of the race of Abenaquis, and she will take her place by the side of St. Catherine of the woods. Nonpareille will learn to use the pen and the pencil, she will work like a European woman, but she will keep the dress of her mother and the tokens of her ancestors."

Hervé's simple admiration gave fresh strength to Nonpareille's will; she felt that the costume of the Abenaquis gave her a strange influence over the Marquis of Coëtquen's son and over Patira, and she added rows of necklaces, brilliant bands, and bracelets.

Nothing was now wanting to her. She was waking up to a new life beside these other young ones. Hitherto the gravity of those around her had somewhat weighed upon her spirit; the coming of the Coëtquen family brought a fresh and mighty interest into her

life. And how many dreams passed through her young brain, how many castles in the air were built up, and suddenly replaced by others! Every day brought its own amusement and its own joy; and she rose at dawn to lengthen the time which was so full of pleasures.

On the evening of which we are now speaking, full of thoughts of an excursion to be made on the morrow, and entranced by the beauty of the hour, Nonpareille went to her own room when Tanguy dismissed the family to rest; but she had no wish to sleep, and opening her window she leant on her elbows and looked out. The moon was shining in all her marvellous beauty in a pure blue sky. The St. Lawrence sparkled in the silvery light, each little ripple in its turn reflecting it till it seemed as if the very river were full of drifting brightness. On the horizon, earth and heaven met in an indistinct line of vapour. Nonpareille was lost in the contemplation of this scene of nocturnal splendour. She remembered sleeping on nights like this in the shades of the forest, while the note of some bird died away in a neighbouring nest, and the young of the deer moved among the branches. In the midst of her peaceful enjoyment, Nonpareille turned her eyes in the direction of the village of La Chine, and all at once a cloud appeared to rise from the earth towards the sky. At first she thought she was mistaken, but soon all doubt was at an end, the column increased in volume and rose up straight and defiant towards heaven, through the calm still air. What could be going on in the village? It consisted of some huts belonging to

Ind not Ind

not and yell and

The reil " F pas

unc

6

upo lool Joh of n

doo she wit Ha

arn

is l

Indian fishermen; the smoke from their hearths could not be visible at so great a distance, and, moreover, no Indian would be awake at so late an hour of night.

ts

n

11

v,

le

ae

n-

 \mathbf{b} e

us

 \mathbf{d}

e-

ıll

nd

le

al

Ke.

ne

ıg

st

es

at

ah

ut

in

n,

in

to

All at once Nonpareille saw the cloud change, it grew lighter and more transparent, and assumed luminous colours. The very sky put on a different aspect, and was rapidly dyed with the hues of dawn; then the yellow light grew stronger, red was mingled with it, and suddenly a bright purple spread over the heavens. The river rolled on as if dyed with blood, and Nonpareille holding her head in her two hands, exclaimed, "Fire! Fire!" She rose from the window, crossed the passage, and hastened to the room where Hervé slept under Patira's guardianship.

"Get up! get up!" she cried, "misfortune has come upon the Great Hut. It is not Montreal in flames,—look at the redness of the sky, O! son of a land of heath! John Canada's dwelling will be to-morrow only a heap of ruins!"

Nonpareille hastened down-stairs, knocked at Tanguy's door, and then at Halgan's with a cry of alarm; then she returned to the casement in the lobby and watched with dismay the progress of the fire. In a moment, Halgan, Tanguy, and Patira were at her side.

"Look!" said the Indian girl, with outstretched arm.

"The town is on fire!" said Tanguy.

"No," answered Nonpareille; "John Canada's house is burning."

"John Canada! let us run and help him!"

"Do not go! do not go!" cried Nonpareille; "you see you can do nothing, nothing at all!"

 $^{\mathrm{th}}$

bu

of

CO

po

 \mathbf{th}

it

pa

an

fre

of

me

fir

he

nu

t3.

(4)

lo

If

he

"But Black Bison, and the servants?"

"Men are men, they will save themselves if fire alone is the danger."

"Fire alone-what do you mean, Nonpareille?"

"The thunderbolt has not fallen on the Great Hut—the servants are faithful, but the Hurons are cowards."

"You think-"

"The Hurons wish to wreak their vengeance on John Canada. No one knows that he has gone from the Great Hut. The Hurons have surrounded it, to burn the enemy of the English alive."

"Thank God! John Canada is far away, but the hapless men who have stayed there will perish for lack of help. It would be mean of us to leave them there unaided."

The little hand of the silver-haired maiden was laid on Tanguy's arm. "The daughter of the forests knows the customs of the Mingos. They killed her mother and scalped her father. After having burned the Great Hut in the hope of getting fire-water, blankets, and necklaces from the Indians, they will come and pillage the House of the Rapids."

"They would venture?"

"Perhaps they may!" said Nonpareille.

"Upon my word," answered Halgan, "if so, they will find out whom they have to do with. My eye is true, and I have a good musket, at least I shall have

the satisfaction of laying some of those miserable Redakins low."

"Certainly, father, we have some pistols and knives, but what are these weapons in comparison with those of our enemies? If Nonpareille is not mistaken in her conjectures, the Indians are provided with muskets and powder. We have hardly yet settled ourselves, and there has not been time to prepare for a siege. Would it not be better to seek safety in flight?"

"The forests near us are full of Hurons," said Nonpareille; "it is better for men to defend themselves."

"His lordship is mistaken," said Patira, "we have an arsenal here."

"An arsenal," cried Halgan, "where did that come from, my friend?"

"From your ship, Captain."

ou

ne

eat

are

hn

the

urn

the

ack

ere

aid

8WC

her

the

ets,

and

hey

e is

ave

"How? you thought of it?"

"You gave me permission to bring from the Lady of Gaul anything I thought I wanted for the adornment of the House of the Rapids; I took the furniture first, and then half the arms. The ship can still hold her own against a corsair, and though we are few in number, we shall be able to defend ourselves against those fiendish Hurons, whom Nonpareille calls Mingos."

Halgan pressed Patira's hand so as to give him pain.
"It is always your part to save us, is it not?"

"I do what I can," replied the youth. "Come, my lord! and come, Captain! the cellars are full of weapons, I filled a waggon with them; we have even got a mortar here."

The servants alarmed by the stir going on in the house, had risen hastily and assembled in the vestibule. Tanguy found them agitated, questioning each other without in the least understanding what was taking place, but ready to meet any danger that might arise."

"Follow me," said Tanguy.

Patira, bearing a lantern, was the first to descend into a cellar whose appearance astonished the Captain. Nothing that could be done to make it safe and to preserve the weapons it contained from damp, had been neglected. Along the walls were ranged rows of muskets; axes and swords glittered in the corners, and a mortar opened its immense throat at the side of a barrel whose contents the Captain readily guessed.

Halgan gave each of the servants an axe and a musket. He and the Marquis armed themselves completely, and Patira, choosing weapons proportioned to his stature, placed himself at the Captain's side.

"You will confide the care of Hervé to me, will you not?" he asked.

"That is my portion," said Nonpareille; "while men are fighting, women watch."

The barrel of powder was brought up by the servants and placed in the yard. The mortar was placed on the steps, just opposite the door of the palisade, and the Captain having loaded it with a heavy charge entrusted it to Patira.

"Fire and I are old acquaintances!" said the youth.
"How often have I heated John Anvil's furnace!"

Two servants were left in the court beside the great

door, which was carefully barricaded, and then Tanguy, Halgan, and the rest of the inmates went up to the first storey of the house. This commanded both the river and the forest, and in case of attack the defenders could fire from the windows, and might hold out during a long siege.

The sky had grown redder and redder and its brightness intensified the gloom of the surrounding forest. The flames, however, no longer darted up towards heaven, and by degrees the glow of the fire seemed to begin to fade.

The Great Hut, which was made of wood, had fallen, and in its place was now a mass of burning fragments.

"If the Indians have completed their work to-night, they will attack this house," said Nonpareille.

"And if not?"

the

ule. her

ing

se."

end in.

to

een

of nd

a

m-

to

ou

en

ts

he

he

 \mathbf{b}

h.

at

"If not, they will sleep in the forest."

"And come back to-morrow night?"

"Most likely—there is spoil to carry away, and there are heads to scalp; the Hurons can seldom resist such temptations."

"John Canada has lived a long time in this country," said Tanguy; "I cannot understand this outbreak of sudden hatred."

"John Canada is too fond of the French-Hurons are paid."

"Father," said Tanguy, "if we escape the danger which now threatens us, to-morrow we will leave the Rapids and go to Montreal."

At this moment a piercing cry resounded from the outskirts of the forest.

"The cry of the Mingos!" said Nonpareille. "I know it; it sounded in my ears the night my mother was killed."

ite

80

be

OC

ho H

ap

sp th

ba

to

an

G

m

m

of

Jo

ob

er

fe

m

st

of

"Hervé! Hervé!" exclaimed Tanguy.

"Let the Pale face fear nothing," said Nonpareille; "I will take care of him."

The Indian girl went to the child; he was still asleep. She gave a rapid glance round the room, tied a long scarf about her waist and placed a knife at her side, then shutting the shutters returned to observe the movements of the savages, but they continued invisible. No doubt they had assembled their forces, and were holding counsel as to the manner of attack. The first part of their dreadful work was easier than the second would prove.

The Huron assailants had been ordered to destroy the Great Hut, and absolutely forbidden to make prisoners. This prohibition seemed to them a hard one. No doubt the savages love fire-water, blankets, and necklaces, but they equally love to bring back to their village a number of prisoners, and feast their eyes on the tortures which they inflict upon them. The present expedition was looked upon as a mercenary and unworthy undertaking, and the Hurons resolved that they would not be satisfied without some act of prompt and terrible revenge on those whom they looked on as their foes.

The emissaries sent to make themselves acquainted

the

wo.

vas

le;

ep.

ong

ide.

the

ble.

ere

irst

 \mathbf{ond}

rov

ake

ne.

and

heir

on

ent

an-

ney

ind

eir

ted

with the position of John Canada's habitation necessarily passed before the House of the Rapids. This dwelling had not been mentioned to them, and evidently its inhabitants were not as yet obnoxious to the possessors of Canada. But although the Hurons had not been sent to make war against Marquis Tanguy, it occurred to them that they might, by attacking his house, make up for their disappointment at the Great Hut. The owners of the House of the Rapids were apparently much richer than John Canada. Immense spoil might be found there, and besides bearing home the scalps of the slain, the Hurons would lead prisoners back to their villages and make them a gazing-stock to the men of their tribe.

In order to have more time for their work of blood and pillage, the Hurons resolved to make an end of the Great Hut as soon as possible. Many precious hours might be wasted in a combat, men might be lost and morning dawn before they could take the inhabitants of the House of the Rapids captive. The death of John Canada and his companions was the primary object of the expedition; therefore, the fifty Hurons encircled the palisade of wood which formed the defence of the house, then collected branches and dry moss in several heaps outside it, and simultaneously set fire to them; the flames soon caught the wooden stakes and they crackled and fell.

The savages formed a living circle outside the circle of fire.

Lance in hand, for under these circumstances they

did not use their muskets, they waited till the flames should alarm the inmates of the Great Hut. The burning heat and the sense of intense suffocation suddenly aroused the sleepers. In a moment Toyo and Tambou as well as the Black Bison were on their feet. The two former uttered cries of distress and kissed the amulets which hung about their necks; the Indian Chief looked at the burning palisade, and sought some means to escape from the peril. Until the Hurons saw that the inhabitants of the Great Hut were aware of their danger they kept silence, but as soon as the frightened countenances appeared at the windows, and cries of anguish arose from the beleagured house, they broke forth into wild shouts of joy.

The wooden wall gave way on every side almost at the same moment, and a ring of fire encircled the dwelling and its inmates. The savages, holding their lances in one hand, with the other seized pieces of the burning wood, and cast them with fiendish skill on the shingle roof. The terrible missiles were flying through the air in all directions, and the inmates could not hope to defend themselves against their deadly assailants. Toyo and Tambou, after having cried like children, rose up suddenly when the Black Bison appeared before them and said in a tone of mockery: "The children of the Ebony Coast are not men but squaws. The red flesh of the Hurons bleeds beneath the knife, and it is possible to scalp them. What would the master say if he heard that the Black children wept and did not fight?"

E

te

ba

to and ree

> ing not hav live

end

tha tha obs plaarm kiel

by the

to :

"Poor darky is lost," said Toyo; "that is quite certain."

"Nothing is certain but that you are cowards. The Ebony Coasts have nothing but death to look to, why not try a chance of escape?"

Tambou shook his head hopelessly, but replied, "You tell niggers what to do."

"My black brothers will each take one of these bars of iron and use it as a club; they will not leave each other, and will strike together; without waiting to continue the struggle, they will leap over the fire and run towards the river. The river is edged with reeds, and my black brothers can swim."

The two negroes understood the Red-skin's reasoning. It was possible that the unfortunate men might not succeed in their endeavour, but at least they would have done everything in their power to defend their lives.

Black Bison kept up the courage of the servants, endeavouring to convince them that a passage might be made through the flames, and pointing out to them that the lances of the Hurons were less formidable than the fire. He himself, endeavouring to avoid observation, anxiously watched all that was taking place around him. Two of John's Canadian servants, armed with long knives, dashed through the fire kicking aside the burning embers, and endeavoured to make a passage for themselves, but they were met by eight Indians who, with a lance, tried to separate them. The house was burning, and no longer offered

10

hes he ion

eir ind the

the ere

ws,

t at the heir the

ugh lope nts. rose

fore n of red

is v if

not

E

W

tı

p

sk

se

hi

W

en

ap

CO

the

bu

she

on

twe

bar

tou

poi

 ${
m Th}\epsilon$

vict

and

crie

Min

1

hope of refuge. The two men seized the Hurons' lance and sought to break it; the Hurons tugged it with all their might, and then suddenly let it go with a cry of savage joy. The result of this manœuvre was to throw the two Canadians violently to the ground, and they fell forward across the burning wood. Two blows of a lance left them dead where they lay. Meanwhile, the two negroes, in obedience to Black Bison's advice, in their turn tried to make a way for themselves through the terrible circle. The dusky hue of their skin enabled them to crawl unperceived along the ground; when they rose up, three Mingos opposed their further progress, but their iron bars were heavy, the river was near at hand, and the love of life redoubled their muscular strength. With a desperate effort they cleared the line of fire by a prodigious leap. Black Bison was behind them; his costume, whose details could not in the confusion and darkness be observed, and the manner in which his hair was knotted on the top of his head as if ready for the scalping knife, concurred in misleading the Hurons, and making them believe that the Indian who was following the negroes was one of their own company.

Only, as it seemed unlikely that a single warrior would be able to kill or to secure the two negroes, three Huron warriors darted off in pursuit of them.

"Run! run as hard as you can!" said Black Bison to Toyo and Tambou.

The two brothers were gaining ground, but the

nce

all v of

s to ind,

ood. they

e to

ce a The

unhree

iron

1 the

With

by a

: his

h and

h his

ready

the ndian

own

rrior

three

Bison

t the

Hurons were renowned as swift runners, and soon were within a short distance of Black Bison, who turned suddenly round and confronted the three pursuers; with a blow of his tomahawk he cleft the skull of the first Indian, and disabled the arm of the second just as he was going to seize his tuft and scalp him.

The Mingos now saw that they had to do not with one of their own tribe, but with a formidable enemy. In answer to their cry some other Hurons appeared, pursuing the negroes whom Black Bison constantly encouraged in their flight. The last of the three Mingos struck Black Bison on the shoulder, but had hardly time to congratulate himself on having shed the blood of the brave Abenaquis, for he fell flat on the ground, just as the Hurons came up with the two negroes. They had thought themselves safe; the banks of the river were so near that they could almost touch the reeds that grew at the water's edge when the point of the Hurons' lances caught them in the flank. They had no time to wreak their cruelty on their victims, for Black Bison's axe laid one of them low, and the next moment he himself fell amid the reeds.

The whole house was now in flames and the agonized cries of the wounded servants were mingled with the Mingos' shouts of joy.

CHAPTER X.

PRISONERS.

b

S

iı

a:

h

tl

th

at

CC

le

ar

fa

or

ro

hi

br

for

th

an

fro

qu

inf

When the work of destruction was finished the Indians rushed along the road leading to the House of the Rapids. They counted on finding its inmates asleep, and surprising them during their first slumber. The Hurons, according to their custom, went in single file, exclusively savage putting his foot in the print of the one who preceded him, so that their numbers might as far as are possible in the moonlight be unknown to their victims. A deep silence had succeeded the terrible shouts that had filled the air during the conflagration of the Great Hut. The band of savages advanced noiselessly, and in the distance resembled a giant serpent gliding along the bank of the river whose waters still reflected the varying hues of the fire.

Halgan, Tanguy, Patira and the servants watched from the upper windows, musket in hand.

When the Indians reached the palisade which surrounded Tanguy's house, they walked round it, carefully ascertained the position of the gates, and then consulted in a low voice as to their line of action. As they were anxious to secure booty and scalps, they could not think of employing the same means which had succeeded in the destruction of the Great Hut. To climb the barrier would have been difficult, for not only were the trunks

of the trees which formed it high and smooth, but the tops of the stakes had been carefully pointed. After having struck the palisade in many places to ascertain whether the resistance was equal everywhere, the chief of the expedition made a sign, and seizing his tomahawk, dealt a heavy blow to the lower part of the wall; this blow re-echoed so as to alarm the Hurons, and it seemed probable that the noise would awaken the inmates of the dwelling. The savage drew back a little, and carefully examined the front of Tanguy's abode, then, having observed no sign of life, he again raised his weapon, and this time the stake was almost cut through. Twenty more strokes of the axe resounded through the air, the upper cross-piece of wood was attacked and four of the posts cracked and fell into the court. The breach was opened. All was still motionless and silent about the house, save that a distant bark and an angry growl were heard. No doubt, some faithful guardians were imprisoned in an inner court, or were keeping watch in the passages of the house.

ans

the

eep,

ber.

sin-

rint

bers

un-

eded

the

ages

ed a

river

the

ched

sur-

fully

lted

were

hink

d in

rrier

unks

Eagle's Plume, the chief of the attacking party, looked round him uneasily, the silence and stillness disquieted him. But one of his companions got through the breach and raised up the fallen stakes which formed a sort of barricade in front of the hedge. At that very moment the report of fire-arms was heard, and the Huron fell to the ground. A cry of fury burst from the lips of the Indians. They perceived that the quiet aspect of things was delusive. They had no information as to the number of inmates living in the

House of the Rapids. They were a party of fifty, and imagining that Tanguy of Coëtquen might have ten servants, they had feit no doubt as to the result of their attack.

Two alternatives were before them; they might either retire now that it was evident that the house was in a state of defence, or, trusting to their skill and courage, might endeavour to storm it, to reach the storey whence shots had been fired, kill those who persisted in offering resistance, and make as many prisoners as possible. The last plan was the one adopted. A council was held outside the palisade, and after the first Indian had been struck by the ball, no other appeared. Halgan and Tanguy watched with their arms loaded and ready. The servants also were on the alert, prepared to fire at a moment's notice. Patira had noiselessly left his post by the window and glided down the stairs. The door of the corridor had been left half open, and the mortar on the top step of the entrance lay like a black monster. The youth took his place beside it, and also closely watched every movement of the Indians.

If the Hurons had entered the court one by one, the defenders of the house would have been able to see them and to deal with them with fearful promptitude. In a general and simultaneous assault of the whole force, many, no doubt, would fall beneath the fire of the besieged, but ultimately the place could be taken by assault.

Eagle's Plume determined on the former course. The

desire of pillage was so intense that the savages never thought of the greater peril to which those foremost in the attack would be exposed; their fury almost blinded them to danger. Tomahawk in hand, they uttered the hoarse yell which is their battle-cry, and rushing upon the palisade were soon within the quick-set hedge. But almost at the same moment the barrier fell beneath the half-naked crowd, a dense smoke obscured their view, and a storm of fire met them. The rattle of musketry was mingled with the thunder of the mortar, and a bloody breach was made in the advancing column.

Shouts, which were fiendish rather than human, answered the unexpected volley, the wounded rolled upon the earth with broken heads and shattered limbs. But on this occasion, contrary to their usual custom, the Indians did not tarry to bear their wounded to a place of safety, the time needed to carry them away would have permitted the inhabitants of the House of the Rapids to reload their fire-arms. The Hurons sprang over corpses and wounded who lay writhing in their agony, and continued their headlong course. Just as they reached the threshold of the House of the Rapids, the bars of iron were rapidly drawn back; Patira having discharged the mortar was aware that he could not keep up the fire, and accordingly he rejoined the Marquis and the Captain.

They were both calm and resolute.

But what words can express the feelings of Tanguy's heart? If he had been alone in the world, he would

ten heir

and

ight
was
and
the
per-

A the ther their

ners

the atira ided been

the his

see ude. hole

e of ken

The

have held his life cheap; Hervé, however, was there,—Hervé with no defence at present save the arms of Nonpareille.

Had his beloved child escaped all previous perils only to become a prey to the savages? Condemned to death, even before his birth, delivered by Patira's marvellous devotion, rescued from the Round Tower, after the baptism of Blanche's tears, hidden in the Cobbold's Cave, shut up in Spinning Jennie's hut, received by the Abbot of Léhon—was he now to die in this distant land, with his grandfather and father, and the two young creatures who loved him as their brother?

g

ar ol

hi

an

8u

ap

th

sic

do

ho th

vi

aı

na

h

pa

N

 \mathbf{h}

n'a'

But if Tanguy's mind was full of anguish for Hervé, Patira's fears were no less anxious. The heroic Breton youth considered himself as having a sort of right over the last of the Coëtquens; so after leaving the mortar which had cast such terror among the savages, he hastened to the upper room where Nonpareille and Hervé were to be found.

"Has the silver-haired maiden courage?" inquired Patira, who loved to use the language dear to Non-pareille's heart.

"My brother may lay his hand upon my heart, it never beats faster when there is danger."

"The Mingos will be here in two minutes."

"That means that the Pale-faces have two minutes to live."

"God knows it is so."

"What does my brother desire?"

"The child's safety."

rils l to

ra's

ver,

the

re-

e in her,

heir

rvé.

eton

over

rtar

he and

ired on-

, it

ites

"Does my young brother not think of himself?"

"He has no right to do so at such a moment."

The sound of the attack made by the Hurons on the gate reached the two young people. Patira looked around him as if he would ask counsel of external objects.

The report of a fresh discharge of musketry assured him that the Hurons had lost more men. In his anxiety and despair he looked up to heaven with a supplicating glance.

Patira was with Hervé and Nonpareille in an apartment on the side of the house opposite to that threatened by the Hurons. A door opened from this side of the house into the forest, while the other door looked down on the St. Lawrence. The part of house next the forest was in complete shade, while the front, illuminated by the brilliant moonlight, was visible almost as clearly as in broad daylight. Tanguy and his father had too much feeling for the beauties of nature to allow a great clearing to be made round their habitation. Strictly speaking, the forest served as a park to the house, and over the most projecting part of the roof fell the shade of giant branches which the Marquis had made a point of preserving.

As Patira was praying for some means of deliverance, his eye was caught by the enormous branch of a sugarmaple tree, which hung over the roof at a distance of about nine feet. It seemed almost impossible to reach

it, and yet, when Patira observed it, he felt as if God had heard his prayer.

Above the rooms which were now about to become the scene of a merciless struggle, were some lofts with narrow windows from which it was possible to get on the roof.

Patira held Hervé closely in his arms.

"You know I love you," he said, "and that for long I was in place of a father to you. Will you obey me as you obey him, as you obey God?"

"Yes," said the child, "you know I did not cry when we went through the underground passage at the abbey."

E

h

ch

H

fo

H

ar

80

ea

 \mathbf{th}

"And you won't be afraid now?"

"Not if you come with me."

"I will fight at your father's side, but Nonpareille won't leave you."

A terrible crash was heard at this moment, the door of the house had been broken in by the savages.

"It is time! it is time!" cried Nonpareille. "Let my young brother save the Wren of the Woods, and afterwards go and fight at his master's side."

Patira grasped Nonpareille's hand, and with her climbed the stair leading to the lofts.

As soon as they were in the lofts, Patira took Nonpareille's long searf, got through the narrow window out on the roof which happily was not a steep one. He weighted one end of the scarf with a heavy knife, threw it over the maple bough, drew it as tight as he could, and then secured it to the window by driving the blade of the knife into a joint of the window-frame; he then stretched out one arm to Hervé who clung to him, and with his other hand drew Nonpareille forward.

hod

me

ith

on

ng

me

cry

the

ille

loor

Let

and

her

on-

dow

one.

nife, s he

ving

In another moment the three were on the roof. The report of fire-arms was heard from a new direction, and Patira knew that the conflict was going on on the stairs.

He seized the maple bough with both his hands, bent himself back and said to the silver-haired maiden: "I have strength to hold it back until you reach the trunk of the tree and hide yourself among the foliage. Have you courage to try this way?"

Nonpareille looked at Patira with a sort of enthusiastic admiration.

"Yes, yes," she said, "I can die for those I love. I will take back the scarf as you do not now require it to hold back the branch, and I need it to bind Tanguy's child to me."

With equal agility and coolness, Nonpareille unfastened the scarf, wound it thrice round herself and Hervé, and then with the calmness of her race, put her foot on the flexible bridge which she had to cross. Hervé shut his eyes, repressed a cry and clasped his arms around Nonpareille's neck.

Shouts and cries, the clashing of weapons and the sound of blows from the butts of muskets reached their ears.

"Quick! quick!" said Patira, "the Mingos are in the upper rooms."

Nonpareille stood on the great bough, and, aiding herself by the smaller branches which sprung from it, went forward with cautious slowness; her foot did not falter, she went straight up the perilous ascent with the skill of a rope-dancer.

r

81

tl

 $\mathbf{f}_{\mathbf{c}}$

81

F

cl

th

E

bo

fo

lo

ad

ca

af

P

H

sta

m

T

of

P

tri

Patira meanwhile was on his knees, with outstretched arms, expending all his remaining strength in keeping the enormous bough in its position. He was praying with the fervour of a martyr for the safety of these two young creatures. A cry of alarm rose from his lips: Nonpareille had made a false step, she was no longer erect but was slipping along the branch. Notwithstanding all her lightness and agility he feared that her head had suddenly become giddy. Patira's hands were covered with blood, he had no longer power to hold the maple bough, and he trembled at the idea of seeing it escape from his grasp, but the song of a mocking bird was heard amid the foliage, Nonpareille was in safety and for the time she and Hervè had nothing more to fear.

Patira hastened down from the loft, sprang into the corridor, knife in hand, and looked round for the Captain and Tanguy.

The corridor and the stairs, like the court, presented a fearful spectacle. Two of Tanguy's men lay prostrate on the floor, the head of each was terribly wounded and their scalps hung from Eagle's Plume's girdle. The third of Tanguy's retainers was fighting desperately against five Hurons who were disputing amongst each other for his life and his scalp. The others

ng

it.

ot

ith

ned

ng

ng

wo

ps:

ger

th-

hat

ads

to

dea

fa

pa-

nad

the

the

ted

ros-

bly

ne's

ing

ing

iers

were determined to sell their lives dearly to a troop of assailing fiends.

The Captain and Tanguy had taken shelter in the recess of a window whose depth was some defence to them. Their enemies could attack them only in front, and Tanguy's courage and Halgan's skill might prolong the contest and keep victory trembling in the balance.

Eagle's Plume, the dreaded chief of his tribe, had found in Halgan a worthy antagonist. The boarding axe was well able to hold its own against the tomahawk. Fire flashed from the weapons as they met with deadly clash. Eagle's Plume fought with savage fury, but the Captain never lost his calmness and self-possession. Equal courage shone from the eye of each combatant, both had determined to conquer. One was fighting for the safety of those near and dear to him, the other longed to add to the number of bloody trophies which adorned his girdle, and aspired to the glory of leading captive one of the Pale-faces whose torture would hereafter furnish him with a spectacle of delight.

While the Captain was struggling with Eagle's Plume, Tanguy was holding his own against two Hurons; the first of them, Red-Head, was of giant stature, but the second, Swift Panther, was hardly more than a youth; he persistently strove to dislodge Tanguy from the shelter of the window, with a view of throwing him down and taking his scalp. Swift Panther did not yet rank among the warriors of his tribe, and longed to perform some brilliant action. With this fixed idea in his mind, the young Indian

fo

H

h

W

th

CO

tw

ju th

th

sh is

P

fu

yo

lik

wielded no weapon but his great scalping knife, while Red-Head brandished a lance whose blade had been broken and reduced to the dimensions of a javelin. The sword which Tanguy used with admirable skill enabled him to resist the shock of his two assailants. The Indians, furious as they were, could not but do justice to the valour of the white men, and would have deemed their chances of victory doubtful, but that three more of their tribe, each with two scalps at his girdle, rushed on the Captain and Tanguy. Five Hurons were now opposed to Halgan and Tanguy, and it seemed as if their courage could not withstand such shocks. Neither Halgan nor his son-in-law, however, appeared weary; the boarding axe of the former had wounded the hand of Eagle's Plume, and blood was flowing from the Captain's shoulder. All at once, as it was impossible that one sword should long keep the arms of four Hurons in check, the Marquis dealt a blow to the right, and pierced an Indian's breast, but an axe thrown at him and aimed at his wrist, shattered his sword and left him with nothing in his hand but a shapeless and useless stump.

At the very moment when a knife-wound called forth a cry of fury from one of Tanguy's adversaries, Red-Head turned round in frantic rage, for he had been struck from behind; the Hurons who had been fighting with Tanguy now directed their efforts against the new adversary who appeared on the scene. One of the savages was tripped up and fell to the ground, and

striding over Red-Head's fallen form, Patira with an axe in each hand, glided to Tanguy's side.

Tanguy was more anxious for his child's safety than for his own.

"Hervé!" he said; "what have you done with Hervé?"

"He is safe with Nonpareille."

ile

en

in.

ill

ts.

do

ve

ree le,

ere

if

ıer

у;

 \mathbf{of}

n's

ne

ons

nd

im

eft

se-

rth

ed-

een

ng

the

the

ind

Red-Head, who had risen from the ground, threw his heavy axe at a venture, and hit Tanguy on the temple with a violence which elicited a cry of pain.

Struggles continued in the corridors and rooms of the House of the Rapids. By-and-by but one group continued to offer a desperate resistance to the savages; two servants, who had not succumbed in the fight, had just been made prisoners, and their fate foreshadowed that which awaited Halgan and the Marquis.

The latter continued to fight, but he no longer hoped that victory would reward his desperate courage.

"Patira," he said, while still withstanding the shock of his assailants, "you know where my son is?"

"Yes," replied the youth, dealing a blow at Swift Panther's arm.

"Go and join him," said Tanguy. "Oh! this hateful Huron! I am wounded, Patira; go to Hervé, protect him! save yourself! John Canada will return, you may trust in him."

"Let me die with you," said Patira; "I am fighting like a man, these Mingos are not yet our masters."

But they will be-my eyes are growing dim and

my arm is weak—my child! save my child! Nonpareille will not be able to defend him!"

1

n

p

tl

th

hea she

rus aw

gro

Coi

gue

"You command me, my lord?"

"Yes," said Tanguy; "what God wills will happen to us."

Patira made no objection, he passed into the recess behind the Marquis, seized the bar which supported the window with his two hands, and let himself down till he stood on a narrow projecting wooden The corner of the house was not far off, the trunk of an immense tree as high as a mast formed its support; the youth remembered the time when he had been one of a troop of acrobats, but never, even in those days had his coolness and agility been more severely tested. He crept along the cornice, reached the corner of the house, and then slid down the trunk of the maple tree. For a moment he remained lying on the ground and listening attentively to every sound, then he crept round the house to the porch. The mortar stood at the top of the steps and three corpses lay near it. A dull growl reached his ear, and in a low voice he called, "Mingo! Mingo!"

The bear slowly approached; Patira caressed his great head, and with him crossed the threshold of the House of the Rapids, passed through the rooms and passages which had been the scene of such fearful tragedies, and made his way to the maple in which Nonpareille and Hervé had taken refuge; he clasped his arms around its great trunk and began to climb up, while

Mingo walked round and round shaking his great nead.

In a few moments Patira was with Hervé and Nonpareille.

"Does my young brother bring bad news?" asked the silver-haired maiden.

"The Hurons are masters," said Patira; "the Hurons are ten against one."

"And Tanguy, the noble-hearted?"

"Tanguy is in the hands of God."

"Halgan?"

"He is fighting like a lion."

"They sent Patira to be with us?"

"Yes, Nonpareille, and with all my love for Hervé, I was near disobeying the Marquis. I could only think of dying at his father's side."

"Tanguy will not be killed," said Nonpareille, "he will be taken prisoner."

"Does not that mean the same thing?"

"To gain time is to save life."

An immense clamour rose through the air, and the hearts of the three young creatures sank; these fierce shouts meant a decided victory.

And indeed, a few moments later, a band of savages rushed out of the house. Each one of them bore away a share of the spoil, and in the midst of a group of warriors, Patira distinguished the Marquis of Coëtquen, Halgan, and two servants, closely bound and guarded as prisoners.

The red reflection of the fire had gradually faded

en re-

ıpmlen

off, ast me

but lity ice,

own revely to

the rowl go!

reat ouse ages dies, apa-

rms hile from the sky, the pale hues of dawn had taken the place of the bloody crimson, the sun was about to rise, and the brightness of morning would reveal in all their horrors the traces of the nocturnal battle. Those Hurons who had succeeded in taking Coëtquen and Halgan captive, satisfied with their share in the victory scorned pillage, but their companions searched the house for powder and shot, and fire-water. Their greed delayed them on the scene of action, and Red-Head, Swift Panther, and Eagle's Plume impatiently waited while their comrades collected as much booty as they desired.

Eagle's Plume moreover would not leave the House of the Rapids without giving burial to the dead. In a commanding voice he summoned four of the warriors who had followed him, and at his desire they went to the edge of the forest and hollowed out a great pit. When it was ready the Indians left Halgan, Tanguy and the two servants under the care of five of their number, the rest of the Indians gathered round the pit, the dead were wrapped in bison skins and laid in it, and when the turf was closed over their grave, Eagle's Plume bade them farewell, wishing them all the happiness that awaits warriors who gain the happy hunting-grounds. He commended their courage and vowed that their memory should always be kept alive in the hearts of men of his tribe, then turned way from the resting-place where the trophies of the dead were buried with them.

Tanguy and Halgan meanwhile conversed in low tones; their countenances bespoke courageous resigna-

tion, but their eyes looked anxiously around as if seeking for some trace of Patira and Hervé.

6

ir

18

n ed

 \mathbf{or}

 \mathbf{b} e

ft ile

ey

ise In

ors he

en the

the

bad

ade hat ds.

of

ace

em.

OW

na-

For one moment Patira was tempted to imitate the song of some bird of his native land, in order to reassure the Marquis, but Nonpareille laid her little hand on his mouth.

"The Mingos know the note of all the birds of this country; if the least sound betrayed the presence of the Wren of the Forest, we should be lost."

By this time day had fully dawned. From their high point of observation, Patira and Nonpareille saw the troop of Hurons, now reduced to twenty in number. During the burning of the Great Hut and the assault on the House of the Rapids, they had lost thirty warriors. Their victory was indeed very like a defeat; Patira's mortar had certainly laid ten victims low, by the ample charge of grape-shot with which the brave youth had loaded it.

At last Eagle's Plume gave the signal for departure, the prisoners were placed in the midst of the Hurons, and the troop was lost in the shades of the wood.

CHAPTER XI.

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

THE Hurons continued their way in the shelter of the forest where the shades of night still seemed to reign, though daylight had come in all its radiant beauty to

light up the river, and the sun was slowly rising higher and higher in a pure blue sky. Intoxicated with slaughter, with the odour of bloodshed and the joy of the pillage, the savage warriors seemed insensible to the fatigues of this night of blood and fire. Their haste to be secure from pursuit and their impatience to reach the village where they were expected, banished all thoughts of re-The wounded seemed to forget their sufferings. Their scorn of physical pain, and the stoical pride which concealed all emotion, sustained them during their forced march. One of their number had fixed three scalps to the point of his lance, and marched in front waving this terrible banner to the sound of war-songs. Halgan and Tanguy were bound with ropes of bark, and followed their conquerors without either complaint or bravado. Both had received wounds, and both suffered in mind more than in body. The thoughts of the old seaman and the young noble turned to Hervé, the last being whom heaven had spared to their affection, the only descendant of a glorious race which had suffered in France, and had now come to take root in a distant land which was still France.

They spoke no word. What could they have said? Notwithstanding all their strength of mind they feared being overcome by their feelings. Contemptible as their tormentors might be they wished to prove their courage before them.

After they had marched for an hour through the forest, Eagle's Plume and Red-Head consulted together for a moment and then gave the order to halt. Three

men were desired to seek some game, and the captives, who were chained together at the foot of a tree, saw the Hurons begin to make preparations for a meal. A quarter of an hour had not gone by when the hunters returned; one brought a buck and the others some birds, and while the younger warriors made ready the venison, Eagle's Plume came near to Halgan and Tanguy.

r

f

e

S.

h

d

e

is

d

d

0.

 \mathbf{d}

n

g

ly

in

nd

P

 \mathbf{d}

88

ir

be

er

9e

His face was calm and his voice betrayed neither hatred nor wrath.

"The Pale-faces need care and food," he said, "the Red-skins are men. . . Until the great wizard of the Tribe can cure them, Eagle's Plume brings them healing herbs."

Tanguy took the leaves which the savage offered him, but at the same time explained to him that he was unable to dress the wounds of his companion.

Eagle's Plume, who knew enough English to make himself understood, asked: "Will the Pale-faces promise on the Manitou they worship, not to try to escape?"

"We promise," said Halgan and Tanguy, with one voice.

At a sign from the chief the chains of the prisoners fell off, and the Captain and Tanguy rendered each other what service they could.

They had both received several wounds, none of which however were dangerous; but they had lost a great deal of blood and were reduced to a state of great weakness.

The apparent compassion with which the Hurons

now treated them was not due to any sentiment of humanity, but was in accordance with a custom resulting from their pride and cruelty. Any enemy not massacred at once for the sake of his scalp, was reserved as a spectacle for the rest of the tribe. Equal glory was to be gained from making captives and from collecting scalps. The men, women, and children, who had remained in the villages or encampments impatiently awaited the return of the conquerors, and awarded great praise to those who provided them with the spectacle of But this horrible entertainment would the torture. have lost half its value if the prisoners had been exhausted by forced marches or by suffering, and had soon sunk into the semi-torpor of approaching death. The Indians wished the unhappy victims who were to be made the sport of their barbarity and the target of their skill, to be robust men, capable of enduring lengthened torments and of feasting their curious gaze by the protracted misery they could undergo.

Halgan and Tanguy were well aware that the humanity of Eagle's Plume was false, but they considered it their duty to live until the hour appointed by God to call them hence: and, moreover, the heart of man is slow to give up hope, and, even in the most desperate situation, finds some consolation and some prospect of deliverance.

Halgan had often battled with the angry waves; he had borne the brunt of the attack of English ships; he had been so often in the midst of tempest and of conflict that his calmness did not forsake him in this new trial As for Tanguy, he recalled the terrible hour when he had flung himself from the Gallows of the Dimnâmas, he remembered the attack on the Abbey of Léhon, the perils he had undergone amid the ruins of the manor of Guildo, the squall which had almost upset the little vessel in which he and his child were flying from his distracted country, and his wonderful rescue by Halgan at the moment when hope was almost lost; with these things in his mind he felt he could not doubt that God's protecting care would still watch over him, and a vague, dim light seemed to arise in the darkness of his night and bid him expect and believe that he would yet be delivered.

S

18

d

y

at of

ld

X-

 \mathbf{ad}

h.

to

of

ng

ze

u-

ed

to

ow

naof

ad

ad

lict

ial

When their wounds had been dressed and they had partaken of the venison and slept for a short time, the prisoners were in some degree refreshed, and when their new masters aroused them they were able to take their places in the midst of the band.

Their fetters had again been put on, but although they were solid they did not hurt their wrists or their legs. The Hurons knew that their escape was impossible, and therefore put them to no unnecessary suffering.

The next night was again spent in the forest.

The prisoners could not in the least guess the intentions of their Huron captors nor find out where they were going. They only knew that the savages were keeping near the river and journeying towards its source. If, therefore, any opportunity of escaping presented itself they could not mistake their way.

More than once, recollecting tales of travels they had read at the manor of Coëtquen or on board ship, Halgan and Tanguy endeavoured to leave traces of their course by breaking the branches of trees, or disturbing the foliage of shrubs, but a warning word accompanied with a threatening glance from Eagle's Plume made them feel the prudence of giving up all such attempts; and yet it was necessary to find some means of giving their friends a clue to their whereabouts.

All at once an idea occurred to Tanguy. He had about his neck a rosary with links of gold, a remembrance of his dead mother. Patira was the only human being who would seek to follow Tanguy and Halgan, and Patira knew this rosary. Tanguy succeeded in putting one of his hands to his breast, and, keeping it there as if he were in pain, contrived to break one of the golden links and detach a coral bead. In another moment this fragment of the treasured keepsake lay on the short smooth turf of the forest like a berry fallen from the beak of some passing bird. But the journey might be a long one and these precious beads must be sparingly used. The way lay under great trees and the Indians seemed to have no intention of encamping for a few days of rest. When they wanted food, one of their number would take his bow and arrows and soon bowed down beneath the weight of a buck. dry wood, which emits but little smoke, was lighted, the meat was broiled, and after the repast all the fragments were carefully gathered up and then the march was continued.

h

F

h

b

le

r

b

Notwithstanding the fatigue of the long journey, Tanguy and Halgan improved in strength, and their wounds gradually healed. But as they travelled on and the distance which separated them from Montreal increased, the hopes which they had at first cherished grew weaker and weaker. With all Patira's intelligence and devotion, what could he do for Tanguy if the Indians took him away to some village buried in the depths of the forest?

f

r

d

11

le

s.

 \mathbf{d}

1-

 \mathbf{n}

n,

in

it

 \mathbf{of}

er

on

 $\mathbf{e}\mathbf{n}$

ey

be

he

or

115

 $\cdot n$

of

he

its

88

For eight days the troop marched on in this way, and for eight nights in his dreams the Marquis of Coëtquen beheld John Canada's house in flames, and saw all the horrible pictures of the siege of his own dwelling. At the end of that time the Indians halted in a glade of the forest remarkable for its ancient and immense trees. Four Hurons advanced towards the oldest which were hollowed by age and retained life only in their highest branches. From the great hollow trunks of these trees the Indians drew forth four bark canoes and placed them on their heads and then the whole band left the forest and came down to the bank of the river.

Evidently any one who might endeavour to follow and to rescue the prisoners would here lose all trace of them.

As Tanguy got into the canoe he sacrificed the last beads of his rosary. He was in the same canoe as the Captain, Eagle's Plume, Swift Panther and Red-Head.

Though they were going against the stream, the

strong men rowed rapidly on, and the little flotilla made way without going far from the shore.

tl

C

in

tl

de

Stal

lo

fo

ig

fe

w

sp

ca

in

sh

th

th

in: Tl

m

fa

ste

But as they proceeded, the river seemed to widen, and soon islands of various aspect rose from its bosom. Some were very large and were covered with immense trees, others were formed of abrupt rocks. No two among them were alike in shape or size. Capes and bays and indented shores lay over against one other, and within the green recesses the pure blue water seemed to sleep, forgetting the rapids of the river, and bathing the masses of flowers with caressing ripples. The aspect of the St. Lawrence in this part of its course was like that of a verdant Venice, with endless lagoons intermingling and crossing one another like an inextricable net-work. No ship or barge could have navigated this labyrinth, but the light canoes of the Indians made their way securely through the intricate passages. The savages knew each little promontory, each tree and each tongue of land. This archipelago is called the Archipelago of the Thousand Isles, although their number has probably never been accurately ascertained. It is altogether unlike anything else on earth, and on its surface the bark canoes floated like birds.

If Coëtquen and Halgan had been tourists, or travellers for pleasure, the scene now before their eyes would have filled them with inexpressible delight; they gazed on islets clothed in green of every possible shade, and on dark rocks which formed a striking contrast with the verdure, while here and there it seemed as if a lovely flower-garden varied

 $_{
m de}$

n,

m.

ıse

ng

nd

nin

ep,

the

ect

ike

ter-

able

this

ace

ges.

tree

lled heir

ned.

d on

or

heir

de-

very

ed a

and

aried

the wilder aspect of nature. Some of the islets were a complete mass of reeds, the narrow depth of earth could only produce this waving nosegay to be swayed by every breeze. But instead of finding consolation in the beautiful picture, Tanguy and the Captain felt that it increased the intensity of their sufferings. No doubt, all trace of their fate would now be utterly lost. Supposing Patira, with the devotion of which he had already given such ample proof, to be capable of following the Marquis and his conquerors through the forest, it would still be impossible for the youth, in his ignorance of the wiles and deceits of the Hurons, to track Tanguy's way through the interminable lagoons.

The prisoners' eyes met, and each saw that his fellow-captive knew the extent of the peril from which no human hand could save them; but they spoke not of their fears, their heroic courage was called into play more than it ever yet had been.

By-and-by the canoes reached a pleasant bay offering an easy landing-place, indeed the long bark ropes showed that it was an accustomed mooring-place for the canoes of the wandering tribe.

As Eagle's Plume and his companions drew near to the shore, columns of smoke rising up through the trees informed the captives that the island was inhabited. The Hurons grasped their prisoners by the arms and made them leave the canoe, all the band then landed, fastened their boats to the bark cables and bent their steps in the direction whence the smoke appeared.

At a certain distance from the native village, the

Hurons uttered their death-cry. It would be impossible to give any idea of this heart-rending sound; before relating their exploits and displaying their trophies of victory and their booty, they lamented those who had fallen in the double attack on the Great Hut and the House of the Rapids.

A cry of mourning was raised for each of the tribe who had fallen, and immediately from the distance came in response a mingled howl of men and wail of women and children.

The sounds of weeping and sorrowing from the two answering bands drew nearer and nearer together, till the inhabitants of the island village joined the returning band, and warriors, old men, squaws, and children were mingled in one group. For the rest of the way the cries continued with increasing rage and grief; then when the savages were opposite to a great cabin which was adorned with special care, and had fearful figures standing at its four corners, Eagle's Plume began to speak, and in an eloquent and able discourse recounted the merits of the warriors who had died in battle with the Pale-faces. He praised their courage in war, and their wisdom in council; he swore that their children should be adopted by the Huron warriors, that the wigwams of their widows should be provided with fresh venison by the chiefs, and he concluded by declaring that each one of them had shown himself worthy of the protection of the Great Spirit, and had found an eternal entrance into the land of the happy hunting-grounds.

E

tl

iı

tl

a

SI

bı

 $\mathbf{t}\mathbf{t}$

pe

His words in some degree calmed the sorrow of his

nposund :

their

those

Hut

tribe

tance

ail of

e two

r, till

e re-

way

hich

gures

an to

inted

with

and

dren

the

fresh

ring

f the

ernal

his

ds.

hearers; moreover, Eagle's Plume endeavoured to turn their minds from the memory of the dead to the glory of those who had returned to their brethren. The nocturnal attack on the two houses assumed the proportions of a great battle. Swift Panther madly shook the lance to which he had fastened the scalps of a negro and two Canadians. Each Huron in turn boasted of his deeds with savage pride and exhibited his scalps and his share of the spoil.

At last Eagle's Plume said, "The sons of the Great Spirit, protected by Areskoui, the God of War, have brought back two Pale-faces whom they have made prisoners. Their wounds are not yet closed, they must be thoroughly healed before the council decides on their fate."

Enthusiastic applause greeted Eagle's Plume's words. At this moment all the objects pillaged from the House of the Rapids were spread out on the ground; the women greedily drew near, and the children slipped in between the rows of warriors.

The Hurons, who had fought with indescribable fury, were like children in the delight and pride with which they took possession of a necklace, a bit of red cloth, or a weapon. Eagle's Plume considered it more consistent with his dignity as a chief to leave his share of the spoil to his comrades. The prisoners he had taken brought him glory enough.

After they had mourned for the dead, and divided the spoil, the warriors who had taken part in the expedition held a hasty council, and then Eagle's Plume, Swift Panther, and Red-Head drew near to the prisoners.

"The Pale-faces are not accustomed to marching through the forests, and they are still suffering from their wounds. They may henceforth rest in the empty hut in this village. The women and the warriors will bring them venison, with a strengthening drink, and the perfumed leaf whose smoke sends care to sleep."

Tanguy understood the words of the chief, who spoke English, he took Halgan's arm, and together they entered an empty house.

Its owner had perished in the fire at the Great Hut, and his widow had gone to live with the wife of Red-Head.

This log-house was primitive in its simplicity. In the middle was a hearth on which no fire was at present burning; in one corner a heap of sassafras branches seemed prepared to serve as a bed, and two bear-skins with some earthen pots completed its scanty furniture.

h

The Hurons thought it unworthy to chain their prisoners. The hut would be so well guarded that such a precaution would be unnecessary. Just as Halgan and Tanguy were rejoicing in the thought of being left alone, a youth, whose years did not yet warrant his participation in the expeditions of the tribe, entered the cabin, took up his position on one of the stones of the hearth and silently began to smoke.

He was the prisoners' appointed gaoler.

Tanguy knelt down in the corner of the cabin. The ardent neophyte, who had entreated Father Ambrose to admit him into the number of the monks of Léhon, was still full of the faith which had been revived in his heart beneath the convent roof. In his great grief he cast himself into the arms of God, knowing full well that consolation and salvation come from Him alone.

Halgan, the veteran seaman, had somewhat forgotten the lessons of his mother. He had sailed over distant oceans, had entered many temples, and looked with curious eyes at heathen idols, and in his wanderings he had lost the sentiment of faith. No doubt he vaguely remembered its teaching, but it was somewhat as one remembers an air heard in former days, he did not, like Tanguy of Coëtquen, rest upon his faith; he did not embrace the cross with that grasp which makes the weakest strong. Halgan looked to his own strength, Tanguy sought courage from God. He prayed for a long time, while the Captain, with his head buried in his hands, called up the memory of the beloved beings whom he could never see again. Blanche of Coëtquen buried beneath the shadow of the Oak of the Twelve Archers, and the beautiful boy, Hervé, whose little arms would never again be clasped around his neck.

After an embrace, which silently expressed their grief and their courage, Tanguy and Halgan lay down on the sassafras and went to sleep. The youthful warrior, who had been desired to watch over their sleep, spent the night seated on the hearth-stones, persistently

the

ing rom ipty

riors ink, e to

poke thev

Hut, e of

In at afras I two canty

their that st as ht of yet

f the ne of smoking his long calumet, and from time to time casting an anxious glance towards the sleepers. At dawn another Indian took his place; Tanguy and Halgan still slept.

When day broke upon the island, colouring the sky, casting brightness on the summits of the rocks, spangling the water with gold, and spreading a carpet of beauty over the ground, a young woman timidly crossed the threshold of the hut.

She held in her hand a basket filled with plants, and coming near to the wounded men made them understand that she would take care of them.

Tanguy interchanged a few words with her and learned that she was called Nuaga Rose, and that her father was one of the Sachems of the tribe. Without expressing in words the compassion which filled her soul, she endeavoured to make the prisoners understand that in the presence of their young Huron guardian it was impossible for her to answer the questions which they were longing to ask her. But with a rapid movement she took a copper cross from her bosom and showed it to them as a token that they had a right to expect assistance from her.

When she had performed her errand, she left the house without looking back, for she feared to see the curious eyes of the young Huron fixed upon her.

Later in the day, two hideous old squaws brought food to the prisoners. The gaoler was allowed to leave his post, and Eagle's Plume came and solemnly informed Halgan that no fetters would be put on him, and that he and his companion were free to walk about the island.

ast-

awn

gan

sky,

cks,

rpet

idly

and

tand

and

t her

hout

l her

stand

an it

hich

ove-

and

ht to

the

the

ught

eave

nnly

him,

The hearts of the captives beat with joy at this announcement. They were allowed to go where they would, might they not consider themselves as almost certain to regain their freedom?

Eagle's Plume read their thought in the glance which they interchanged. "The Pale-faces are men," he said; "the Hurons were not the first to take the war-axe from its resting-place. Until the Sachems have decided the fate of the captives they must remain within the bounds of the island, and never pass over its girdle of blue water."

Although these words were spoken calmly, Tanguy understood the threat which they conveyed.

"Father," he said to Halgan, "God alone knows the number of the days we have to spend here, in the midst of enemies who are reserving us for further suffering. But, without absolutely giving up all hope of escape from our enemies, it is evident that we must act with the greatest possible prudence. Keen eyes are watching us on every side. Men, women, and children are all observing us closely. The gaoler who kept us in this house has been removed, but every Indian is a new gaoler."

"I know it," said Halgan, "I see it; and with such a future before us, and the certainty that a Huron has never shown mercy, I had rather be bound to the stake to-day, than wait in the expectation of torture."

"Perhaps to-morrow may bring us deliverance."

"Deliverance! Tanguy—I am a seaman, and perhaps people are not wrong in thinking me a good Captain, but I declare to you that after having passed through all those endless canals and passages, I should never be able to find my way back to the St. Lawrence."

"You are mistaken, father, you could do it."

"Without a compass or instrument of any kind?"

"There is a star which never fails us, father, the Providence of God."

Halgan buried his face in his hands and made no reply to Tanguy's words.

CHAPTER XII.

WILD BINDWEED.

The sun rose bright and glorious next morning. The great fatigue they had undergone had brought sleep to the prisoners. When they rose from their deep repose they embraced each other warmly; courage came back to their hearts, that calm courage which bears any trouble that may come. The door of the hut was gently opened and a young girl stood before the captives. She was tall and graceful, her dress was simple and elegant, and her brown hair was adorned with bright-coloured flowers. Her timid glance betrayed compassion, and after having placed some pro-

visions on the ground, she was turning away when the Captain said to her in English, "Does the Wild Bindweed know the fate that is before us?"

"The chiefs have not yet assembled in the Council Hut."

"Are all prisoners as a matter of course condemned to death?"

"No, not all," answered the Wild Bindweed; "an old man often adopts a captive, and in such a case he at once becomes one of the tribe."

"Can we leave this hut?"

er-

boo

seed

ould

St.

the

e no

The

ep to

re-

came

pears

was

the

was

rned

be-

pro-

"The Pale-faces bear no chains."

"And will the Wild Bindweed serve us, as a sister would serve a brother?"

"The young Red-skinned maiden was once the captive of the Pale-faces; she remembers that they showed her respect."

Wild Bindweed pronounced these words in tones of emotion, and then fearing no doubt that the Hurons might suspect her of some pity for their prisoners she left them uttering in her own mother-tongue a word whose sweetness they understood although they could not have translated its meaning.

Halgan and Tanguy shared the meal of venison and wild roots which the young girl had brought, and then, wishing to make sure that they really were in the enjoyment of comparative liberty, advanced to the threshold of the cabin. No sentinel guarded the way and they were emboldened to take a few steps beneath the shade of the trees, and were able to observe the

general plan of the village: it was a collection of huts constructed by a horde of Indians who were ready to take service with the English, or to share in the chances of any private enterprise. The dwellings had been erected without order and as it were by chance. Trees furnished the principal materials, the walls were made of boughs and moss, and bisons' skins sufficed for the roof. The Hurons, not intending to make a long sojourn in this spot, had not in any way prepared for the snowy season. Fishing and hunting provided them with the principal part of their food, and a few roots and some Indian corn, grown in a plot of ground tilled by the women, completed their provision.

A hut larger than the rest and decorated by two idols' heads affixed to posts, was the meeting-place of the chiefs of this nomad tribe. Here they held counsel, and discussed the interests of the nation. The death of the twenty Indians who had been slain in the recent expedition had cast their respective families into mourning. Nothing short of the possession of a share of the coveted spoil could allay the noisy demonstrations of grief. When Halgan and Tanguy left their cabin, each of the victors had adorned himself with some object stolen from the House of the Rapids, a rag of purple, a weapon, or a necklace; the women were walking about the village to exhibit the gifts received from their husbands or brothers. Among these men and women were certainly some possessed of human feeling. whose hearts were bleeding from a cruel blow; but the Indian is, from an early age, accustomed to repress

uts

to the

nad

ce.

for

ong the

vith

and

by

lola'

the

and

the

ex-

the

s of

each

ject

ie, a

bout

heir

men

ing,

the

Tess

all expression or token of feeling, and save in the turbulent manifestations of public mourning looks upon it as a point of honour to let no trace appear upon his countenance of what is passing in the depths of his heart. As Wild Bindweed had told the prisoners, there were no sentinels charged to take special care of them, and yet they soon found that as this duty was entrusted to no particular person, every member of the tribe was expected to perform it.

Seated at the doors of their cabins the young women and girls gazed at the strangers with persistent curiosity. The men who, either by chance or as a precaution, were scattered about the village, while busy preparing their weapons, mending their nets or making bark canoes, never lost sight of those whose death was one day to provide them with the pleasure of a spectacle.

Neither Halgan nor Tanguy was mistaken as to the general feeling. Delay was granted to them and their limbs were left unfettered, but only on condition that they should make no attempt to escape.

Moreover, when the two captives had gone round a part of the island, they began to wonder whether such an attempt would not really be an act of the greatest folly. Weakened as they were by their wounds, what could they do when the whole population of the island carefully guarded them?

The archipelago of the Thousand Isles was even more secure than a prison. They could not think of getting possession of a canoe, and though Wild Bindweed's countenance had convinced them of her

compassion they knew that she was powerless to save them.

The scenery which surrounded them was beautiful as the Garden of Eden. Fresh and luxuriant foilage hung over the mirror of blue water. On every side this delta, with its rocks, its flowers and its giant vegetation, called forth their wonder and admiration. It surpassed in its loveliness all that a painter or poet could have dreamed. Tanguy of Coëtquen, accustomed as he was to the wild aspect of Brittany, felt the charm of this new world. The Captain seemed less sensible to its marvels. His soul was oppressed by the gloomy future which seemed to be before him. He thought of Hervé, Blanche's child, and of Blanche who had died so terrible a death.

The Marquis and Halgan sat by the river's side and gazed on the panorama of sea and earth and sky; the Indians were astonished at the tranquil bearing of their They had often been told that the Paleprisoners. faces were cowardly when death was before them, and they had looked for some sign of weakness in Halgan and Tanguy. A savage pride gave the Red-skins that fortitude which has often been the wonder of those who have witnessed their silent endurance of fearful tortures: but the Indians little knew that men of Tanguy's stamp draw from their faith a courage far superior to the stoical bravery of the savage. Moreover, Tanguy and Halgan saw the importance of avoiding everything that might excite the suspicion of the Hurons, and accordingly they were extremely prudent in all their proceedings. When the day drew to its close they left the shore of the island and returned to the centre of the encampment.

76

28

ag

ta,

ed

its

 \mathbf{d} .

ild

ld.

Iis

ned

e's

th.

and

the

neir

ale-

and

gan

hat

vho

es;

mp

the

and

hat

ord-

ed-

the

Before a hut of which the door was raised up, Wild Bindweed was preparing the evening meal. Her father was dead and she took charge of a young family of brothers and sisters. The captives greeted her with a smile of recognition, and then seeing a group of old men seated in front of a large hut, they joined them and sat down amongst them. The Indians did not seem surprised, they respected the silence of their guests and offered them pipes. Tanguy mildly declined the calumet, but Halgan accepted it and began to smoke in company with the Sachems.

"The Great Wizard of the Red-skins was to have brought some healing plants to the Pale-faces," said Halgan, "but we have not seen him. If men are not afraid of suffering it is well to preserve their strength that they may sing their death-song nobly."

"The Great Wizard is driving the bad spirit away from a sick man's hut," replied the old man whom he had addressed, "he will not forget the Pale-faces—they will be able to recover their energy and their wounds will have time to heal before they are called upon to prove that they are not squaws but famous warriors among the chiefs."

These words of Red-Head's confirmed what Wild Bindweed had said: if the captives were to die it would not be for a considerable time; indeed, the Sachems themselves did not yet seem to have fixed the date.

The best thing they could do therefore was to have

patience and endeavour to regain their vigour of limb, and then if possible to procure canoes or to make their escape by swimming.

At the moment when they had landed on one of the Thousand Isles which are rocked by the St. Lawrence, Halgan and the Marquis were ready to make the sacrifice of their lives. The terrible scenes of the night of blood and pillage through which they had passed, and the sufferings of the march, had combined to take from them all hope of escape; but as hours wore on they had got accustomed to the enjoyment of their liberty, and the love of life had begun to revive within them. They were still ceaselessly watched. By night some of the young Indians slept at the door of their hut and during the day some of the Hurons came with them under the pretext of fishing or shooting in their company. Nothing in the attitude or words of these Indians showed hatred or ill-will; they seemed to be merely performing a duty.

Halgan thought of escape. He did not consider it impossible to leave the island by night, to swim across the narrow passage, and thus to go from one island or promontory to another, leaving no trace behind them. No doubt they would be pursued, but after all they were not prisoners bound by their word of honour. The right of regaining his liberty belongs to a captive.

Eight days had gone by since the Indians had burned the Great Hut, Eagle's Plume was absent, and the Indians were giving themselves to the pleasures of the chase with passionate enthusiasm. Sometimes they pursued the roebuck by night, dazzling it by the light of their pine-wood torches, and striking it while it was stunned by the noise and blinded by the brightness which broke upon the silence and calm of the night. At other times they aimed at nobler game and watched for the greedy bear that sought for honey in the hollow trunk of some old tree.

le

e,

of

d.

to

re

of

to

ly

at

he

or

or

ey

it

88

or

m.

re

 \mathbf{ht}

 \mathbf{d}

he

ne

One morning they determined to hunt a bear well-known for his enormous size and believed to be a hundred years old. The prisoners accepted the Indians' invitation and joined the chase; they knew that it might involve peril, but their situation made them indifferent on this subject.

The bear in question had hitherto avoided all snares and escaped from all attempts made on his life, and a close and desperate struggle was now expected.

The Indians set off in good spirits, armed with muskets, lances, and hunting-knives. They followed the track of the bears, from the hollow tree which served as a hive to the wild bees, and the prints of his gigantic paws redoubled their anxiety to secure so magnificent a prey.

It was not long before they caught sight of the monster, who was returning at the same hour as on the preceding day to the neighbourhood of the maple-tree; he walked along confidently, quietly, and heavily, shaking his great head at every step.

All at once a sound from a thicket made him turn his head and look round. He soon suspected the presence of men and stood still, his eyes grew bright and he uttered a dull growl, which was presently changed into a terrible cry of pain as a shot was fired by Eagle's Plume; the ball had struck the bear near the shoulder and he rushed furiously towards the bushes where the hunters were concealed.

They saw that a desperate conflict was before them, and Eagle's Plume, who longed to distinguish himself, sprang over the underwood and stood face to face with the furious animal.

The bear reised himself on his hind legs, and with irresistible force flung himself upon Swift Panther and hugged him with a violence which elicited a stifled groan from the youth. His two arms were rendered powerless by the iramense paws of the beast, he was unable to use the hunting-knife which he grasped in his hand, and he would inevitably have perished, had not Eagle's Plume rushed forward and plunged his scalping-knife between the shoulders of his enemy.

Swift Panther and the bear fell to the ground together, the weight of the monster overwhelmed the young man, but he managed to free himself and left his adversary rolling on the grass with furious cries. The hunters then broke forth into imprecations and mocked the foe who had not courage to endure.

"We thought you were a hero, a patriarch of the forest," said Eagle's Plume, addressing the dying bear, "but you groan and wail like a squaw. If, instead of being struck by my weapon, you had wounded me, I would have suffered like an intrepid warrior and died before I let my pain be known. You are a disgrace to the tribe of bears."

le's

lder

the

em,

self.

with

with

and

ifled

lered

was

d in

had

l his

ound

l the

ft his

The

ocked

f the

bear,

ad of

ne, I

died

ce to

But the monster victim heard not the words of the Hurons, it continued to writhe in spasms of agony. Before the blood had all flowed forth through a great wound, the body of the bear was agitated by painful convulsions, then his paws grew stiff and the mass lay motionless.

The hunters' next care was the transport of their game to the village; they did not for a moment entertain the idea of cutting up so fine a quarry, accordingly four of the youngest among them formed a bier of strong branches and thus bore the fallen foe whose deeds had long been handed down by tradition in the forest, in triumph to the village.

The hunters had reached a very thickly wooded and difficult part of the way when a rustling of the grass warned them to be on their guard. They stopped suddenly, and the sound drew gradually nearer to them, till they presently perceived the flat head of a serpent with red eyes which darted fire as it saw the Indians. Well armed though they were and brave as the slaughter of the bear had proved them to be, they did not endeavour to kill the reptile with a musket ball, or to crush its head with the back of a tomahawk but stood still and paid him every mark of deep respect. Then, bending down to the ground, they puffed out tobacco smoke in great clouds before the rattle-snake, made many genuflections and protestations of friendship and submission to their "grandfather," for so they are accustomed to call this formidable reptile. rattle-snake being no doubt conciliated by the honour

paid to him, and also half stifled by the smoke, made no attempt to harm his worshippers, but slowly pursued his way among the tall grass and disappeared amid the bushes.

"Atahocan protects his red children," said Eagle's Plume; "the capture of the bear and the meeting with the serpent are proofs of his bounty. Therefore after a few more moons his grateful children will celebrate great festivals."

The return of the hunters was a triumphal progress; the corpse of the bear was drawn round the open space in the middle of the village, and as the day was now far advanced, the dividing of the immense beast was deferred till the morrow."

The squaws at the doors of their cabins busied themselves in the preparation of boiled sagamitz, talked with wonder of the exploits of the day, and rejoiced in the prospect of receiving a share of the giant game. When the time of the repast had come, Halgan and Tanguy, according to their custom, went into a cabin, and seating themselves in silence by the hearth, waited for their share of the evening meal. They chose Swift Panther's hut, and knowing that he understood something of English the Marquis addressed him in that language.

"My brother has been fortunate in the chase," he said.

"Swift Panther's knife seldom misses its mark," replied the young man. "Has my brother ever hunted the bear?"

"No," answered Tanguy, "but wild boars which are

Imost as formidable, and wolves which abound in my country."

Swift Panther shook his head.

"The hunters have smitten the old bear, the oak trees were but acorns when that monster ran by his mother's side—but who can tell if the bear is dead?"

"Why?" asked Tanguy, "my red brother saw him stiff and bloodless."

"The Great Wizard has often told the Indians that a terrible spirit lived in the body of the old bear; who knows whether the Evil Spirit will not bring him to life again? Happily the wizard has taken the dead bear into a cavern and heavy stones have been rolled before its entrance to prevent his escape, but no one can resist the spirits!"

Tanguy endeavoured to make the young savage understand that a dead creature could not possibly return to life, but Swift Panther shook his head and it was evident that the opinion of the wizard had far more weight with him than the assertions of the prisoner.

After the meal, Tanguy and Halgan left the Hut and walked in the open space. They assumed a very calm and unconcerned manner, their last hope being that they might lead their guardians to relax their watchful care and might take the first possible opportunity of flight.

Their wounds were by this time completely healed, they had regained their strength and with it their energy. No doubt, if death had been before them they

ess;
pace
far

no

mid

le's

vith fter

rate

lked d in ame.

bin, d for wift hing

age.
" he

' rented

are

would have met it with courage, but they deemed it their duty to save themselves if possible, and at any risk to find Hervé and rejoin John Canada.

As the prisoners stood leaning against the trunk of a magnificent shumac tree, Wild Bindweed came near to them. She seemed weighed down with deep sadness, and her hands, which grasped a bunch of wild honey-suckle, trembled violently as she endeavoured to tie up the flowers.

Tanguy quickly perceived the young girl's emotion. Crimson Cloud and Bindweed alone among all the Huron women had shown kindly compassion to the prisoners. The youth and beauty of Bindweed added a fresh charm to the kindliness expressed by her counten-The memories of her childhood softened her heart, she could not forget that her own mother's life had once been saved by the generosity of a white man, and although she had to make a great effort to overcome her timidity and perhaps also her pride, she came, blushing but resolute, to tell the prisoners what she could do to save them. The young girl had good hopes of success. Tanguy's gentle manners and the Captain's thankfulness made her feel that her words of kindness and her considerate attentions fell on no ungrateful hearts.

For a long time Wild Bindweed had hesitated about entering on a conversation attended with difficulty, and she would still have deferred it if the extreme gravity of the occasion had not compelled her to speak. Being driven to unveil the depths of her heart she chose the evening hour when day fades into twilight, and did not let the moonlight shine upon the pallor of her face, or on the tears which fell from her sorrowful eyes.

"My brothers are cured," said Wild Bindweed, in her musical voice, "their limbs are strong again and they can follow the chase or go forth to battle along with our brave warriors. My brothers ought to accustom themselves to the life of the Indians, the trellis huts covered with bison skin, and the couch of moss where the sassafras brings quiet sleep. The forests are full of roebucks and game; the fish in the waters of the lakes and rivers can be taken with the lance or harpoon—my young brother has not seen the winter's snow often enough to have lost the love of life."

"Poor Bindweed!" said Tanguy, in a tone of sorrow, "the number of our days is measured by the griefs which we have borne—"

"Before the Hurons took him prisoner, then, my brother had suffered much?"

"Suffered!" cried Tanguy. "My wife died of suffering. My country is a prey to a civil war, and the purest blood of France is poured forth on the scaffold. My ancestral home has been pillaged and burned, and I shall perhaps never again behold Hervé, the only being that binds me to this world!"

"My brother the Pale-face has lost the companion of his youth?"

"Yes."

d it

any

of a

r to

less,

ney-

e up

tion.

the

the

led a

nten-

her

life

man,

over-

ame.

t she

opes

ain's

dness

teful

bout

and

avity

eing

e the

"What is left him to love?"

"A child !"

"A child!" repeated Wild Bindweed, in a tone of sweet compassion.

The young girl still hesitated. The words which had hitherto been said had been intended to prepare the way for some serious proposal or grave confidence. The name of Hervé, which Tanguy had pronounced with such passionate affection, no doubt made it easier for her to pass on to the second part of her subject, for she repeated again "a child!" with an emotion and tenderness which almost aroused the hopes of the Marquis.

"Oh!" said he, "how full of gratitude I should be to anyone who would enable me to see him again. No sacrifice would seem too great to show my thankfulness!"

"Then," remarked Wild Bindweed, "you love that child more than your life?"

"Hervé is the only treasure that attaches me to earth."

Halgan's hand was laid on Tanguy's shoulder, "Ungrateful man!" he said.

"Oh! forgive me, father," answered the Marquis, "can you blame me for being too deeply attached to the memory of your daughter?"

 $\mathbf{t}\mathbf{h}$

"

"

B

ne

The young Indian girl continued to speak, though there seemed to be but little connection between the words she had just said and the thoughts which she now expressed. "We have seen strangers become the guests and the friends of the Hurons their conquerors. The nation adopted them; they trod the paths of war with had the ence.

e of

for for and the

ld be No kful-

e that me to

ulder,

rquis, to the

nough en the ne now guests

The with

A wigwam has been built for them in the village, and a young girl of the tribe has taken her place at their hearth; in the quiet forest life they have forgotten the turmoil of cities. Wild Bindweed has seen in her own village a stranger who consented to be adopted by a Sachem. The old men have the right to claim a prisoner for a son to replace one who has fallen in war. The young Indian orphan can save from death the stranger whom she has chosen for her husband."

Wild Bindweed stopped; a sob burst from her lips. Tanguy took her hand in his and said, "Let the Wild Bindweed answer her brother; her heart knows not treachery nor her lips falsehood. The chiefs have spoken of the death of the prisoners?"

"They have spoken of it."

"Is the day fixed?"

"The day is near at hand."

"Wild Bindweed, who remembers that her mother was protected by a stranger, wishes to pay her debt by saving a captive. My sister is kind and pitiful, but she forgets that a Frenchman cannot enter into an alliance with the Hurons, the friends of the English, that a Christian cannot be the husband of a woman who adores the Great Spirit and venerates the Manitous."

Wild Bindweed knelt before Tanguy and Halgan. "The daughter of the forest is ignorant," she said, "her husband, her master will teach her his religion. Bindweed has grown up among the Hurons, she has never done any harm. She knows that she is but a

feeble plant with no tree to support her; she would consent to be the servant, the slave of the Pale-face, in order to save his life and restore his son to him."

"Yes, the young Indian maiden is capable of sacrificing herself," said Tanguy, deeply moved. "She will find a husband of her own nation who will make her happy, she will remember that the stranger has cherished her as a sister, but that it is impossible for him to found a new home with her."

"The Pale-faces are proud," replied the Indian girl, with increasing humility; "I know it, they deem the children of the Hurons hardly fit to become the handmaids of their wives. Alas! Wild Bindweed obeyed the voice of her heart when she offered her life to the stranger who disdains the gift. If she had known any other way of saving him she would have chosen it-let my brother accept life from the hands of the daughter of the forest! When the Sachems have united them. she will open wide the door of the wigwam in which he will have refused to sleep. He shall be free to go far, far away. Or rather, she will not give him up to the chances of a terrible voyage, she will go with him in a bark canoe, she will steer him through the windings of the river, and when she sees the great rapids before her she will say to him 'My brother is free!' As for her, the spirit of untroubled peace, the sweet spirit of death will soothe her to sleep in his arms."

The Indian maiden was still on her knees; her arms hung down and the flowery branches of the honeysuckle rose up around her. Her long black hair floated behind her like a mourning veil. Her great anxious eyes were sorrowfully fixed on Tanguy.

He laid his hand on her brow and said, "Blessings on you! Blessings on you for your compassion!"

"Wild Bindweed has laid her soul and these flowers at the stranger's feet," she said; "the stranger has despised the double offering." She covered her tace with her hands and wept; then hearing the sound of an approaching footstep she raised her tear-bathed face and added in a voice of heartbroken grief, "It is death! death! if the strangers refuse the deliverance which the daughter of the forest came to offer them."

At this moment a young Indian warrior came to the prisoners and in a solemn voice informed them that they were expected in the Council Hut.

Wild Bindweed sprang to her feet, rapidly addressed some questions in the Huron language to the messenger of the Sachems, and then, seeing Tanguy and Halgan prepare to follow him, sank down upon the ground, and hiding her forehead among the wild flowers repeated with many a sob, "Wild Bindweed will be cursed. Wild Bindweed has not been able to pay her mother's debt of gratitude!"

CHAPTER XIII.

AN APPARITION.

THE death of the prisoners had been delayed in order that it might be accompanied with the greater solemnity and pomp. The Hurons wished their captives to be

girl, the and-

uld

ce,

cri-

will

her

hed

any
—let
ghter
them,
which
to go

the

up to h him dings before

r her, death

r arms suckle behind

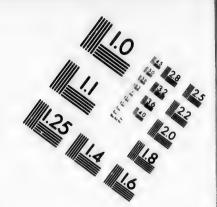
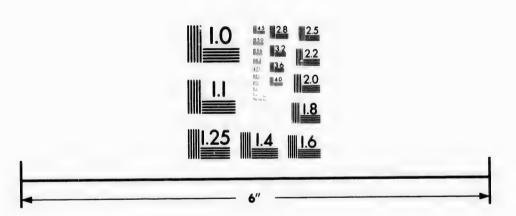


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580 (716) 872-4503

SIM STATE OF THE S



completely healed of their wounds, and they were also anxious that the execution should be the occasion of religious ceremonies to render thanks to Areskoni the god of battles, for the victory they had gained over a tribe of Abenaquis with whom they had been at war on account of the claims each party made to a certain territory.

After its double success in war and in the chase the tribe was prepared to enter fully into the savage delight to be found in the spectacle of the death of the two Europeans; and the valour displayed by Halgan and the Marquis during the attack on the House of the Rapids, as well as their resolute bearing ever since their arrival in the Thousand Isles, had raised expectation to the highest point. One of the Sachems was so struck with Tanguy's valour that he made a proposal to the chiefs, himself to adopt him; this idea which would perhaps under other circumstances have been favourably received was rejected from fear of offending the English.

The chiefs assembled in the Council Hut had smoked in silence for more than an hour when Eagle's Plume arose and after having extolled the valour of the warriors and the wisdom of the Sachems, gave an account of his own actions and boasted that he had directed the twofold expedition which had set fire to John Canada's abode and destroyed Tanguy's.

"The Hurons," he proceeded, "have overturned the war cauldron, their tomahawks are athirst for the blood of the Pale-faces. The warriors of our tribe

will see the enemy whom they have taken prisoner faint and tremble, for the Huron alone can die a hero and sing his death-song amid tortures. Before we start on a fresh expedition let us sacrifice the prisoners to the gods, and avenge the warriors who are gone to the happy hunting grounds."

The conclusion of Eagle's Plume's speech called forth unanimous approbation from the chiefs, and it was decided that the captives should be sent for, and should learn the fate that awaited them on the morrow.

Swift Panther, one of the youngest warriors, was chosen as the messenger to inform Halgan and Tanguy that the chiefs desired their presence in the Council Hut.

Wild Bindweed had not been mistaken as to the nature of Swift Panther's commission. She understood that the death-sentence of the prisoners had just been pronounced.

Although this sentence could not be considered an unexpected one, Wild Bindweed was struck down as by a heavy blow; for a moment she gave free course to her compassion for those whom she would fain have saved, then rising from the ground where she lay, and bending her steps towards the cabin, she leaned against the wall and watched the movements of the unhappy beings who had refused to owe their deliverance to her.

Halgan and Tanguy supported each other as they entered the Council Hut; the Captain with his long white hair was a complete contrast to Tenguy, whose

se the elight

also

on of

i the

ver a

war

ertain

of the since pecta-

vas so oposal which been

ked in arose

nding

rs and s own vofold

abode

ed the or the tribe finely-formed and noble head was closely cropped; his hair had been cut in the Abbey of Léhon and had not yet had time to grow long enough to curl over his forehead and neck. But this circumstance instead of altering the character of his countenance perhaps only gave it an expression of greater determination and strength.

The Indians observed the two men for some time and then Eagle's Plume with a semblance of gentleness

began to speak.

"The return of the Hurons to their village has been met by sounds of mourning," said he, looking one by one at the chiefs who sat around the hearth, "for if the warriors brought back spoil, they also brought back tidings to wives of their husbands, and to fathers of their sons who were sleeping on the banks of the river. Those brave warriors have gone to the happy hunting grounds, and yet they complain that the Hurons forget them. The dead have no slaves where they are gone to load their fire-arms and bring back the game. They accuse their sons, their friends and companions, of having lost all remembrance of them. They are indignant, they expect that those who smote them with the ball or the knife be sent to join them. The Palefaces are not squaws but men; they will pay the debt of blood."

"Yes, Hurons," replied Tanguy, "we are men, and we are reckoned among the brave. In warfare and on the waves we have done our duty, and with the help of God, we will do it still. If our bodily strength should fail, if the tortured nerves give way amid violent suffering, it will be none the less true that throughout life we have given an example of courage. Let me remind you, though the words may find no echo in your hearts, that we have not unearthed the battle-axe. Neither of us has lived long in Canada. We have been less than a year in the country, and we never thought of declaring war against the Red-skins. The Great Ononthio loved them. I say these things not for the sake of imploring your pity, but in order to make you see that in condemning us, you are committing an injustice. We have not attacked you, and you have burned John Canada's hut, and massacred our servants. Let the blood of the innocent be upon those who shed it!"

"The Red-Children must honour their dead; our words have fallen on the ear of two great chiefs," said Red-Head.

"And so," inquired Halgan, "we shall die to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," replied Eagle's Plume.

Tanguy pressed Halgan to his heart in a close embrace. They were both about to go out, when Wild Bindweed came into the hut.

"For the time they have still to live," she said, "I will be the slave of these two men."

"That is your right," answered Eagle's Plume.

The two prisoners were led back, not to the hut which they had occupied ever since their arrival, but to a cabin of much larger size. Lest the idea of

e and eness

been

; his

and

over stead

haps

ation

for if back ers of river.

gone They as, of

orget

re inwith Pale-

e debt

a, and e and th the

ength

the tortures which they were to undergo in presence of the assembled tribes, should induce them to seek an easier death beneath the waves of the river, their limbs were fettered, and two warriors were appointed to guard them and remain at the entrance of the hut.

The men whom the chiefs honoured by selecting them for this duty were sons of Sachems, and renowned for their courage, and the choice made of these young men excited much jealousy amongst those Indians whose age did not yet permit them to take part in great expeditions, but who were anxious to give proofs of their courage.

Wild Bindweed prepared the venison and wild rice in the prisoners' cabin. She did not now weep. It might have been thought that in spite of the sentence which had been pronounced, some secret hope sustained her. Perhaps she thought that the proposal which Tanguy had rejected before his condemnation to death, would seem to him welcome and even desirable, now that its acceptance would give him life and restore his child to his arms.

The Marquis and Halgan hardly seemed to be aware of the young girl's presence. For the hours which were still left to them, they wished to be occupied entirely with the thought of God and of death. Tanguy had not lost the fervour which had long made him wish to wear the serge habit of his holy and learned companions in the Abbey of Léhon. But it must be owned that Halgan's life, spent as it had been in warfare with corsairs, in trading at sea, and often on

distant shores, far away from priest or church, with but fleeting visits to his native Brittany, had tended to make him with his ardent passion for adventure, if not completely forgetful of his religion, at least negligent in its practice. At this solemn hour when about to appear before the Supreme Judge of all men, he was afraid because he had thought so little of God, and he wondered anxiously if he could indeed find mercy from Him Whom he had so long forgotten. His feelings were still keen notwithstanding his age, his imagination was active, and he soon fell into the depths of despair. The old Captain was, so to speak, completely scared by the thought of eternity. Hitherto he had held his head high with a proud conviction that no better man than himself could be found; but now, looking back on long years spent in neglect of most important duties, he smote on his breast and in accents of terror murmured, "Judgment! Judgment!"

He did not think of the tortures which the savages would inflict upon him, he did not fear the suffering that their barbarity might cause, but he asked himself how he should give an account to the Lord for his past years. Forgetfulness, negligences, and faults, assumed in his eyes the proportion of desperate crimes, and the word which alarmed him returned to his lips with a cry

of terror.

Tanguy knelt down, he took the Captain's hands in his, and in tones of deep tenderness, and firm conviction, said, "You are right, father, we must indeed tremble in the presence of eternal justice, for we are all

ce of k an imba nard

cting l rethese those take

give

rice . It tence ained vhich leath.

now estore ware

vhich apied eath. made

and ut it been

m on

sinners in God's sight. But the goodness of God is infinite, His mercy is over us, the Blood of Jesus is our protection, and our death united to His Passion will be accepted by God in reparation for our sins. Weep for them, but believe; repent of them, but do not cease to hope. If we had a priest to assist us we would bow our heads before him, and beg him to restore the innocence of our souls. We are alone, but Jesus, the Eternal Priest stretches forth over us His bleeding hands. Oh! father! father! let us pray! God is listening to us, let us pray! the angels are around us; let us pray, for death is at hand! A most consoling thought occurs to me at this moment. You have heard what Bindweed has said; you know that if I had only spoken the word, I should have been set at liberty. You would have enjoyed the same privilege if you had consented to live as the Indians do, accepting their laws and their religion. We shall be martyrs rather than prisoners, for apostasy would save our lives."

"You are right, Tanguy," said Halgan; "thanks, thanks, my friend, my son! we will die bravely, like men, and like Christians, and God in his mercy will reunite us to our lost one."

The remembrance of Blanche recalled Tanguy's child to his mind. Where was he? What would become of him? Hervé, the tender child, was the only link that still bound Tanguy to earth. Tanguy wept when he thought of him; but with an effort collected all the powers of his soul and commended him to God; the two men then knelt down in the cabin and both prayed aloud.

The Marquis repeated the Psalms of David, those marvellous songs of sorrow and repentance. The sufferers found in these words the expression of their own feelings and the tears of the Royal Prophet brought consolation to their hearts.

The young Indians who heard them through the wall of trees and bison-skins, said to one another, "The Palefaces are repeating their death-song."

While Halgan and Tanguy were endeavouring to turn their last thoughts to heaven, a strange scene was passing in the most desert part of the island beneath the weird light of the moon. A deep bay lay between two sandy promontories. The branches of the great trees hung over it like a moving curtain; the blue water sparkled beneath the cascade of penetrating light, and the islands of varied aspect, low or lofty, covered with green sward or crowned with giant vegetation, formed a picture whose grace and harmony surpassed description. A bark canoe soon appeared on this enchanted lake. It was steered with the greatest caution, the paddles worked noiselessly, and no word was exchanged between the youth who wielded them and a strange being who stood beside him, clothed in Indian fashion, with long hair which shone in the moonlight like spun silver, while a heavy black shapeless mass lay at her feet.

"The place is good," said the young girl. "This is not the first time that Nonpareille has found her way among these islands, which are as like one another as each mesh in a fishing net is to the next. The Hurons

d bow innos, the eding listenlet us

d what

od is

is our

ill be

ep for

You had their rather

thanks, ly, like rcy will

's child ome of hat still hought wers of you men loud.

are cunning dogs, but the children of the Algonquins are keen-eyed eagles."

The Indian girl sprang on shore without a sound. The youth did likewise, then the heavy mass moved in its turn, and followed the young girl who gently caressed a large dark head. Nonpareille leaned on the

youth's shoulder.

"Patira," she said, "you are painted with the war colours of the Hurons, and no one will ever find out that you are a Pale-face. If you lived in the country of the Algonquins, our brothers would surname you the Valiant Heart. But whatever be the name you bear, you continue devoted to those you love. No one has a right to hinder you from shedding your blood for your friends. Only listen to the words of a Red Child who knows the wiles of the Hurons. Take care! the prisoners must be brought back here, and no useless risks must be run. Let me act first and get into the village. The Hurons are asleep, I shall be able to examine their cabins at leisure. If the Hurons see me, they will take me for a spirit, and will do me no harm. Let my young brother be at ease, Mingo will not leave me."

The little Indian maiden patted the immense bear which rubbed itself against her with an air of intelli-

gence and submission.

"I am afraid! I am afraid for you!" said Patira, in a voice of emotion.

"My young brother cannot help me in the visit of observation I am going to try to make. When I want him I will come and seek him."

Patira hesitated, but Nonpareille's urgency gained the victory over his impatience, and he consented to await her return in the bay.

The young girl left the trees beneath whose shades Patira and the canoe were shrouded. She walked on lightly, followed by the bear Mingo, which sniffed the air and seemed to seek some track to follow.

It was not long before Nonpareille perceived the first huts of the Indian village. She walked on beneath the shadow cast by the trees, and with a rapid glance studied the situation. When she arrived at the place prepared for the dances and the tortures, she could not but shudder to see at one end a stake painted red, which seemed to be trickling with blood. A little further on, the great hut with its rude idols met her view.

"The prison cannot be far away from the Council Hut," thought Nonpareille.

She went on with yet greater caution, then suddenly stood still; the sound of two voices reached her ear. With one hand laid on Mingo's head as if to impose silence, she listened, leaning forward, anxious and breathless. Her heart was beating so hard that for a moment she could not distinguish the accents which were borne upon the night breeze. But when she had recovered herself, she recognised the prayers which she had learned from Father Flavian, and joining her hands with an expression of infinite gratitude, she blessed God that those whom she had thought lost were yet alive.

quins

wed in gently on the

he war ut that utry of you the ar, you a right friends. ows the rs must be run. Hurons abins at ne for a

ise bear

brother

atira, in

visit of I want Hastening on her way with the lightness of a bird, she went round the cabin in which Tanguy and Halgan were devoting their last hours to prayer. But when she drew near the door, she perceived the two Indians placed in charge of the prisoners. What could be done? Must she give up the idea of reaching them? or go back to Patira and claim his aid? But it would be impossible for Patira to overcome the guards before they could arouse the whole village, and the only result would be a double number of victims.

Nonpareille's knowledge of the superstitious nature of the Indians, gave her still a last hope. She thought that her strange hair, the airy lightness of her form and the apparition of the colossal Mingo might strike terror at least for a moment, into the Indian sentinels. If only she could gain time to cut the bonds of the captives and drag them out of the cabin, she deemed success to be certain. An hour of night was still before her, if the captives could reach the main stream of the St. Lawrence by the first dawn of the morning they would be saved, for the Hurons in their consternation at the boldness of the escape would hesitate to pursue them.

Nonpareille resolved on a course of simple daring. With one hand laid on Mingo's head while the other grasped the handle of a dagger, the silver-haired maiden left the dark shade in which she had been concealed, and stood forth in the full light.

h

The moonbeams wrapped her in a gentle radiance. Her long, plain Indian dress added to her height, and it would be impossible to give an idea of her strange beauty as she stood, proud and self-possessed, before the guardians of Halgan and Tanguy, wrapped in her flowing hair.

The unexpected apparition produced great agitation in the minds of the young men, and this agitation was increased by the sight of the giant bear at the girl's side, which shook its great head with a monotonous movement as if menacing them with destruction.

There was a belief in the tribe, founded on the words of some ancient chief, that certain four-footed patriarchs of the forest were under the protection of the spirits, and must on no account be put to death. To hunt them was a crime and to shed their blood would be to bring overwhelming misfortunes on the tribe. It had often been said in the island, that the immense bear lately slain by the hunters, belonged to the privileged race which ought to have been untouched by fire or steel, and which was believed to have the marvellous power of returning to life, and taking cruel vengeance on the The young warriors were well imprudent hunters. aware that their fallen foe had been hidden in a cavern and that the old wizard kept guard over it, and yet they were at once convinced that Mingo was the same bear restored to life, and that the strange, brighthaired being at his side was the presiding spirit of the chase, and was gazing at them with eyes of anger.

The two Indians therefore suddenly drew back from the presence of Mingo and Nonpareille.

Leaning against the side of the cabin, they were for the

nature thought orm and

a bird.

Halgan

t when

ndians

uld be

them?

would

before

e only

els. If
of the
deemed
as still
stream

norning nsternasitate to

daring. le other maiden ncealed,

adiance. t, and it first time in their lives, airaid. The silver-haired maiden made a sign and Mingo rose up and stretched out his great paws towards the guardians of the captives. They fell on their knees and bowed their foreheads to the ground; Mingo laid a paw on one of the trembling forms, while Norpareille struck the other with her foot.

Within the cabin the two captives continued to recite their death-psalms. They had lost all hope of regaining their freedom; their hearts were far above this earth and when Nonpareille raised the back door of the cabin, they did not hear her light foot-fall.

She laid her hand on Tanguy's arm and said in her musical voice: "Nonpareille and Patira have watched. The guards are asleep. Come!"

With a steady hand she cut the cords which bound the captives' arms and legs, laid her finger on her lips to impose silence, and then, with the captives, gained the threshold of the hut.

The two sentinels lay still as death, with their faces on the ground. Nonpareille drew her hand through Mingo's long fur and he released the trembling Indian, and followed her and the rescued prisoners to the shelter of the oaks and maples.

No word was spoken by any one of the three. Non-pareille led the way, listening attentively to every sound, and wondering whether the stratagem which had so far succeeded, might not yet be baffled by the skill of less credulous Indians. Tanguy and Halgan slowly proceeded to the midst of the most thickly-wooded

portion of the island. The moonlight did not permit them to estimate the obstacles before them. With outstretched arms they groped their way amidst the trunks of immense trees and clumps of bushes till at last they gained an open space. Nonpareille no longer dared to do as she had done when alone with Mingo. The little Indian maiden was aware of the impression which her appearance had caused, but she knew that the superstitious dread thus awakened would vanish as soon as it was discovered that she had made her way to the island in order to rescue the prisoners.

They went on however, and were now approaching the bay in which Patira awaited the arrival of his companion; in another quarter of an hour, miraculous as it appeared, the captives might feel certain of their safety; but at this moment a prolonged yell was heard, a yell expressing rage and menacing vengeance, and Nonpareille could not mistake its import. The escape of the prisoners was known in the village.

As soon as the sentinels had heard the bear depart, supposing the silver-haired apparition to have gone with him, they slowly raised themselves, and looked round on every side with mingled curiosity and fear. When they saw that they were alone, their courage revived, and instinctively they hastened to raise the mat which formed the door of the hut.

The hut was empty.

In one moment they knew that they had been duped by a crafty scheme whose object was the rescue of the captives. The vision of the Silver-haired Maiden and

y sound, had so skill of

Non-

maiden

out his

They

to the

mbling

th her

to recite

regain-

ve this

r of the

d in her

vatched.

h bound

her lips

ined the

eir faces

through

Indian,

to the

skill of slowly wooded the apparition of the giant Mingo, whom they had taken for the ancient monarch of the forest restored to life, now seemed to them a magical illusion; the evil spirit had blinded them to baffle their vigilance, and the strange silver-haired form which had stood forth in the moonshine, was doubtless a phantom evoked by the Pale-faces, who were well skilled in the sorcerer's art.

Then, with speed quickened by resentment for the great wrong done them and by the desire to repair it, the Indians raised their voices and made known the escape of the prisoners, attributing this catastrophe to the strange adventure which had occurred.

In one moment all the able-bodied men were astir. Wild Bindweed rushed out, her grief had kept her awake, and she had not even laid aside her garments. Her countenance betrayed deep sorrow; she was deadly pale, and turning to the elder of the two young men, she hastily said: "Why does my brother set the cruel hunters on the track of the wounded deer? The Daughter of the Forests hoped that the Golden Lizard meant to build her a wigwam. But how can Wild Bindweed consent to unite her life to the Lizard's if she sees him no longer harmless, but ready to dart forth death-giving poison?"

The Indian looked hard at the young girl by the uncertain light of the torches which moved to and fro around them. They were going to hunt down these men as the wild deer is hunted.

"The young girl's voice," said the Golden Lizard, "is sweet as the bird's song. She does not consider that the flight of the captives is a disgrace to the young warriors. The spirits of the night have troubled the sight of the warriors. The oldest of the captives is a medicine man, whose knowledge would make Tabouka blush. He cast a spell over the eyes of the Golden Lizard, who saw through the darkness a magical being wrapped in a veil of hair whiter than the moss on the oak trees, and more dazzling than the snow of winter. Sachems would have the right to banish the Lizard for ever from the rank of the warriors, and to refuse him a place in the Hut of Council, if he did not endeavour to repair his involuntary fault. Wild Bindweed knows the heart of the Indian as the mother knows the smile of her child. She would not unite her life to that of a disgraced Huron, or cross the threshold of a coward's cabin. The Golden Lizard must find the prisoners unless he would be considered as an old woman."

A shudder passed through the girl's frame. She forgot what she had taken as scorn from Tanguy, and only remembered the words of benediction which he had spoken to her. The idea of his death seemed to her so terrible, that she would rather have fallen beneath the daggers of her fellow-countrymen than have seen him again the Hurons' captive.

"The Lizard is not guilty," she said; "the Sachems are wise, they will make no accusation against him who has asked to build me a cabin. But how can Wild Bindweed believe that her husband will be kind and indulgent to her, if he refuses her the first favour she asks?"

taken
e, now
it had
range

moon-

faces,

or the

vn the

e astir.
ept her
rments.
deadly
ng men,
ne cruel
? The
Lizard
n Wild

by the

zard's if

to dart

ard, " is that the "And this favour asked by the Flower of the Forests?"

"Is the deliverance of the Pale-faces."

"Wild Bindweed is under the influence of a malevolent spirit," said the Golden Lizard, in a harsh voice. "Her tongue is forked like that of the viper. Her words are of one colour, and her thoughts of another The young warrior will do his duty."

"His duty is to bring back the captives?"

"And to bind them to-morrow to the stake."

Wild Bindweed uttered a cry of anguish, stretched out her arms towards the Golden Lizard, and exclaimed, as she turned away from him, "Never will I cross the threshold of your wigwam."

The Golden Lizard watched the maiden depart, then ran from hut to hut calling the chiefs, and imploring them to aid him in recapturing the prisoners.

In a short time a numerous band of Indians was gathered in the open space. Most of them held resin torches in their hands, and by Eagle's Plume's order dispersed in different directions, making for the shore in order to render it impossible for the prisoners to leave the island. The Indians were somewhat reassured on this matter, because Tanguy and Halgan were without a vessel, while the Hurons could at once cover the lake with a numerous fleet.

A hundred torches were soon waving amongst the branches of the forest trees. The Indians brandished them about with loud, sharp cries of death and vengeance, but too well understood by the captives as they fled through the deep gloom of the forest.

of the

nalevon voice.

nother

retched claimed, ross the

rt, then ploring

ans was
ld resin
e's order
ne shore
to leave
ured on
without
over the

ngst the indished igeance, ney fled Tanguy, Halgan, and the Silver-haired Maiden hastened onward towards the Delta of the Thousand Isles. When they reached the place where Patira was waiting for them with the canoe, they had hoped and even felt certain that they would escape from their enemies. They did not yet think that the hatred of the Hurons would change the night into a false day.

Nonpareille and Mingo, who in the first place had protected the escape of Tanguy and his companion by observing from a distance what went on in the village, had now taken the lead. The young girl was anxious to warn Patira; she could not again count upon success until the two Frenchmen were actually in the canoe. Alas! the night which had aided her work of self-devotion soon gave place to a ruddy glow of light. Either by accident or purposely, an Indian with his torch set fire to a grove of trees, and this fire soon spread widely, so that the river and the shore were lighted up by the glare of the conflagration.

Halgan and Tanguy ran at full speed, breathless and exhausted as they were; they knew that their safety depended on their speed, and they went like the wind, pursued by the flames which were driving them towards the river.

While his friends were surrounded by double danger, Patira trembled at the thought that his patient toil and Nonpareille's self-devotion were in vain. He called them in heart-rending tones, at the risk of betraying his hiding-place. Notwithstanding all his confidence in the marvellous instinct of the Siver-haired Maiden by

whose aid he had been able to follow the traces of the Captain and the Marquis of Coëtquen, he thought it impossible to take too many precautions on behalf of those whom he was endeavouring to rescue. Three times his voice was lost amid the hissing of the fire and the shouts of the pursuing Hurons, but at last Tanguy answered his call and another moment saw him in the canoe which Patira had just unmoored.

Halgan took up the Silver-haired Maiden as if she were but a babe and placed her in the canoe, and then got in himself while the bear heavily lay down at the feet of his young mistress.

"The oars! give me the oars!" said Halgan.

Patira gave them to the Captain, who wielded them with an energy quickened by the imminent danger, and by a few strokes left the shore at some distance.

When Patira ventured to look back he saw a troop of Indians rushing from the centre of the island towards the shore. The Hurons who first saw the cance uttered cries of rage and astonishment; some of them cast themselves into the water to swim after it and arrest its course, but the greater number were called back by the voice of Eagle's Plume, who thought the attempt of the Golden Lizard and his followers rash and unwise. A few words from their chief sufficed to calm the violence of the Hurons' anger, and the silver-haired Maiden who stood erect in the middle of the boat with her eyes fixed on the shore while the Captain rowed desperately on, soon guessed the means which the Indians were about to employ.

A dozen Indians went to a group of ancient trees whose trunks were hollow and afforded shelter to their canoes. Nonpareille knew that such hiding-places were often used; she saw that they were about to be pursued, and leaning towards the Captain, said in a low voice: "Try to reach that island where you see a great black rock; we may perhaps find refuge in the cavern."

Just as she had spoken these words the first canoe left the shore in pursuit of the unfortunate captives. It was followed rapidly by another and then another, until a little fleet manned by armed Hurons was hastening in the wake of the boat which bore Patira, Halgan,

Nonpareille and Tanguy.

Mingo naving scented the Indians rose from his place at the feet of his mistress, and with his two front paws on the side of the boat, and his head turned towards the enemy, uttered low, growling sounds, which bespoke his readiness for battle. Eagle's Plume steered the foremost canoe, and under his direction the flotilla instead of advancing in a straight line formed a crescent whose extremities were lengthened out so as effectually to prevent Halgan from following Nonpareille's advice and reaching the rock. It was evident that, notwithstanding the speed of the canoe, the Hurons would sooner or later surround it and impede its further progress.

d then at the

if she

d them ger, and

towards
uttered
t themrest its
ack by
empt of
unwise.
Ilm the
haired
at with
rowed
ich the

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PURSUIT.

Fortunately the glare of light from the burning grove soon faded completely away. Darkness would have been an unspeakable boon to Halgan and his companions. Skilfully as the Indians managed their cances, they could not have followed the little craft through the labyrinth of the Thousand Isles, and, moreover, the single cance could easily make its way through narrow straits and passages where the twelve pirogues could not at once enter. It was far ahead of the others. Halgan, incited by the peril of the hour, rowed with desperate force, following the directions of Nonpareille who knew the river in all its windings, and pointed out the narrowest passages, and most difficult turns, in order to bewilder in the midst of the network of waters the twelve pursuing pirogues.

The Silver-haired Maiden had lost none of her coolness and composure; without considering that her white hair and the conspicuous position she had chosen, would make her a mark for the rage of the Indians, she stood calm and unmoved, pointing out with one hand the course to be followed, while with the other she leaned on Patira's shoulder.

Certainly there was a strange sight to be seen that night on the St. Lawrence, from whose bosom rose the

Thousand Isles. The last glow of the fire was dying away in the sky and on the water, and in the fading light the canoe containing the fugitives was rapidly gliding away like a bird; Halgan bent to his oars and nerved himself to withstand the fatigue which threatened to paralyze his muscles; Tanguy sat with his forehead leaning on his hands, thinking of Hervé whom he would probably never see again, of death which seemed to be swiftly approaching, and of Patira and Nonpareille bound to his fate by their self-devotion. His heart was rent and his hands worked nervously, for he suffered not only from his sorrow but from his impotence to help. Unskilled in rowing, he dreaded lest Halgan's powers should give way, with none to take his place save Patira and the little Indian maiden. They both understood the danger and seemed to foresee the end of the unequal struggle, yet calmuess reigned on Patira's brow and on the countenance of Nonpareille. Widely as the two young creatures differed in race and in education, at this terrible moment they felt that they were children of the same great family. When Patira raised his eyes to Nonpareille he entered into her thoughts as clearly as if the Child of the Forest had opened her lips and told him all that was passing in her mind. Mingo meanwhile continued his low growling with his head turned towards the Hurons.

They rowed vigorously and their plan of action would have been crowned with speedy success if Non-pareille's erratic course had not so greatly impeded their pursuit.

would nd his their

morearough rogues others. d with pareille

ed out order ors the

r coolwhite
would
stood
d the

n that se the For a moment the young girl hoped that the Hurons had completely lost the track of the canoe; for a moment the darkness protected the flight of the captives. But alas! dawn came too soon, and with its first ray Patira distinguished a boat in eager pursuit and rapidly gaining upon them in a narrow passage. The idea of fighting hand to hand for their lives occurred to the fugitives, but five armed men were in the pursuing boat and Patira and Nonpareille only had each a knife. At the very moment, however, when they had made up their minds against this measure, they were compelled to have recourse to it.

The Indians perceiving that there was but one man to be feared, determined to get rid of Halgan, feeling sure that they would have no difficulty in dealing with the two young people and Tanguy. If the latter did not take his part in the management of the canoe, his ignorance of the art must, they argued, be the cause of his inaction. The canoe left to the guidance of Patira and Nonpareille, would drift along, and a few strokes of their oars would enable the Hurons to overtake it and not only to re-capture Tanguy and Halgan, but also to secure the strange Silver-haired Maiden and her young companion.

Red-Head, who was keen in the pursuit, shot an arrow in the direction of the canoe, and it passed so close to the Silver-haired Maiden that the long veil which hung around her was stirred as by the wind. She did not tremble, but her hand pressed more closely on Patira's shoulder. "If the Child of the Forest remains standing," Hurons
moment
s. But
y Patira

lly gainof fightugitives, coat and

At the up their d to have

Halgan, iculty in . If the nt of the ed, be the idance of nd a few s to overladgan, aiden and

an arrow
close to
ich hung
did not
Patira's
tanding."

he said gently, "she will serve as a mark for the arrows of the Hurons."

"I know it, but I am protecting the rower," was her reply.

Alas! her heroism could not defend him whom Red-Head had chosen for his victim; a second arrow pierced one of the hands of the Captain and elicited a cry of pain. His oar fell into the river, and further flight would have been impossible if the Silver-haired Maiden had not bent over the side of the canoe and grasped it just as the current was about to carry it away. The Captain pulled the arrow out of his hand; Patira took up the oars and the canoe continued its desperate course. But in spite of the youth's courage, his arms had not the vigour required for continued rowing; the increasing daylight redoubled the danger of the fugitives, and while Patira exhausted himself in the endless course through the labyrinth of islands, Red-Head's boat gained upon them considerably, and Halgan's canoe was now but a few oars' lengths in advance of that of Red-Head.

Four Indians manned the boat with this chief, who had taken an active part in the destruction of the House of the Rapids; the Golden Lizard, eager to repair the error of the preceding night, was there with three others well-known for their ferocity, and decorated with scalps which bore witness to the barbarous exploits they had already performed.

Patira, still wielding his oars, placed his great knife in Tanguy's hands. Nonpareille grasped hers in her delicate hand, and Halgan armed himself with the arrow which had just transpierced his left hand for a javelin.

A terrible cry burst from the lips of the Indians, and Red-Head stretching himself over the side of his cance, with his two hands seized the extremity of the boat occupied by Tanguy, and using his strong hands as grappling-irons drew it violently towards him, then rose up and springing in with terrible agility threw himself into the cance of the fugitives, brandishing his heavy tomahawk.

No one of the actors in this terrible drama lost his self-possession. Tanguy, with his arm placed close to his breast and his knife pointed forward, awaited the Red-skin's attack; but Nonpareille did not leave him time to strike or to meet the Huron's advance; she pointed to the Red-skin, and turning to Mingo, exclaimed: "Choke him, Mingo! choke him!"

The bear understood the command, rose on his hind legs, and in a deadly embrace pressed the paralyzed Huron, who fell backwards, crushed by the weight of his enemy. Patira urged the boat forward, and Mingo and Red-Head rolled together into the waves. In another moment the bear reappeared on the surface alone. Then, warming to the battle and excited by Nonpareille's voice, he clung to the Indian's canoe, and before they had recovered from their astonishment had laid hold of another victim.

The surprise of the Indians soon gave place to overwhelming rage. Two furious strokes of a tomahawk ians, and
his canoe,
the boat
hands as
im, then
ty threw

shing his

he arrow

d for a

a lost his I close to vaited the leave him ance; she ingo, ex-

his hind paralyzed ght of his lingo and n another ce alone. pareille's fore they d hold of

to overomahawk inflicted two great wounds on Mingo, but the faithful creature seemed aware that Nonpareille's safety depended on his courage, and leaving the Golden Lizard half-dead, he rushed upon the Indian who had wounded him and crushed his arm in his terrible jaws. The canoe became the scene of an unprecedented combat; the bear springing in amongst the Indians tore the breast of one with his sharp claws, bit another severely, and pushed back another with a blow from his monstrous head. No one of the wounded Indians was capable of continuing the pursuit of the captives; Mingo's last effort overturned the anoe, and of the five Indians who manned it, three found a watery grave together with Red-Head.

While the combat lasted, Patira continued to row. His strength was sensibly failing, but at this moment the prisoners might deem themselves in safety, for no other canoe was in sight.

"Let my brother gain the island above which the rocks rise!" said Nonpareille.

Patira threw himself back and gave a fresh impulse to the canoe. He had just left the narrow strait in which Red-Head had pursued him, and had now before him a clear expanse of water on which the morning sunbeams were playing, and opposite to which rose up blocks of blackish stones. There, and there alone might it be possible for the captives to find a refuge, for the islands around them instead of being covered with trees, presented nothing but brushwood and masses of reeds or narrow strips of earth on which the grass encroached.

But at the moment when the canoe entered this open space, an infernal clamour arose from ten points at once, and from every channel between the different islands came forth a pirogue full of Indians. Just when Tanguy's companions imagined they had thrown the Hurons off the scent, they doubled the islands and pursued the fugitives through the labyrinth, supposing that the little Indian maiden who seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with the resources of the country, would lead them to the isle of caverns.

This time neither Patira nor Tanguy thought it possible to resist the horde of enemies that rushed upon them. A companion of their warfare however still remained; bleeding and wounded as Mingo was, he had followed their boat, and climbed again into it as the Indian flotilla arranged in crescent form, advanced towards the Frenchmen. After having completely closed them in behind, some of the bords advanced in front of them and narrowing the circle thus formed, proceeded to surround them entirely.

Patira saw an expression of the deepest anguish pass over Nonpareille's countenance, and said to her in those tones which had once consoled Blanche of Coëtquen in her prison in the Round Tower: "The Child of the Forest is the Child of God; the Black Robe who baptized her, taught her that those who die in faith, sacrificing their lives for others, become saints and angels in heaven. Nonpareille will follow the Virgins of the Lamb in the Paradise of delights."

"The Child of the Forest does not weep for herself," murmured the girl.

at once, t islands at when own the and purapposing t to be country,

ought it ned upon still ret, he had it as the dvanced mpletely anced in formed,

ish pass in those tquen in d of the be who n faith, nts and Virgins

erself,"

The Indians drew nearer and nearer; in another moment the cance would be at their mercy. Tanguy and Halgan stood up, crossed their arms on their breasts, and waited. Escape from their enemies was hopeless and therefore to use their weapons seemed useless murder. God, Who permitted them to defend their lives when they quitted the Great Island, seemed now to have chosen them as martyrs.

The Indians easily boarded the little boat. Tanguy, Halgan, and Patira were fettered cruelly, and the Silverhaired Maiden offered her hands to be bound. The strange beauty of the young girl, her white hair and her inspired air, made the Indians look upon her with superstitious respect. They did not venture to bruise the delicate hands which she extended towards them with fetters. Her courage excited their admiration, and they hoped to attach to their own tribe this strange being who seemed of a nature different from and superior to that of other mortals.

When Nonpareille saw that it was in vain for her to seek to share the fate of the other captives, she sat down at the bottom of the boat where they had been cast. Slowly and gently she bathed a wound which Patira had received in his temple, and endeavoured to loosen Tanguy's bonds; the Indians, whose hearts were full of savage joy, did not venture to hinder the Silver-haired Maiden in her work of consolation and charity.

The prisoners were praying in a low voice. Day had fully come; birds were singing and moving about among

the branches, the fleet deer ran through the brushwood, Nature had risen in all its varied charms from the refreshing influence of night. The canoes were gliding noiselessly on the river's bosom. The rowers rested from the fatigues of the nocturnal pursuit. The Golden Lizard, who had succeeded in swimming till he reached a canoe, was relating to Eagle's Plume the details of the combat. Slowly though the pirogues proceeded over the brilliant surface of the river, which with its islets was a very Venice of verdure, they by-and-by came within view of the Great Island.

At the utmost point of a sandy promontory stood Wild Bindweed in an attitude of despair. All night she had remained on this spot, praying that the Hurons might lose all traces of those whom she had endeavoured to save.

Her pride had been deeply wounded, but in the end Wild Bindweed had become resigned. Her soul was agitated by feelings which she could not have defined; though she did not well understand Tanguy's reasons for refusing to owe his liberty to her, she felt that he was right. Her heart divined more than her intellect could comprehend. Her humiliation melted into a deep regret which overpowered her ignorant soul. Tanguy's refusal made him appear greater in her eyes. At this moment she envied but one being on earth, and that being was the Silver-haired Maiden who had the courage and skill to attempt a rescue which seemed almost impossible.

She was jealous of Nonpareille, the weak, frail

from the ere gliding vers rested. The Golden he reached details of proceeded ch with its by-and-by

All night the Hurons e had en-

in the end er soul was ve defined; reasons for that he was ellect could deep regret anguy's res. At this h, and that the courage almost im-

reak, frail

creature who had sought to save her friends. She despised and hated herself for having in some degree laid down conditions to Tanguy of Coëtquen. Had the little Indian maid such calculations? She had just risked her life for a bare chance of success; she had failed, but her heart and her countenance were still calm, and her sadness added a fresh charm to her childish beauty.

Wild Bindweed said to herself, "If that child could have a little affection for me, I would sacrifice my life for her."

At last the canoes came to the shore.

Eagle's Plume's was the first to be moored to the trunk of a tree. The prisoners who were calm, but pale from fatigue and exhaustion, were led back to the hut from which they had escaped. The sentinels instead of remaining outside now came in with them.

The tidings of the recapture of the French prisoners were received with loud cries of joy by the old men, women, and children, who had been left in the camp. The spectacle which they had feared to lose would after all, they believed, be given to them; attributing the flight of their captives to fear of torture, they overwhelmed them with reproaches. The decrepit squaws were particularly vehement in their persecution of the unhappy men. They excited the anger of the young warriors and told the children tales of the sufferings which had formerly been inflicted on Frenchmen taken prisoners by the Hurons on the shores of Lake Ontario. The young men, roused to the utmost

by these pitiless termagants, sharpened stakes, tried the points of their arrows, twisted ropes of fibre, and poured forth insults on those who were about to be massacred.

The Golden Lizard fixed fresh stakes in the ground, for it seemed certain that Patira and Nonpareille would meet a fate similar to that of Tanguy and Halgan. After having planted the stakes in enormous holes, he painted them red; these preliminary preparations being concluded, the warriors returned to their wigwams and restored their strength by partaking of boiled sagamitz and venison, together with a calabash of maple wine and a few mouthfule of fire-water; the greater number of them, in order to give more splendour to the ceremony which was to take place at mid-day, painted their faces and bodies with the colours reserved for national festivals.

Eagle's Plume chose a style of decoration calculated to distinguish him from all the other members of his tribe. He had found means of making his countenance appear threefold. Looking at him full face his thin nose seemed to end in a shapeless knot. One side of his face was painted black and the other red, and his eyebrows were of different shades; never had a more fearful countenance been offered to human view, and Eagle's Plume with his hair knotted into a tuft and adorned by a feather from the monarch of birds, might well pass as the most magnificent specimen of his tribe. A patient hand had drawn on his breast with a fish-bone, pictures representing the history of his life, and the

tried
re, and
to be
ground,
would

Halgan.
oles, he
as being
ams and
agamitz
ble wine
number
to the
painted

rved for

alculated rs of his ntenance his thin e side of and his a more iew, and tuft and is, might his tribe. ish-bone, and the

battles in which he had taken part. The burned bark of a tree had given to the lines of the drawing an intense colour which told well against the coppery tint of his skin. In this manner he bore about him his patent of nobility among the other warriors, each one of whom followed his own fancy or the traditions of his race in contributing his share to the pomp of the savage spectacle.

The women changed their simple cotton tunics for embroidered garments; they put row after row of chains about their necks; their arms were encircled with bracelets, their flowing hair was confined by bands or by wreaths of flowers. Even the oldest among them were not proof against the general impulse, and it would have been hard to find anything more hideous than the group of wrinkled, tanned, aged creatures who stood crying and gesticulating in the midst of the open space. The children silently watched the preparations for the torture or gathered up branches to feed the flames.

The spectacle was perhaps rendered even more imposing by the dazzling beauty of the weather, the fresh verdure of the trees, the blue girdle of water around the Great Island, and the charming perspective formed by islands covered with flowers and grass, or rocky and reed-grown, melting away into the misty distance.

When the chiefs had finished painting themselves in the colours suitable to a festival, Eagle's Plume with equal pride and joy gave orders that the victims should

be sent for. Shut up in the hut whence they had escaped, they had now lost all hope and were making up their minds to death. Their sacrifice had really been accomplished the night before, but an additional pain was added to it by the thought that Patira would lose his life on account of his generous efforts on their behalf. Tanguy's heart would not have been rent as it was with anguish if he had known that he was leaving Hervé under Patira's fostering care. Patira could have taken Hervé back to France when the course of events there made his return possible. He would have placed him among such friends as might have survived the storm of revolution. Some distant member of the Coëtquen family or of that of the Chateaubriands might still be alive, perchance even one or two of the monks of Léhon might have escaped the general massacre, and return to wander amidst the ruins of the Abbey; Patira would confide to them the child who had grown up within the walls of the holy house, and the learned old men would train him up to be a brave nobleman, capable of maintaining with his sword the rights of his race and the privileges of the throne, or else a devoted priest at God's altar, who would constantly implore pardon from heaven for the murderers of their brethren.

Patira seemed to read what was passing in the soul of the Marquis. "My lord," said he, "God himself watches over your child. I have told you that he was not, but I have not had time to relate to you all that not place after your flight. I would not have

you die with a sorrow on your heart. Everything that could possibly be done has been done——"

"I know it, I know it," said Coëtquen, "but speak, Patira, speak to me of my boy, of the dear child whom I shall never see again."

"You never heard how we succeeded in making our escape. We fled into the trees like birds. Beneath us lay the wounded and the dead; the dead were buried and the wounded were numbered. Hervé was silent in our arms, he seemed to understand the dreadful nature of our position. At last the Hurons went away through the forest, and we were able to descend from our airy hiding-place. I wished to take Nonpareille away towards the town, but she refused to accompany me, and said gravely, 'Save the child of the Paleface; Nonpareille is of the race of the Abenaquis, faithful to the God of Whom the Black Robe has taught her, and faithful to her love for the French; while my young brother goes down to Montréal to entrust the child to George Malo, the Daughter of the Forests will seek the trace of the Hurons' mocassins.' 'Alone!' I exclaimed. 'Alone,' answered Nonpareille; 'the Black Robe has told me that God sends His angels to take care of His innocent children.' 'The Child of the Forests thinks then that she can rejoin the Iroquois and their captives?' 'Yes,' she replied; 'as soon as she has found the trace, she will wait till my brother puts the child in a place of safety and then we will together try to save the Pale-faces.' I took Hervé in my arms and was about to go away, when there was a movement

y had aking really itional would n their

eaving could course would t have

memnateauor two general

ld who se, and brave ord the

one, or ld conrderers

he soul nimself he was you all t have

among the reeds on the shore and we saw the Black Bison rise from among them. He was covered with blood and with mud, but his countenance had the expression of calm courage which you know so well. Nonpareille uttered a cry of joy on seeing him. He had escaped death by casting himself into the St. Lawrence at the same time as Toyo and Tambou did. Nonpareille and Black Bison held a long conversation in the Algonquin language, then Black Bison said to me, 'The Fawn will go to the city and give the child into George Malo's care; I will wait near the ruined hut for you, and will put you on the path followed by the Silver-haired Maiden.' I ran to Montréal without resting by the way and fell down half dead with fatigue when I reached George Malo's house. I will not attempt to tell you of his despair when he heard of the twofold attack on the Great Hut and the House of the Rapids. He solemnly promised me that he would take care of Hervé, and I said to him as we parted, 'Here as in Brittany, I owe my blood to the Coëtquens. If I fall in fulfilling a sacred duty, you will desire the mate of Captain Halgan's ship, the Lady of Gaul, to bring Hervé of Coëtquen back to France. The young man has a true heart, he will devote himself to the grandson of his captain.' 'Be at ease, Patira,' answered George Malo, 'those who fight shall be supported, and those who die, avenged!' I took some food and set off on my way back to the House of the Rapids; my heart was at ease about Hervé, and so I could think of your rescue alone. Black Bison was waiting for me near the shattered door. We went together beneath the covert of the forest, and the Indian soon discovered traces of the passage of Nonpareille as she had taken care to break branches away and pluck up moss along her path. Black Bison and I walked faster than Nonpareille, and before long we came up to her.

"She put her little hand into the Indian's hand, and said to him in French, 'The Chief will let the children seek for traces of the Hurons and the Pale-faces; he, for his part, will do what his great heart may tell him.'

"The Chief pressed the hand of the Silver-haired Maiden, and answered, 'Black Bison will act as becomes a Chief and a Christian.'

"' Come,' said Nonpareille to me.

k Bison

blood

ression

pareille

escaped

e at the

ille and

zonguin

Fawn

Malo's

and will

r-haired

by the

when I

empt to

twofold

Rapids.

care of

ere as in

If I fall

mate of

o bring

ng man

randson

George

nd those

ff on my

eart was

of your

near the

"Black Bison left us, and turned back towards the devastated dwellings, and we went into the shades of the forest.

"George Malo had given me some provisions; we refreshed ourselves, and for several days continued our way through the forest. I was full of admiration for Nonpareille's skill, sagacity, and quick certainty of vision. She never wandered from the track, the coral beads dropped by you, the trampled grass, the torn moss, the ashes of the burnt-out fires, all served her as a clue. When we drew near to the spot where the St. Lawrence widens and takes the aspect of an immense lake, she had more difficulty in finding any vestiges of your passage. We spent half a day in seeking for the place where the savages had embarked. But I was fortunate enough to discover the last beads of your

Rosarv beside a tuft of reeds. Nonpareille at once guessed that the Hurons had taken you to one of the islands, but how were we to know which was your prison? We had no boat with which to explore the river and continue our search. But Nonpareille did not despair of finding one. There were giant trees on the bank, and she told me to climb into the branches of those she supposed to be hollow, adding, that most likely at least one canoe was hidden in one of the old She was quite right; I soon discovered a bark canoe. We drew it forth from the trunk of the half-dead maple-tree, put it into the water, and both began to look for you. But, alas! we had no mocassin prints or coral beads to guide us. Water, water, everywhere! water which bore no foot-mark, and soon closed in the wake of the boat.

"'The smoke of their camp will make the Hurons known,' said Nonpareille, 'let us look still.'

"We explored a great number of islands in vain. It was easy to see that no human foot had lately trodden their soil. We were beginning to wonder whether we had not been mistaken in all our conjectures, when one evening the shining of a fire showed us that the largest of the islands was inhabited. You know the rest; Nonpareille landed on the island, made her way into the village, and heard you praying aloud. Her unexpected appearance, and the sight of Mingo cast trouble into the hearts of the young savages who had been placed to guard you, and the Silver-haired Maiden brought you back to the cance where I was waiting for

you. My lord, we have done all that was within our small powers; now that I am about to die, say that you are pleased with me."

at once

of the

s your

ore the

ille did

rees on

ches of

t most

the old

a bark

of the

nd both

ocassin

every-

closed

Hurons

in. It

rodden

her we

when

hat the

ow the

er wav

Ier un-

trouble

d been

Maiden

ing for

"It is not within human power to reward devotion like yours, Patira; but God, on Whom we call in our last hour—God, Who reads the depths of our hearts, is able to repay you for your life of sacrifice."

"Thanks, my lord," answered Patira; "George Malo will never forsake Hervé. The hours are passing by—God knows what these miscreants of Hurons are preparing for us." Patira knelt down in a corner of the hut and began to pray fervently. Halgan and Coëtquen were rapt in thoughts of eternity. Nonpareille was also kneeling, her hands were crossed upon her breast, and she looked like one completely separate from all things of earth. From time to time the loud voices of the squaws or the joyful cries of the children reached the ears of the captives, and made them aware that the preparations for their torture were going on, and they collected all their moral and physical powers in order to sustain the terrible suffering before them.

By-and-by a chorus of dreadful sounds arose outside the hut in which they were confined; it seemed as if they were surrounded by a thousand fiends; and almost at the same moment the Golden Lizard and his companion stationed themselves one at each side of the door, while Eagle's Plume entered the hut.

"The Pale-faces are brave," he said, addressing himself to Halgan and Tanguy, "and the Red Children will presently applaud their courage." The Captain, Tanguy, and Patira embraced each other warmly, and then all stood in a line with heads erect.

"We are ready," said Halgan.

In obedience to a sign from Eagle's Plume, the Golden Lizard bound the prisoners' limbs with branches of the vine, so as to allow them the power of moving; he held the end of the captain's bond in his hands, two other Hurons taking hold of Patira's and Tanguy's fetters. In another moment the captives had left the hut and were face to face with the assembled population. A savage joy was depicted on every countenance, and Tanguy understood that no pity would be shown to him or to his companions.

Nonpareille alone was not bound; a strange feeling of mingled respect and fear possessed the Indians with regard to the maiden. Her power of seeing in the dark, her white flowing hair, her prophetic words, and her striking appearance combined to excite their wonder. They had shut her up in the cabin which had served as a prison for her friends. But no decision had yet been arrived at as to her fate. A being so unlike all others, could not, they felt, be sentenced to torture. Nonpareille at once perceived the influence which she exercised over the Indians, and she resolved to increase it by an assumed air of confidence and in vincible courage.

"Let the Red Children give place to me!" she said; "they well know that no one can touch the daughters of the spirits who have come from the happy hunting-grounds to visit them." ed each

branches wing; he two other is fetters. hut and tion. A mee, and shown to

e feeling
ians with
g in the
ords, and
r wonder.
served as
yet been
ill others,
Nonpashe exerherease it
courage.
she said;
aughters

hunting-

And putting the Indians aside with her little hands, Nonpareille quietly left the hut, and walked towards the open space where the stakes were prepared for the torture of the captives.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STAKE.

The whole population of the village was gathered together in the space allotted to warlike dances. The women, wrapped in pieces of gaily-coloured stuff, with their necks and arms adorned with bracelets and necklaces, waited impatiently for the captives. The oldest among them, disfigured by their evil expression even more than by their age, were rejoicing in the prospect of the spectacle about to be provided for them. Some of them held in their hands knives or stones. The warriors preserved an unmoved composure. One creature only was weeping. Leaning against a tree, with her head thrown back, and her arms hanging down, Wild Bindweed awaited the dreadful moment when the torture was to begin, and wondered if she could not do anything to save the unhappy victims.

They were led forward, all three. The vine band which fettered Halgan's feet was fastened around one of the stakes, his body was then secured, and finally his neck, so that it was impossible for him to make the least movement. Tanguy, on the contrary, was left almost free, that is to say, he was attached to his

stake by the extremity of a cord, and could move in a circuit of some twenty paces.

As to Patira, instead of binding him closely the Hurons loosed him. By a refinement of cruelty they intended to vary the nature of the suffering of the three prisoners. Patira who was slight and supple, and endowed with remarkable agility, was to undergo the terture of scourging by rods; Halgan was to be a mark for knives and tomahawks; and Tanguy to perish by fire.

Nonpareille understood what was going to take place, and coming towards Patira, said, "When the signal for the death-race is given to my brother, let him escape with the speed of a wild roe; if he can touch the stake before he has been struck, perhaps his life may be granted him."

But before Eagle's Plume gave orders for the torture of the prisoners, he wished to have the proud enjoyment of boasting of his exploits before the assembled tribe. He advanced to the middle of the open space, and with wonderful spirit and dramatic action related the march of the Hurons through the forests, the burning of the Great Hut, the attack on the House of the Rapids, the capture of the prisoners, the homeward journey with them, the arrival in the island, the escape of the captives, the pursuit on the lake, and the final victory over the Pale-faces. Eagle's Plume then proceeded to enumerate the combats in which he had borne part, the scalps which he had taken from his enemies, and the victories he had won. He con-

move in a

losely the uelty they ag of the upple, and adergo the ag to be a y to perish

signal for nim escape the stake e may be

the torture oud enjoy-assembled pen space, on related rests, the he House the homehe island, lake, and e's Plume which he ken from He con-

cluded by a eulogy of his own courage in battle and wisdom in council.

His pride, instead of astonishing his hearers appeared to them perfectly legitimate, and he was applauded by the whole tribe. After the chief had performed a war-dance, the men, women, and children ranged themselves in two lines. A rod was placed in the hands of each individual, and Patira was led to the utmost edge of the open square. Opposite to him was a red post, and on either side of it were the stakes to which Halgan and Tanguy were bound.

The Golden Lizard tore off the clothing which covered Patira's shoulders, and the youth stood halfnaked, looking towards the goal of his course along each side of which men and women with an expression of cruel joy on their faces, prepared to strike him with the flexible rods they held in their hands. A shudder passed through Patira's limbs, but he soon recovered himself, raised his head, made the sign of the cross, looked at Nonpareille who seemed still to recommend him to make another effort to baffle the cruel skill of the Hurons, and then stood awaiting the signal for starting. It was given by Eagle's Plume, and Patira instantly darted forward between the rows of torturers, bounding on in so marvellous and unforeseen a manner that the raised wands only struck the empty air, and he reached the goal before a drop of blood had been drawn from his veins.

This proof of surprising agility excited the savages' admiration to the greatest degree, and Patira was able to

remain at the post which he held fast, without enduring the shame or the suffering of being again fettered.

Halgan's trial came next in order.

The chiefs of greatest renown for their skill in warlike exercise placed themselves at a certain distance from the stake to which he was bound, and then each of them in turn threw his tomahawk so that the heavy blade without touching the Captain's head made a deep incision in the stake or entered into the trunk of a neighbouring tree. Every time that the terrible weapon was raised by a warrior's hand, Halgan wondered whether his skull would not be eleft. In spite of himself, and notwithstanding the courage which had stood so many a trial, he felt that his eyelids quivered and that his heart beat fast.

The dreadful trial of skill, in which the head of a man was at stake, served to exhibit a marvellous exactness of aim on the part of the Hurons, and called forth great applause from the spectators. While it was going on, Tanguy closed his eyes and prayed in a low voice, while Patira, guarded by four strong Hurons, was pondering whether he could not make some effort to save the Captain. But what could the poor youth do? Although he was now unfettered, he knew that at the slightest movement, he would have been seized and bound; moreover, Nonpareille had explained to him that the exercise of the tomahawk was intended to wear out the prisoner's courage by incessantly recurring terror but not to be itself fatal.

The instances were rare in which this preparatory

enduring ered.

Il in wara distance
en each of
the heavy
ade a deep
of a neigheapon was
thether his
and notto many a

that his

head of a ous exactalled forth was going low voice, rons, was e effort to youth do? hat at the eized and I to him ed to wear recurring

eparatory

torture had caused death, and had only occurred when some unskilful Indian missed his aim, or when the prisoner's reproaches and taunts excited the wrath and hatred of his persecutors to the greatest degree, and provoked one of them to throw his deadly tomahawk not at the stake but at the forehead of the victim.

Halgan's bearing was such as to merit the esteem of his enemies, and Eagle's Plume said, in a grave voice, "The Pale-face has a lion's heart."

The torture by knives came next. Instead of being threatened by the war-axe, Halgan was now to be wounded; the head and the heart were to be left untouched, so that the suffering might be of longer duration, but the shoulders and arms were to be pierced with the sharp blades.

The Captain bit his lips till the blood came, then looked full in the face of the Golden Lizard, who aimed his knife at the right shoulder, but fixed it deeply in a tree close by. After a few minutes, however, the seaman's blood was flowing from ten wounds, and the stake and the adjacent trees were bristling with knives; the second part of his torture was at an end and the last was about to begin.

At some distance from the open square, the children of the savage tribe had heaped up dead wood and green branches. The green branches were thrown before Halgan, and placed so that their smoke might cause the intolerable torture of suffocation. A pile of dry wood was hastily heaped up at Tanguy's feet; his flesh was to be consumed by a quick fire.

Up to this moment Wild Bindweed had seemed insensible to all that was going on around her, but when she saw a squaw bring a lighted brand to the pile destined for Tanguy, she made a desperate effort, left the place where she had been standing, and sprang into the midst of the Indians with outstretched arms and terror-stricken countenance, exclaiming in a voice which was harsh from emotion, "Wild Bindweed is the daughter of a chief famous for the battles he fought and the victories he won. He left her an unprotected orphan; no Indian brings her venison, hunts for her in the forest, or pierces the fish in the depths of the lake for her. Wild Bindweed asks her brothers the Red Children to adopt the Pale-face who is to die by fire as a member of their tribe. She has a right to claim a husband from the warriors who have taken her father."

At these words, the Hurons looked at each other.

Wild Bindweed asked that which was considered almost as a right. The courage of the prisoners had inspired the Indians with a kind of respect for them. Eagle's Plume himself, after a moment's consultation with the old men, returned and said to the young girl, "The Sachems grant your request. Let the daughter of the chief learn whether the prisoner consents to become her husband!"

These words had been interchanged in the Huron language, and Tanguy, whom they most deeply concerned, had accordingly been unable to understand them. But, remembering what Wild Bindweed had said to

him during his first captivity, he guessed that the poor maiden was making another effort to save his life, and was greatly touched by her devotion. Now, however, with the stake and the fire before him, he rejected, as he had already rejected on that dreadful night in the hut, all idea of availing himself of the means of escape which had then been proposed. To accept them would have involved treachery and apostasy, and Tanguy was resolved to die as he had lived.

Meanwhile, the young girl came slowly towards him, and looking at him with gentle humility said, "The Indian maiden asks you to save your life; you will do what you like with her afterwards. She will leave you free to return to those who are waiting for you."

"Wild Bindweed," said Tanguy, "will the Indians require me to swear that I will live among them and adopt their religion and their customs?"

"Yes," replied the maiden, in a low voice.

"You see that I cannot escape without perjuring myself. My God Who judges all hearts, will bring you to Himself; poor girl, I must die, let me pray."

At this moment a warrior set fire to the heap of sassafras branches placed before Captain Halgan; Tanguy controlled his grief, and began to say the Psalm *De Profundis*, aloud.

"It is his death-song!" exclaimed the Indians.

Three wretched squaws threw embers on the pile prepared for Marquis Tanguy, and soon the sparks rose from it.

Then Patira darted away from the Indians who were

16

t when
he pile
ort, left
hig into
ms and
he which
his the
fought
rotected

ed in-

for her s of the ners the o die by right to aken her

ther.
nsidered
ners had
or them.
tion with
cl, "The
or of the

e Huron ply connd them. said to

ome her

guarding him, and reached Tanguy's side. "Where you are, my lord, I will be also!" and he answered the Psalm, which Tanguy was reciting.

A horrid sight was then to be seen on the open space in the Great Island; in its centre were the two victims, one almost concealed by a column of smoke, while the other was beginning to feel the terrible heat of the flames. Around them stood men and women, old people and children, uttering shouts of ferocious joy, and gloating over the agony of the sufferers.

Wild Bindweed had fallen on her knees, and was sobbing, while she covered her face with her hands.

All at once the Silver-haired Maiden started violently. The long lowing of a wild buffalo was heard, and this sound reaching her ears amid the clamours of the torturers caused a sudden change in her purpose and attitude. Pressing through the crowd of curious bystanders, she gained the foremost rank, and just opposite to the stakes began to dance a wild measure, whose course brought her at one moment quite close to the tortured men, and the next, back to the crowd.

As she glided by the stake to which Halgan was bound, she said to him in French, "Hope on, hope still! I am coming to help you!"

Then rushing in the mad maze of her dance towards the spot were Tanguy and Patira were already suffering acute torments, she said to them in the same language, "Gather up the burning brands, fight against the multitude—struggle—defend your lives."

Tanguy, Patira, and Halgan all thought that poor

Where ered the

en space victims, while the t of the ld people and gloat-

and was
nands.
violently.
, and this
rs of the
rpose and
arious byt opposite
re, whose
se to the

lgan was nope still!

e towards suffering language, ainst the

that poor

Nonpareille had been overwhelmed by the horrors of their situation and had utterly lost her reason. But, still continuing her fantastic dance, she lifted from the ground one of the rods with which a bystander had sought to scourge Patira, and careering round the open space with giddy speed, she scattered with one cut of this wand the sassafras branches whose suffocating smoke was stifling Halgan, and the burning embers whose dreadful heat was scorching Tanguy. The first impulse of the fierce and cruel squaws was to gather the fragments of the burning pile together again, and to cast a fresh heap of green branches down at the captain's feet, but Nonpareille turned round and round, and flitted to and fro with frantic speed; her ethereal beauty lent fresh charm to each motion, and as she danced she chanted a song which at once impressed and fascinated the Hurons. From the moment they had first seen her these Indians had believed the Silver-haired Maiden to be a creature belonging to a special and favoured race. They did not venture to oppose her caprice, and being assured that they could at any moment resume their torture of the Pale-faces by again lighting up the fires, they gave themselves up to the pleasure of watching her whirl and dart along like a bird intoxicated with freedom, air, and sunshine. She soon saw that neither Tanguy nor Halgan would aid her. Determined as she was to save them she had to act alone. So she went on in her fantastic meandering course, scattering with her wand the embers strewed upon the ground, and the branches from whose ends the sap was bubbling forth.

When she had dispersed the fiery fragments, she was seen to leap and run amidst them without ever burning her quill-embroidered mocassins. She seemed to have made an agreement with the spirit of the fire. Then throwing away her now useless wand, she hastened on, with her arms raised towards heaven and her long, white hair floating about her like a veil. Every time that she passed near the stakes where the prisoners were bound, she gave them a kindly look and a word of hope. But while Halgan, Patira, and Tanguy were fully persuaded of the devotion of the Silver-haired Maiden, no one of them dared to hope for liberty through her efforts. Almost exhausted by her exertions she was still circling round the stakes when the lowing of the buffalo was heard near at hand. Nonpareille's hair veiled her face completely in her rapid flight, and her outstretched arms seemed to implore some supernatural intervention. Patira thought a strange hallucination had come over him when the unearthly maiden murmured as she passed him by, "Black Bison."

She had hardly pronounced the name, when a terrible sound was heard at some little distance. It was a warcry, well known to the Hurons, the cry of the Abenaquis, whose knives had taken from them many a scalp. An indescribable tumult followed the fierce cry which was immediately succeeded by the appearance of a troop of enemies numerous enough to make the Hurons forget the emotions caused by the prospect of the threefold torture, and by Nonpareille's magic dance and the respite it had won. The maiden sprang to a maple tree

e was urning o have Then ed on, , white ne that rs were f hope. ly perden, no efforts. as still of the e's hair and her natural cination n mur-

terrible
a warle Abea scalp.
which
a troop
s forget
breefold
nd the
ple tree

which stood at some little distance from Halgan's stake. seized two tomahawks which were stuck fast in its trunk, and wielding them with wonderful dexterity, cut the Captain's fetters and freed Tanguy from his bonds, then suddenly, together with the captives, appeared in the midst of a band of armed men who, muskets in hand, showered a hail of balls on the Hurons. The battle soon became general. The Black Bison had led against the warriors encamped in the Great Island, a flotilla of canoes bearing a troop of well-tried Indians and a score of their Canadian allies. Halgan and Tanguy, threatened by the foes who were exasperated to the utmost by seeing that their three prisoners were about to be rescued from their hands, dealt many a mortal blow, and the white hair of Nonpareille was covered with red drops and seemed as if she had in some caprice adorned it with the scarlet berries of the eglantine. War-cries, shouts, and howls of rage mingled in horrid confusion, and nothing could be seen but raised axes, lances pointed, and muskets breathing forth smoke. The Hurons uttered shrieks of rage as they fell, and with a sweep of their terrible scalping knives the Abenaquis took the long tufts of hair interwoven with feathers and various ornaments which they had worn on the top of their heads. The fight was terrible on both sides, but at length the Abenaquis gained the day, and after having laid the most formidable Huron warriors low, they made the rest prisoners, and cast them bound with tender branches of the vine, into the same canoes which but the night before had served for the pursuit of the unhappy French captives through the labyrinth of the Thousand Isles. The distracted women had fled away into the forest, or cast themselves into the St. Lawrence, hoping to swim to some neighbouring island, the children were crying with terror and hiding themselves in the cabins. The warriors who writhed fearfully wounded on the ground, had still courage enough to stifle the death-rattle of their agony.

When the Hurons were completely overpowered, Black Bison came, covered with blood from wounds which were not of a serious character, and approaching Tanguy said to him in a grave and deep-toned voice, "The Pale-face will tell John Canada that the Red Children have done their duty."

Tanguy and Halgan thought they were the victims of some delusion. Nonpareille and Patira were smiling through their tears.

"How much my young brother has suffered for his friends!" said the little Indian maiden.

"How my young sister has sacrificed herself for me!" repeated Patira again and again.

After the Abenaquis had delivered Halgan and Tanguy, they hastened back to their canoes. They did not wish to venture on spending the night in the midst of the labyrinth of the Thousand Isles. They, therefore, made Tanguy and Halgan take their places in the largest of the boats together with Black Bison. Non-pareille and Patira sprang lightly into a second boat, which had hardly left the shore when a woman rushed hastily forward, threw herself into the St. Lawrence and began to swim towards it.

"Wild Bindweed!" exclaimed Nonpareille.

Her first feeling was one of repulsion, but she soon surmounted it; Patira stopped rowing in order to allow Mingo to get into the bark cance. The brave creature's exploit among the Hurons made him worthy to return to the House of the Rapids and resume his position at his young mistress's side. He and Wild Bindweed were both safely taken into the boat.

The four-footed creature had given proofs of surprising intelligence, and the poor savage girl had made many brave attempts to save those who had refused to accept deliverance from her hands.

The Abenaquis rowed rapidly on, until the veils of night were spread over river, sky, and forest. Then the oars were laid down, the little fleet lay motionless, and all slept save a sentinel who stood at the prow of each little vessel.

At dawn the canoes went on, and after eight days had passed, a little group of Frenchmen and Canadians landed on the shore of the river. A surprise awaited Halgan and Tanguy. Their return was greeted with shouts of joy by some men who were encamped near the St. Lawrence, for John Canada and a party of his friends were returning to Montreal, and wearied with a long march were taking a little rest beneath the cool shade of the trees which overshadowed the river.

"Whence do you come?" asked Tanguy.

"From Lake Ontario," answered John Canada.

"And you?"

"From death!" said the Marquis of Coëtquen.

owered, wounds oaching d voice,

the Red

igh the

women

ves into

bouring

l hiding

writhed

courage

victims smiling

for his

or me!"

an and
hey did
he midst
, theres in the
Non-

Nond boat, rushed "And you are going-"

"I will never leave you again."

"Does the chief of the Pale-faces know nothing?" asked the Black Bison.

"I know that Canada is rising, that we shall drive the English out of Montreal, that the Catholics will no longer be persecuted by the Protestants, and that the soil we tread on will again become New France."

"The house of my brother has been burned."

"What matter?" answered John Canada, "I will sleep in the tent;" and turning to Tanguy he added, "I do not ask you what has become of the House of the Rapids."

"It was destroyed after the wreck of the Great Hut."

"Come," said John Canada, "when the eagle is without an eyrie, it rises straight to the sun; till the day comes when we shall have an army, God leaves us the forests and our liberty."

And in another moment the Abenaquis and the Canadians were together beneath the fresh, green canopy of the trees, and many a question was rapidly asked and answered.

John Canada gave an account of the moral success of his mission and of the welcome he had met with in the smallest villages when it was known that he had come to recruit soldiers for war against the English. Black Bison, when questioned by John Canada regarding his apparently miraculous arrival in the island to relieve Patira, Halgan, and Tanguy from the most fearful of tortures, pointed to Nonpareille and said, "The Silver-haired Maiden found means of letting me know that there were prisoners in the islands, and from the canoe in which she was with Patira, she let down into the water a cable whose end was made fast to the shore. I followed the track and the Lord of Heaven has delivered them from the hands of the Hurons."

Early in the morning the united body of Canadians and Abenaquis resumed their journey and went to the neighbourhood of the village of La Chine. Tanguy walked between Nonpareille and Patira at the head of the party. He no longer felt fatigue, and the name of Hervé was often on his lips.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARGARET JEFFERSON.

NIGHT had closed in, but George Malo did not yet think of lighting his lamp. He was at this moment enjoying complete repose of body and mind; he had thrown himself comfortably into a great easy chair, and his mind was refreshed by Hervé's simple prattle. Since the day when Patira had entrusted the child to him and himself gone to seek Tanguy, a tender affection for the little Hervé had sprung up in George Malo's breast. The ardent champion of the Canadian cause, who had up to this moment sacrificed everything for the sake of his country, felt his soul for the first time open to softer emotions. The presence of Hervé was at

hing?"

ll drive will no hat the

"I will added, se of the

Great

is withthe day us the

nd the canopy y asked

ccess of
h in the
ld come
Black
ling his
relieve
arful of

once a comfort and a source of melancholy regret. If circumstances had left him free, if the peril of his own people had not involved him in ceaseless struggles, George would have yielded to the affectionate dispositions of his nature, have chosen a partner of his life and sought his happiness in the peace of home. duty silenced such youthful aspirations, and he lived alone with the great idea which constantly occupied his mind, and sometimes dilated his heart—the idea of giving freedom to the country which bore the name of New France, and which was closely bound by ties of affection to the Kingdom of the Lily on the other side of the deep ocean. Solitude was pressing heavily on George Malo in this dreamy hour of repose. Hervé's words at once delighted and saddened him. With the charming simplicity of his age the child spoke of the memories of his few years, he described the high walls of the ancient Abbev of Léhon, the chapel beneath whose carved arches were the tombs of many nobles of Brittany; he talked of the great gardens and the blossoming orchards, of the long walks he had sometimes taken with Patira, and of the day when his young guide had made him kneel down before the iron-barred window of the dungeon of the Round Tower. The short life of the boy was unrolled before George Malo with all its dangers and escapes; he heard of the tocsin sounding its alarm from the high towers, of the storm of revolution at the Abbey gates, of the dark, underground hiding-place into which Patira had led him, of the two nights spent among the ruins of Guildo, of the fearful storm at sea, and then of

rescue from peril by means of an old man who was his grandfather and who took him on board his own ship.

gret. If

f his own

struggles,

nate disof his life

me. But

he lived cupied his

of giving

of New

f affection

ide of the

n George

words at

charming

emories of

ne ancient

se carved

ttany ; he orchards,

th Patira,

nade him

the dune boy was

ngers and arm from

he Abbey

to which

mong the

i then of

Hervé was encouraged to talk on by the evident interest of his friend in his stories. When he had come to the end, he clasped his arms round George Malo's neck. The young man pressed him to his heart and caressed him.

Then, a vision arose before him, he knew not why. Back to his memory came the face of the young girl whom he had protected one evening from the rudeness of the drunken sailors, whom he had afterwards met at the door of a church, and again seen giving alms to a poor woman.

He recalled her name, the sweet and homely name of Margaret, and the little house half hidden by the lilacs which he had seen amid the darkness of the night. The young girl was modest, pious and kind; gentleness and sadness might be read in the expression of her eyes, and while George held Hervé in his arms and gently rocked him to and fro, he began to wish that some chance might again bring her across his path. If the happiness of a home and the joys of domestic life might have been his, he felt that he would have asked her to share that home and to make him happy. He was sorry that he had not tried to find the little house at Montreal again, and to make the acquaintance of Margaret's parents. He had no doubt that they were honest, loyal French Catholics, for the few words the girl had spoken had made it plain to George that she loved God and loved France.

"Yes," said George to himself, "I will find her out and I will see her father."

At this very moment a gentle knock at the door made him put the drowsy Hervé down, and rise to open it for a visitor.

We have said that George's room was dark that evening, accordingly he could not clearly distinguish the person who suddenly stood before him, but the ample folds of a long cloak and the vague outline of a veil showed that the visitor was a woman. She seemed to be out of breath and leant against the side of the door as if afraid of falling. Her bowed-down head and her helplessly hanging arms betrayed the existence of some great sorrow.

"What can I do for you?" asked George Malo.

The unknown appeared to regain a little strength, she no longer leaned against the door, but turned towards the stairs and listened, then, gliding into the room while George Malo was endeavouring to light the lamp, she said in a choking voice, "Mr. George Malo, I have come to save you. You must go at once; otherwise you are a lost man."

"They are going to arrest me?" said George, inquiringly.

"Yes, this evening—to-night—it may be immediately; and knowing of the plan, I would not let such iniquity be perpetrated. I have run here, half-dead with fear. You know nothing but pressing peril would have brought me here at so late an hour."

George Malo remembered having already heard the

nd her out

door made to open it

dark that listinguish a, but the utline of a she seemed ide of the a head and

falo.
strength,
ut turned
g into the
light the

istence of

ce; otherre, inquir-

rge Malo,

immedit let sucb half-dead eril would

neard the

voice of the veiled woman who stood before him; he could not indeed, mistake the tones whose sweetness he had been recalling to mind when roused by the knocking at his door.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed; "tell me that you are Margaret!"

"Yes," answered the young girl; "you once protected me, and I wish to pay the debt I owe you."

"But how do you know?"

"What matters it how I know?" cried Margaret, in passionate grief; "you know that what I say is true. You know that unless your very life had been in danger I should not have come here. You must fly, I tell you—fly without any delay."

George had by this time lighted the lamp and he saw before him Margaret, pale as death, beneath the black veil with which she had covered her face.

"Does the danger threaten me only?" he asked; "answer me, on your honour."

"Your countrymen are in the same peril."

"Can you warn them all, can you save them all?"

"No," said Margaret, wringing her white hands in despair; "I have not power to save them all. You are the head of the plot together with John Canada who happily is absent. You must escape from the English police; the interest of the cause you are defending requires that you should do so."

"Should I not be deemed a traitor to that cause, Margaret? Besides, you must really be exaggerating the danger. During the last year I have over and over again heard what you now tell me. I am touched beyond expression by your kindness and generosity, but I am accustomed to danger, Margaret, and but for the sake of this dear child who has been confided to my care I should be little moved at the idea of being taken. Must I not fall in the conflict into which I have thrown myself? As often as I have even thought of escape from the obligations it entails, Providence has made me feel that I have no right to dream of living an ordinary life. You tell me that death threatens me, Margaret; but in warning me of my danger you brave as great a peril. I may then speak without fear, and you may hear me without a blush: When you entered this room, I was thinking of you."

"Of me!" exclaimed Margaret, folding her hands on her breast. "Of me! you! George Malo.... Whatever may happen to me in future days, I shall remember your words. I deemed myself a prey to grief that could be softened by no consolation. But you have given me consolation such as I could not have hoped for, and I have had my share of happiness on earth. I have won a thought from a noble heart, it is enough for poor Margaret; it is more than she had any right to expect."

The young girl's breast heaved with a sob, and she hid her face in her hands: after having made the bravest efforts to control the emotions which had filled her heart for many hours, she felt at last completely overpowered.

For a long time she had suffered from a depression of spirits which she could scarcely account for. She touched enerosity, d but for nfided to of being which I n thought rovidence dream of nat death ne of my nen speak a blush: of you." er hands . . Whatll rememto grief But you not have oiness on eart, it is had any

d she hid ravest efner heart powered. epression or. She

was like one breathing an unhealthy air. Hitherto she had merely loved her father, but lately she had begun to study his voice and his manner. Doubt and distrust had entered into her soul slowly, at first almost insensibly: the distrust had increased and had been strengthened by various circumstances. She observed that strange glances were cast at her; the silence of certain persons wounded her. Little by little she guessed that she was an object of aversion to many. Yet Margaret had done no harm to anyone. She was pious, kind, industrious, and obliging. She slowly came to understand that her very name exercised an influence which varied with the character of those who heard it mentioned. In some cases it was a sort of talisman able to remove difficulties, while in others it was met by fear or by contempt. Margaret came to feel that she was, as it were, marked by some indelible brand, and she resolved to know the reason of the spell which she seemed to bear about her. She asked her father many questions in hopes of obtaining some information. One morning, accidentally seeing him in the street she followed him, and observed that he went to the Central Police-office, but this circumstance awakened no suspicion in her mind; in fact, she had herself gone there to obtain permission to visit Lucy David in her prison.

She observed that Jefferson wrote more than usual and sent her away to her room at an early hour in the evening; Margaret was in his way, and she determined to know the reason of his objection to her presence. Moreover, she remarked that Tom Jones and Dick

Long stealthily came to the house three times within the same week.

Having learned their names she was further anxious for some certain information regarding their profession, and one day, when Amy David spoke to her of the persecutions which she had undergone at the hands of the English police, she asked the name of the chief cause of her sufferings.

"Tom Jones," replied the widow; "the wretched man wished to marry my Lucy, and being refused by her and by me, he revenged himself, as you know, by accusing her of theft."

Margaret's heart beat as if it would break, but she continued to question Amy, and heard much of the secret action of the police in those troublous times, of the manner in which accusations were made, and of the arbitrary exercise of authority.

She learned all that she had sought to know, and when, after many expressions of affection, she left the widow, she knew that her father was an active partisan of the foes of her mother's nation.

It would be impossible to describe all that she felt. Her fair dreams of happiness were shattered at one blow, and she looked on herself as one tainted by moral leprosy.

Her father had been instrumental in the imprisonment and execution of men with whom, as a Frenchwoman, she sympathised. For a moment she thought of running away from the parent whom she could no longer respect, of hiding her sorrow, she knew not anxious
ofession,
the per-

ef cause

s within

wretched fused by mow, by

but she h of the times, of ad of the

ow, and left the partisan

she felt. at one y moral

nprison-Frenchthought sould no ew not where, of changing her name and disappearing for ever from all former friends and acquaintances. But reflection soon showed her that her departure would be of no avail. Another view of duty suddenly occurred to her. The idea was one fraught with sorrow and danger in its execution; she weighed it carefully, took the measure of her powers, and then resolved to carry out what she believed to be an inspiration from above.

Margaret dried her eyes, endeavoured to resume her wonted serenity, and succeeded in disarming even Jefferson's anxiety. For he had been uneasy about his daughter. He had observed that she had grown pale, and that her spirits varied. Sometimes she had seemed depressed and sorrowful, and sometimes full of merriment; her affection even had undergone many strange phases. But his misgivings were speedily removed; Margaret recovered her gentle and even demeanour, and seemed to draw nearer to her father.

After meals, instead of sitting in silence at his side or reading to him, Margaret would seek for information regarding the subjects of the day, and question him about political affairs. When alone she used to read the history of the discovery and conquest of Canada. Her mind grew, and her reason became developed by these studies in a manner which Jefferson deemed somewhat alarming. He began by paying little attention to his daughter's inquiries and endeavouring to make her content herself with her sewing and embroidery; but by-and-by he fancied that it would be better himself to teach her than to let her gather from others the know-

242

ledge for which she craved. Moreover, a fresh hope dawned in his mind: he was well aware that notwithstanding all his tender affection for his daughter, they were not completely one at heart; the pious maiden, who had inherited all her mother's love for everything French, had sometimes irritated him by her want of sympathy with the opinions he expressed. He now thought that he might be able to gain over her intellect; by means of concessions he hoped she might be led to share his ideas. He saw that she was intelligent and he resolved to win her; he expected to be met by opposition and by fervent protestations, but to his surprise Margaret continued calm and was eager for information: she answered seldom but asked many questions. Her prudent silence and her well-timed remarks convinced Jefferson that he was gaining ground, and that the seed sown would bear fruit. The girl certainly preferred political subjects to questions of religion; it was easier to deal with her patriotic impulses than with her conscientious scruples; he thought that it would be well to proceed carefully and avoid anything that might shock her timid sensibility, and he joyfully continued the task which she had imposed upon him. We have said that Jefferson adored Margaret. Love for his child was the bright point in that dark soul. But this love had never been able to find its full expression; in former days her sweet Acadian mother had in some degree come between Margaret and her English father, and afterwards the girl herself had put God ever before her father. From the moment that Jefferson

h hope otwither, they maiden, rything want of He now ntellect; e led to rent and t by opsurprise nformauestions. rks conand that certainly gion; it nan with would be at might ontinued We have his child this love a former degree her, and ver be-

efferson

began to hope that Margaret would give up her youthful enthusiasm and embrace Protestantism and practical views, he also hoped that his child would belong to him more exclusively and would completely return his tender affection. So, after having in the first place used some prudence in order not to startle her by premature confidences, he soon proceeded to speak of the condition of the country and of the plots which were being secretly hatched. Margaret seemed to take great interest in these stories, and declared them to be far more engrossing than all her books. Jefferson's success was apparently complete. His daughter never asked him how he came to know so much. His usual expression was "I heard at my office," and the formula satisfied her. He did not conceal from her the names of individuals concerned nor the projects entertained by the authorities. She knew the means which the law might employ even before she understood the nature of the crimes to be punished. On certain subjects Margaret's father consulted her, and she displayed great sagacity in regard to questions which were completely new to her. One day, as he spoke of the changes in his mode of life which might be made in consequence of his probable promotion, he took Margaret's hands and drew her towards him to kiss her on the forehead; she drew back in a sort of terror, but did not leave him time to guess the cause of her repugnance, and submitted to a caress which made her cheek grow pale.

But Jefferson grew careworn and anxious. The happiness of his own fireside with Margaret to listen to his arguments and histories was not sufficient to console him for many successive disappointments. A large number of Canadians accused of conspiring against England had managed to escape from the hand of justice. The chiefs who were supposed to be in secure confinement had been freed in a manner which appeared almost miraculous. If the officials made a descent on some house in which they expected to find important papers, lists of names, and plans of conspiracies, nothing could be discovered save unfinished poems and romances or youthful lucubrations. The best laid schemes had ended in nothing but failure.

Jefferson, who had ever been most successful in the capture of thieves and assassins, failed signally and repeatedly when he endeavoured to unravel some plot and bring the conspirators within reach of the law. His conversations with Margaret were accordingly full of complaints and accusations. He saw the good fortune he had hoped for vanish into thin air, and if he did not completely despair it was because he believed that his last card would prove to be a trump. For some time he had been well acquainted with the doings of George Malo, and feeling sure that his papers would furnish positive proof of John Canada's guilt, he had resolved or a bold stroke which would bring the young man into his power. Much as he trusted Margaret, he did not mention this project to her. A nocturnal visit from Tom Jones and Dick Long, however, awakened the young girl's suspicions; she went to her room according to her custom when her father and his friends seated themselves at a table covered with bottles, but she came down again, barefooted, and stood motionless with her ear against the door until the two men prepared to depart. Then and then only she went back to her chamber, and throwing herself on her bed burst into tears. The next morning she seemed so prostrate that her father was alarmed and declared that he would not leave her; she was suffering from a sharp feverish attack. Doctor Jacob Perkins who was hastily summoned prescribed rest and cooling drinks, and Jefferson who felt entitled to a little quiet as a preparation for coming events, installed himself at her bedside. Margaret begged and prayed him to leave her, but nothing could induce him to do so. Worn out in body and mind she was compelled to endure the sight of one whose projects filled her with the greatest horror. At about eight o'clock in the evening, believing his daughter to have fallen into a heavy sleep, Jefferson noiselessly rose and went down stairs, and after having desired an old women who had come to give her services, to look after Margaret, left the house.

When he had crossed the threshold Margaret leant at the window and watched his steps for some time; she then dressed herself hastily and was about to go down to the hall when she heard the heavy step of the old woman who had been told to attend to her. Margaret could not think of going downstairs. The old woman would have opposed her wish to go out, and would have asked for explanations, which Margaret could not and would not give. Excited by fever, pressed

ole him number ngland justice. confinealmost on some

g could inces or il ended

papers,

l in the and replot and w. His

full of fortune did not that his

ne time George furnish

esolved nan into did not om Tom

young to her themby time and having no other means of escape available, she knotted one of her sheets to the bar of the window, got on the window sill, and holding the sheet in her two hands slid down into the narrow garden among the shrubs. Gliding along beneath the shade of the lilacs, she left the lane and began to run in the direction of George Malo's house. The name of the young man had been very often mentioned by Margaret's father in the course of conversation, and she knew where he lived. She reached the house, and knocked at his door as we have seen, just when the young Breton holding the Marquis of Coëtquen's child in his arms, was indulging in dreams of the past and the future.

She warned him of his danger, she prayed and wept; she heard that George Malo would have asked her to be his wife if circumstances had not forbidden a thought of his own happiness, but she was completely baffled by the generous obstinacy of the young man, whose only answer was, "If you cannot save all my friends who are in the same danger I must share their fate."

Margaret turned to the child, "George Malo is in danger," she said. "George Malo must love you; tell him to listen to me, to obey me, tell him that in saving himself he will save you! I will carry you away in my arms, you will have nothing to fear, I will love you!"

Steps were now heard on the stairs.

Margaret grew pale as death, and pressed Hervé to her heart as if this living shield could protect her from the shock which was imminent. "They are coming," she said, "you see, what I have told you is but too true! This means captivity and death! God help you! why have I been unable to convince you?"

"Margaret! my life is in God's hands, and at this terrible moment I thank you and bless you!"

A knock was heard at the door and Margaret hastily placed herself before George.

"Do not open!" she cried, "there must be some other way out, through a window perhaps—get into the street as I did by a sheet from the window! but do not, do not open the door!"

"Poor girl!" said George Malo, in a saddened tone, "you have run into danger for my sake!"

"Run into danger!" exclaimed Margaret, "why should I be thought of? what am I? you pity me now, and in another moment you will look down upon me."

George Malo put the young girl aside, and opened the door wide.

A voice at once exclaimed "John Canada!" and another cried "Hervé!"

The Marquis of Coëtquen took the child from Margaret's arms and covered him with caresses. Halgan and Black Bison came close to George while Patira took one of Hervé's hands and pressed it to his lips.

"At last!" said Tanguy, "we meet again; we are saved!"

You are lost, gentlemen," said Jefferson's daughter "hopelessly lost unless you can convince Mr. George Malo that it is his duty to escape from the danger which threatens him. Your worn faces and your ragged garments

d and asked lden a letely

ilable,

indow,

in her

ng the

lilacs.

tion of

man

her in

ere he

s door

olding

as in-

man, ill my their

is in; tell aving n my

vé to from show that your have passed through many a peril; there is blood on your hands and the smell of powder on your clothes, but I had rather see ten regiments of English soldiers and a horde of savages ready to fight with you than think of what is coming. Prison, and it may be death are before you. I have spoken, I have besought, but nothing can overcome Mr. George Malo's resolution. The emissaries are on the way; it will soon be too late. Providence has brought you together that you may all be saved together. If you refuse, another hour, another moment may bring you all at once into Gordon's power."

John Canada approached the young girl.

"How do you know this?" he asked.

"How? what matters to you how I know it? I am ill; I have left my bed, I have skinned my hands by sliding down a sheet. I have risked my life,—that is nothing! What is life to me? But my father's curse will fall upon me. Who told me? My mother was an Acadian, I inherit her devotion, and I ask to have a share in her martyrdom. Is that enough for you, gentlemen?"

"Yes, you must be telling the truth, young girl; and yet I,—who am the chief; I,—who dispose of the souland of the arms of the Canadians; I,—who hold in my hands the hearts of the French of this part of New France, have a right to ask for more;—what motive urges you to aid us? forgive me, forgive me, my child, for what looks like suspicion, but we have been betrayed more than once"

on your
English
with you
may be
esought,
olution.
too late.
ou may
or hour,

P I am ands by that is s curse ter was have a pr you,

to Gor-

rl; and ouland rhands France, ces you r what l more Margaret raised herself to her full height, she was pale and her hands were nervously clasped together, as she looked John Canada in the face and said, "You would know how I have learned that you were to be arrested, and why I, a timid, respectable Catholic girl, have come by night to provide for your safety! The reason why I risk my reputation to save your lives is that I am an unhappy being, who must suffer for the shame of one of her own people! The daughter of the Acadian comes to rescue you! and you will curse the daughter of Jefferson!"

"The daughter of Jefferson!" repeated John Canada.

"Jefferson, the police officer?" asked George.

"Yes," answered Margaret, "I am his daughter. You understand, do you not? and now let me leave you—let me, broken-hearted as I am, fulfil one last duty by giving Lucy David back to her mother. Leave Montreal this very night and for a time give up all idea of restoring Canada to France."

George Malo and John Canada were silent. It was a terrible blow to the former to learn that Margaret was the daughter of such an enemy as Jefferson, but he was too just to allow his admiration for the generous young girl to be impaired by the sense of her father's conduct. He held out his hand with the words, "Thanks and farewell!"

"I am not needed here," said Patira to Margaret, "shall I bear you company?"

Margaret looked at the youth and was about to reply, when the noise of approaching footsteps was heard.

"The police!" said John Canada.

"Listen," said Margaret, hurriedly;" Tom Jones, my father, and Long think they have only Mr. George Malo to deal with; the party come to arrest him is not numerous, perhaps there may be but three. Providence has brought six of you together here. You may escape from those who have come to take you. For the sake of what I have done for you, spare the life of my father; it will be dreadful enough for him to find me here."

"We will spare him," said Halgan.

The Captain and the Marquis of Coëtquen drew back into the shadow so that the door when opened would hide them from view. Margaret took Hervé in her arms, and even before they had knocked at the door, George Malo quietly opened it, and stood face to face with the three intruders.

But Jefferson's eye did not fall at first on George Malo; he saw his daughter, he saw Margaret standing a few paces from the conspirator, and he uttered a cry like the roaring of wounded tiger.

"Wretched, miserable creature!" he exclaimed, coming towards her.

She was calm, terribly calm. She did not implore pity from her father, she did not even deign to answer the accusation which she could read on his countenance, but merely said, "I have done my duty, do yours?"

"Arrest this man!" shouted Jefferson, pointing to George Malo.

The young man sprang suddenly over a table and

thus placed an obstacle between himself and the police.
Halgan, Coëtquen and Patira stood near him, Jones
and Long found a formidable adversary in the Black
Bison, John Canada endeavoured to overpower Jefferson,
while Margaret, Patira and Hervé trembled in terror.
All at once a cry burst from Halgan's lips, Jones

All at once a cry burst from Halgan's lips, Jones had struck him on the temple with his iron fist. Patira flew to his succour, Hervé sobbed bitterly and Margaret holding the table with both hands to support herself, groaned aloud.

Halgan's cry was heard in the street. George Malo's neighbours were excited, and a party of Frenchmen rushed up the stairs to offer their assistance.

When the Canadians became aware that Jones, Long and Jefferson had come to arrest the ardent patriot, they opened the windows and cried out to the crowd which was gathering in the street, "They are arresting George Malo!" "They are murdering John Canada!"

The words were like a match set to a train of gunpowder. From every house issued forth defenders of the Canadian leaders. In another moment, Halgan, Coëtquen, the Black Bison, George Malo, and John Canada were in the street, preceded by their three assailants, who were now made prisoners and subjected to no gentle treatment from the friends of the French cause.

The clamour became more and more general, and many hastily armed themselves to defend him who was loved as the friend of the Indians, the champion of Canada, and the representative of the old French and Catholic spirit in their oppressed country.

lrew back led would led in her the door, ce to face

e sake of

v father;

here."

rge Malo; ing a few cry like

ned, com-

t implore
o answer
countenduty, do

inting to

able and

John Canada was alarmed by the vehemence of his friends, and repeatedly exclaimed in a loud voice, "No bloodshed! no bloodshed!"

But his words were lost in the general confusion and uproar; darkness added to the peril of the situation, and in another hour the city of Montreal was divided into two hostile camps.

The three police officials had been separated. Margaret clung to her father's garments and endeavoured to protect him from the fury of the crowd; she shrank not from death, poor girl, indeed she had long since offered her life as a sacrifice. Her only desire was that her blood, shed for a sacred cause, might serve to appease hatred. Alas! the last word that had come from her father's lips was a curse. He tried in vain to repel the brave girl who had placed herself between him and death, he could not free himself from the living chain formed by her arms, and many a mortal blow would have struck him but that his enemies held back for fear of wounding his daughter.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PREMATURE STRUGGLE.

When he saw around him the little army that had so suddenly assembled for his defence, John Canada's heart grew full of gratitude and of fear. Of gratitude, for he knew that the people were with him, and that at one word from him they would rise against the foe.

ence of his roice, "No

fusion and ation, and wided into

ed. Mardeavoured
she shrank
long since
e was that
serve to
had come
in vain to
tween him
the living
ortal blow
held back

Canada's gratitude, ad that at the foe.

But he dreaded the tumultuous scenes of which the city seemed about to become the theatre. One spark would suffice to bring about a general explosion, and in John Canada's opinion an outbreak at that moment would have been most disastrous. He wished for a splendid victory, a victory which should give back to France the "acres of snow," that she had despised. He dreamed of the revival of his fallen country and of the triumph of the Catholic cause, but he knew that such projects demand time to mature them.

For twenty years he had cherished a great plan and and been carrying on preparations for its execution, recruiting his forces on the banks of the rivers, in the depth of the forests, and on the shores of the lakes. He had won new tribes to the cause of France, and he might have counted on success as certain, only on condition that the fitting moment should be chosen for action and that prudence should be joined with valour. And all at once, by one isolated act, he seemed to be thrown, spite of himself, into a popular revolutionary movement which would probably bring hopeless ruin on his cause.

Therefore, when he looked upon the excited crowd before George Malo's house, and saw his friends and partisans disposed to take vengeance on the underlings who had endeavoured to accomplish his arrest, John Canada's soul was filled with bitter anguish.

"For the love of heaven," my friends, he said, "be calm. If we now, without sufficient preparation, begin a contest, we shall fail miserably. I entreat you to dis-

perse, and not to do anything which can be taken hold of by our opponents. I will leave Montreal with George Malo, and we will not return till we can count on victory. Till then, be brave and patient! Blood shed now, would be shed in vain. I do not want to provoke an insurrection. I desire such victory as may give liberty to my brethren. Believe me, rather than have you fight for me now, when success is hopeless, I would go and give myself up to the English authorities."

"Fly then! fly!" cried twenty voices at once; "fly with George Malo."

A shudder passed through John Canada's frame.

"Fly!" echoed George Malo with fiery eyes, "I would rather die here and stain this pavement with my blood. Who can say, John Canada, that the attack which has now been made upon us is not a providential signal for the struggle which we deemed still distant? Fly! never! I will fight! But you have a burden of responsibility far greater than mine. Your cool judgment is worth more than my impetuosity. And you have every right to go, since I alone am threatened. In arresting you, Jefferson would have done what is illegal, for he had no warrant against you. Go! I am free, and I am running no risk, being, as you see, in the midst of Frenchmen."

"Yes, yes," said Halgan and Tanguy, "fly, while we still are able to protect your departure."

"It is too late," said John Canada, in a solemn tone.
And, indeed, in the distance was heard the roll of the
English drums, and the heavy tread of the soldiers sent

on hold of a George n victory. ow, would an insurrty to my th for me give my-

nce; "fly

eyes, "I t with my he attack ovidential l distant? a burden Your cool ty. And hreatened.

re what is Fo! I am ou see, in

fly, while

emn tone. coll of the diers sent to disperse the crowd. John Canada had no longer power to prevent a combat. Seeing his friends determined to fight, he could not think of forsaking them, whatever his own convictions might be. But George Malo and the Marquis of Coëtquen heard him exclaim in a kind of despair: "They know not how to wait! Their precipitate action will ruin the most noble cause!"

From three different points the troops came on, musket in hand. A first discharge cast terror among the crowd, then rage took the place of fear and the multitude rushed forward in tumultuous disorder; the ranks of the Canadians were thinned by the fire of the soldiers, but they continued their furious onslaught, wrenching the weapons from the hands of their assailants and shouting vengeance against England, against the Governor of Montreal and the soldiers whom he had commanded to fire on them.

The whole city was soon given over to fearful confusion. The authorities met together, fresh soldiers were summoned from their barracks and desired to act the utmost vigour.

The sound of the church bells was soon mingled with the rolling of drums, the cries of women, and the shouts of combatants. The darkness was lighted up by the lurid glow of torches, and from every quarter the populace assembled in yet greater numbers. The report of an attempt to capture George Malo and to assassinate John Canada, excited the passions of the young men and urged them to the scene of action. Political and religious opinions tended to intensify the violence of

the struggle. A fierce and decisive civil war was to be the consequence of Jefferson's imprudent conduct.

Long and Jones were slain on the spot. Jefferson, torn at last from Margaret's arms, was bound by the wrists and dragged through the streets. His limbs trailed over the pavements, his head was knocked against the stones, his hair was stained with blood, he felt that life was leaving him and that he was about to die in the midst of this horrid torture.

All at once, at the corner of a square which was illuminated by a tar-fire, the men who had seized Jefferson perceived a lamp-post. They bound him to it, persuaded that he could not long survive his wounds; and he was left there with the flickering flame which still burned on, although the sheltering glass had been shattered, and past its uncertain gleams over his ghastly countenance.

John Canada meanwhile was undergoing the bitter anguish of seeing the complete ruin of his colossal project. He had dreamed of glorious warfare for his country, of a battle such as that which had made the plains of Abraham famous, and he now found himself through circumstances unforeseen and entirely beyond his own control, engaged in a fruitless struggle which offered him no prospect beyond that of temporarily defending a position and decimating a regiment of his adversaries.

Taking advantage of the general tumult and confusion, the soldiery made their way into the houses, pillaged what they could find, and put to death the Canadians and French who offered resistance. Hatred and greed were alike satisfied, and the darkness of night redoubled the horror of the conflict.

When morning dawned, the spectacle presented by some quarters of the city was most terrible. Blood lay clotted in the streets, dark spots stained the fronts of the houses; stiffened corpses lay heaped where the struggle The last musket-shots were being had been fiercest. exchanged and a tacit truce was concluded between the contending parties, for each had many wounded to carry away, and each was weary of the fierce and fearful fray.

George Malo, John Canada, Tanguy, and Halgan devoted the interval of quiet to the organization of their new-made soldiers. Alas! the deplorable circumstances of the conflict left John Canada no hope of victory and his only desire was to die nobly.

Montcalm's banner, which he had formerly kept shu: up in the clock-case of the Great Hut, and had treasured during all his wanderings, was now folded around his robust form for he wished in death to press the lilies of France to his heart.

John Canada's hastily-armed band occupied half the city; its numbers were hourly increased, and the presence of danger called forth heroic self-devotion. Ar the French in Montreal well knew that after this revoltheir very nationality would expose them to adverse measures from the government. The only means by which they could secure comparative impunity was general and united action. A few conspirators migh. have been put to death, but thousands of men could not

as to be et. fferson,

by the s limbs knocked lood, he about to

ich was 1 seized in to it, wounds; e which had been ghastly

he bitter ssal profor his d made ind himirely bestruggle of temegiment

and conhouses, eath the be slain; the worst that could happen would be the exile of those who should refuse to submit. All the Canadians capable of bearing arms, therefore, rallied round George Malo, Tanguy, Halgan, and John Canada, who now prepared to meet the final attack of the garrison.

Patira, bound by his oath to watch over Hervé's safety, had been unable to take part in the struggle of that night. Bearing his beloved burden, he had gone from street to street and from house to house to escape from the storm as it came nearer and nearer.

If he could have confided Hervé to friends able to protect him, Patira would have returned and cast himself into the thick of the fight, but he knew no one in the city, unless indeed Amy David; for a moment he thought of taking Hervé to her house, but he felt that the widow, who had long been looked upon with suspicion, could not offer the child a safe refuge. Her daughter had been imprisoned on a false and odious accusation, and she herself might be arrested without warrant or reason save that she was a Catholic and devoted to the cause of France.

Patira's heart beat violently. Fresh from the horrors of the revolution in Brittany he had found himself amid the Indians, and now that he had narrowly escaped from their savage cruelty he was cast into the bloody scenes of a tumultuous popular rising.

During the night, avoiding the parts of the town lighted up by torches and braziers, he had glided from one narrow street to another. By morning he reached

be the All the , rallied Canada, of the

Hervé's uggle of nad gone to escape

s able to cast himno one in oment he t that the suspicion, daughter ccusation, arrant or ted to the

self amid ped from dy scenes

the town ded from e reached a quarter where death had done its terrible work; this quarter led to the port, and thither the youth instinctively bent his steps.

The port was a town within the town. Vessels of all nations were sheltered in the roads, and it contained a cosmopolitan population of sailors compelled by their duty to keep aloof from the contest, and living under strict discipline even in presence of the confusion and bloodshed which filled Montreal.

Just as Patira was turning the corner of a square where the pavement was red with blood, he saw, standing at the foot of a lamp-post, a woman whose tearstained face was raised towards the form of a short man bound by the wrists to the lamp-post.

The miserable body seemed to be lifeless. The head fell forward on the chest and the feet were motionless Patira at one glance saw that the weeping woman was Margaret and that the hanging body was that of her father.

While the youth remembered that Jefferson had sought to arrest John Canada and George Malo, he could not forget that his brave-hearted daughter had imperilled herself to save them all. Moreover, Jefferson seemed to be quite dead. A red stain on his temple betrayed a deadly wound and his livid hue left no doubt that he had breathed his last.

Patira laid his hand on Margaret's arm and looked towards the corpse.

"Oh! give him back to me! give him to me!" cried the young girl; "at least let me lay him in the coffin." Patira placed Hervé in Margaret's arms and with the agility acquired in his early years, climbed to the iron cross-bar, cut the rope, and slowly let the body sink down stiff and heavy to the ground.

"What will you do now?" he asked.

"My home is not far off," answered Margaret.

She knelt down on the pavement and bent over the body, while Patira, pressing Hervè in his arms, continued his way towards the port.

The child, though greatly alarmed by the fearful scenes which had passed before his eyes, restrained his tears and asked no questions. He knew that Patira would defend him from all peril. With one arm round Patira's neck and his head resting on his shoulder, he tranquilly wondered what was next to happen to him.

His protector had not formed any definite plan; he was anxiously considering what he should do, and awaiting some token to guide him. While he was looking at the mighty river on whose surface ships of six hundred tons, brigs, sloops, and other vessels were rocking, he saw a boat manned by two sailors draw towards the shore. The faces of the men seemed familiar to him, and presently they were near enough for him to recognise them with certainty.

"Jacqueton!" he exclaimed; "Quilenbois!"

The sailors looked up and raised their woollen caps, then quickly landed, moored their boat, reached the quay, and asked Patira if Captain Halgan was well.

"The Captain is fighting," answered Patira, "the city is in arms, blood is flowing in Montreal; how

the iron

et. over the ontinued

fearful ined his t Patira n round alder, he to him. plan; he dawait-looking six hunrocking, ards the to him, o recog-

en caps, ched the well.

a, "the

have you come here? God knows what is before us. If I have no fears for myself, I tremble for the child."

"The captain's grandson! Never fear! the seamen love the pretty boy! We have come here to take a pilot, though indeed I ask you, what need of a pilot to go down a river? But the mate will have it so and we obey, as in duty bound."

"Then the ship is near Montreal?"

"She will be here this evening, riding among the

brigs you see yonder."

"Quilenbois and Jacqueton," said Patira, "I have no right to command you, but the Marquis of Coëtquen has entrusted Herve's life to me, and I can think of nothing but the child. Whatever God wills, will happen to us. I have not time to go on board the Lady of Gaul, but you will take Hervé, and say these words to the mate who is commanding in the captain's stead. 'To-morrow or even in a few hours we may be in need of a place of refuge, and the Lady of Gaul would be better than any other. Let her stand in the open river far from the town, in readiness to put to sea, and prepared for battle in case the English should press upon us too closely. One of you will take Hervé under his special care and watch over him till we meet, the other will return to the port with the largest of the ship's boats and another man, and will wait night and day for the Captain, the Marquis, or me. As a signal I will sing the beginning of the air Antinigoz, and you will answer me by going on with it."

"We shall remember the sign, Master Patira. But

if there is a commotion in the town and the Captain is in the midst of it, we had rather get our heads broken in his service than wait here quietly."

"The time for fighting will come, you may be sure," said Patira, and he pressed Hervé in his arms.

"Do not be afraid, do not cry, Hervé," he added. "Our Lady will watch over you, and we will soon come back."

"I am not crying," answered the child; "I am a Coëtquen, and father told me to be brave."

Quilenbois took him in his arms and went back to the boat, and Patira stood on the quay watching, till it was far out on the broad river.

As he had foreseen, the struggle which had slackened towards morning now became more desperate. Cries of death were heard on all sides, shouts of 'France!' and 'England!' were intermingled, and bands of men crowded where the tocsin called them or the beating of the drum. The Canadians and Colonists who had long borne an alien yoke, now uttered shouts of deliverance. Flags were displayed everywhere, and men swore that they would die rather than remain bowed down beneath the hand of their conquerors. The name of Montcalm rose high above all other cries, and the shade of the here seemed to hover over the city.

Swift runners had gone to summon the Indians from the nearest villages.

John Canada, George Malo, Halgan and Tanguy sought to control the outbreak which they could not prevent. Their chief desire was to avoid the useless shedding of blood.

ptain is broken

sure,"

l. "Our back." I am a

back to g, till it

 \mathbf{ckened}

Cries rance!' of men ting of ad long erance.

oeneath ontcalm of the

ns from

l'anguy uld not useless But what could these few men do, now that passions were aroused, that religion was deemed to be at stake, and the French were turning fiercely on the enemy who looked on Canada as his prey?

Those who had begun the deadly struggle, could not, even if they would, have drawn back; they must needs go on to the end. Liberty and life itself were at stake, and any attempt to draw back would have involved the sacrifice of thousands of brave men.

John Canada felt with despair that the premature struggle had broken forth on his account, and that the impatience of his people to shake off their chains might only serve to rivet them closely for ever.

During all the morning, reinforcements were gathering to the French side; armed Canadians, ready to die for their country and their faith, hastened in from all points; but these warriors could not reach the city without encountering the fire of the English.

The bravest came in boats and canoes, and the rest encamped themselves before the city.

The military authorities of Montreal had at first hoped to subdue the insurgents, but they soon learned that their adversaries were not to be lightly dealt with. Accordingly, the object of the English was, not the slaughter of the greatest possible number of the French, but the capture of the leaders who excited the masses by appears to their patriotism and their religious sentiments.

More would have been gained by the capture of John Canada and George Malo than by the slaughter of half the insurgents. John Canada was the soul, the head, and heart of the army; if once their General were taken, the English could easily get the better of the troops.

Through many perils, Patira contrived to rejoin the Marquis and his friends, who were in the middle of a group of combatants drawn up in a narrow square, from each of whose sides led a street, now filled with soldiers and hastily-armed Englishmen.

Without hurrying, with the calmness of true courage, the Canadians fired, stood the shock of the English musketry, and reloaded their fire-arms. The wounded knelt and took fresh aim. When a man fell, the rank closed in again. John Canada's band might be utterly shattered but it would never yield. While the warfare was being waged with various results in the different quarters of Montreal, the compact body of men gathered around George Malo and John Canada still stood firm; but while the ranks of the English were constantly swelled by fresh recruits, this brave little band was being gradually diminished as no new combatants arrived to take the places of the fallen. alone made his way through the smoke of the fire-arms, and braving all danger rushed to the few remaining warriors, and this was Patira on his return from the port, after having given Hervé into the safe keeping of Quilenbois.

A diversion which might have led to a tardy victory, gave the Canadians a short breathing time. A force composed of Colonists and Indians fell upon the rear

oul, the General etter of

oin the dle of a e, from soldiers

English
counded
he rank
utterly
warfare
different
of men
ada still
sh were
re little
w comn. One
re-arms,
maining

victory, A force the rear

om the

ping of

of the English with lances, tomahawks, and knives. The surprise of the soldiers gave John Canada and his friends a temporary respite, but regular troops soon hastened on from every side, and no hope was left to the little band.

"France forever!" cried John Canada, raising his sword, "the English shall not take us alive!"

"My lord," replied Patira, "our death will not save the cause we have striven to defend. I can ensure your safety and that of your friends!"

" You?"

"Yes, my lord; only make haste, and if you accept, make your way at any cost towards the river."

"There are still a hundred men here," said Coët-quen."

"I know it, only induce them to consent to live."

Four rows of Frenchmen at this moment fell beneath the fire opened on them at once from the four sides of the square.

"My lord," urged Patira, "do not give the soldiers time to reload. Come! Hervé is waiting for you."

"Go," said John Canada, when he heard these words, it is all over with us and nothing can now save us."

Tanguy endeavoured to overcome the determination of John Canada and George Malo; both, however, persevered in their heroic resolution, and turning to Patira, he said, "Let us remain here; France forever!"

A ball struck George Malo in the forehead, and without uttering a sound he fell on a heap of corpses.

"George!" murmured John Canada, "my son, my

friend!" He threw down his musket, took a sword, rushed on towards the assailants, and fought with the courage of despair. Tanguy and Halgan, one with a musket and the other with an axe, made every effort to defend him, but he was soon covered with wounds. and the overwhelming force of numbers drove him and his companions to the banks of the river; after performing prodigies of valour, he was at length thrown backwards into the stream, together with Patira who had rushed to his assistance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ESCAPE.

AMY DAVID was weeping bitterly with her face buried in her hands. The last sounds of the battle came to her ears, and her heart was full of the horrors of the past day and night. Over and over again she had thought that she would go down into the streets, and with compassionate charity seek to solace the wounded and to bury the dead. But the time had not yet come when it might be possible to perform these sad acts of mercy, and she knew that until the evening any attempt to leave the house would have been probably worse than useless, as by daylight she would have run the risk of being recognised and arrested; for herself alone she would have little heeded the danger, but she thought of Lucy, whom Margaret Jefferson had promised to save.

with the with a effort to and his forming ckwards

ushed to

te buried ne to her the past thought ith comd and to ne when f mercy, empt to ree than a risk of one she to save.

Alas! at that very hour poor Margaret was herself drinking her cup of sorrows to its very dregs.

When she saw that her father was really dead, with supernatural strength she managed to bring his lifeless corpse to the little house beneath the lilacs, which was at but a short distance from the lamp-post. Traces of the battle, which had raged during the night, were visible on every side; the walls and the pavements were stained with blood, and men were beginning to range the dead bodies at the side of the street.

When Margaret reached the little garden in front of her house, her strength was almost exhausted; by a last effort, however, she brought the rigid form into the hall, laid it on the couch, and placed a crucifix between the hands as if in hopes that the holy symbol might protect him who had in life rejected it. Then, having lighted some candles, and sprinkled the body with holy water, she sank on the floor, worn out in body and mind; her tears flowed freely, and her whole frame was shaken with sobs, till at last she became utterly unconscious. When she came to herself again, it was perhaps four o'clock in the afternoon; the day was still in all its glory. She rose from her prostrate position, collected her thoughts, and decided on what must at once be done, then went out of the house, shutting the door behind her. The street was full of men who were taking the dead away in carts; Margaret went up to one of them and presenting her purse to him said, "I want a coffin; I am quite alone with my dead father, I beg you to come and help me."

"Was your father a Frenchman?" asked the man to whom she had spoken.

"His name is Jefferson," she said almost in a whisper,

"Jefferson of the police."

"It is no fault of his if all the French and the Papists are not dead or in prison. As it is for him, you may depend upon everything being done."

The man slipped the purse into his pocket, and leaving his comrades at work, went away, assuring Margaret that he would soon be back. And in about half-anhour he appeared, with a coffin and two bearers.

"Oh surely you are not going to hurry him away at once, without a clergyman and without mourners, to the grave——"

"Our orders are positive; this man enters each death in his books, and the corpses are taken at once to the cemetery. In days like these, there is not time to attend to each one in particular. If you know where your father is laid, is not that enough? We are in a hurry, in a great hurry, my pretty girl."

Margaret made no reply. When Jefferson was laid in the coffin, she pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and then knelt in prayer while the men were fastening down the lid. When they had finished this work they carried the coffin between them on a sort of stretcher, and Margaret followed weeping.

Many other funerals were passing the same way, many of the dead were heaped in carts, and but few among them had coffins, or were followed by any mourners. Great trenches had been dug in the burying-ground,

and into these were cast indiscriminately friends and foes, English and Canadians. A gravedigger pointed to an open pit and Jefferson's coffin was let down into it. Margaret had a cross put over the spot, and then after a rapid prayer, left the cemetery and went towards the prison. She knew that she must hasten if she would keep the promise she had made to Amy David. The death of Jefferson would soon be known and the influence of his daughter would not long survive him. Moreover Margaret thought that the prisons would probably be crowded, and that Lucy's situation might be completely changed; the unnatural strength which sustained her could not, she felt, last long, and she wished to employ what still was left her in a work which she prayed God to accept for the poor creature whom she had just buried, and for whom she could not but mourn.

Wrapped in her long cloak, and closely veiled, Margaret knocked at the prison door. Mrs. Jones recognised her, and with a cruel smile which chilled her to the very heart, said, "The house will be full to-night. Frenchwomen and Papists are being arrested. Do you think you can bring that little Lucy David back to reason?"

"I am sure I can," answered Margaret

The young girl slipped the last piece of money she had about her into the hand of the gaoleress, then crossed the court and followed her to Lucy's cell.

The prisoner was working quietly. A devotional book lay open before her, and showed that she had

man to whisper,

Papists

you may

l leaving Margaret half-an-

away at rners, to

ce to the to attend ere your a hurry,

was laid lead, and ing down y carried ther, and

w among tourners.
ground,

sought peace in prayer. She rose up quickly and joy-fully to welcome her visitor.

"It is late," said Mrs. Jones. "I shall only give you half-an-hour."

"Very well," said Margaret, gently; "half-an-hour will be enough for me."

The door was closed and bolted, and the young girls remained alone.

Margaret raised her veil and Lucy saw that she had been weeping.

- "What is the matter?" she asked, "what is the matter? Oh! Margaret, you are always helping and comforting others, can nothing be done to relieve your sorrow."
- "One thing only, Lucy, obey me as if I really had a right to command you, and promise never to forget me."
- "I owe you so much that it is impossible I should ever do so!"
- "Alas!" murmured Margaret, "I have scarcely repaired the harm done by another. Listen to me, Lucy; moments are precious and the present opportunity will never return—no report of what has been going on in the city can have reached you. You know nothing! nothing! There was a terrible rising yesterday. There was fighting between the Canadians and English; the one side fought with marvellous courage and the other with fearful fury. The French, the Catholics, have been conquered, and their leaders have fallen. George Malo is dead, John Canada a prisoner or dying. You

ask me why I weep Lucy, my father is dead too; I am doubly a mourner. No one can foresee the consequences of this revolt which has been quenched with blood—I promised to give you back to your mother and I will keep my word——."

Margaret unfastened her cloak and took off her veil then coming close to Lucy said, "Wrap yourself up in these things and as soon as the gaoleress comes for me, follow her without a word. Once out of the prison, you will be safe. Leave the country and do not forget to pray every day for Jefferson's daughter."

"Jefferson's daughter!" exclaimed Lucy, shrinking back, involuntarily, "the daughter of the man—"

"Of the man who brought persecution and trouble upon you. Yes, Lucy! Alas! I have had no part in the deeds for which he has even now given an account to God, and the day when I first crossed the threshold of the prison I did not even know the nature of his work in Montreal. Lucy, you know that I love you. Before you reject me, remember that my mother was an Acadian! remember that we worship at the same altar. To save you is no act of self-devotion on my part, but one of reparation. Alas! I would fain undo, not only for you, but for all, the harm that has been wrought by another. Lucy, Lucy, do not you sorgive me?"

The two young girls embraced each other with sorrowful affection.

"Quick! quick," said Margaret, "the turnkey may come; make haste and put on my cloak and veil."

"But you?" asked Lucy.

ng girls

she had

is the

ve your

lly had forget

should

Lucy;
ty will
g on in
thing!

h; the

, have leorge

You

- "I will stay here in your place."
- "No, no, Margaret, that is impossible."
- "And why?"
- "I cannot accept such a sacrifice."
- "Your mother is expecting you, Lucy."
- "Can we not fly together?"
- "It is out of the question. But do not fear," continued Margaret, "when they find that their prisoner is Jefferson's daughter they will remember all his services and let me go free."
 - "And what will you do afterwards, poor Margaret?"
- "I shall be able to find some convent that will take me as a servant."

Lucy began to weep.

"Thanks!" said Margaret, in a weaker voice; "yes, Lucy, I thank you for loving me still after the confession I have made to you. The memory of your last kiss will be a comfort to me."

A heavy step was now heard in the corridor.

"The gaoleress is coming," observed Margaret, and hastily fastened the cloak round Lucy's neck, then threw the veil over her head and in firmer tones repeated, "Your mother! think of your mother!" She seated herself at the table with her back to the door, and waited with beating heart for its opening.

The lantern in Mrs. Jones' hand cast but a feeble light through the cell, as after having drawn back the bolts she entered. "Come," she said, hurriedly, "the house is being filled with new prisoners, implicated in political affairs, and I hardly know which way to turn." Lucy tottered, bent over Margaret, and clasped her to her heart with many tears, then turned and followed the gaoleress.

"Your young friend has every reason to fear, as things are now going," said the woman; "if she does not change her mind a little, she is likely enough to be transported with many more. But don't fret too much, your father's great influence may save her. Besides, Miss Margaret, you know I would do anything to serve you."

At last the corridors were passed, and the court crossed; two wickets, and then the great gate were shut behind her, and Lucy was in the street. Free! she was free! She leaned against the wall, tottering and scared, hardly able to believe that it was really true. A group of men approaching caused her fresh alarm. She felt that her weakness and hesitation might attract attention, so she began to walk.

Much had already been done to efface the tokens of the fearful fight. The corpses had been removed, and the pavement washed, and windows were being opened. But patrols of soldiers were passing and repassing in the streets, and prisoners were, here and there, being taken from houses.

Lucy at last reached the street in which her mother dwelt; she saw the house where she had once lived happily, where Amy was now waiting in sorrow for her return, and, gaining strength from her joy, she rapidly ascended the stairs, opened the door of the apartment, and fell on her knees before her mother.

r," conprisoner his ser-

garet?" vill take

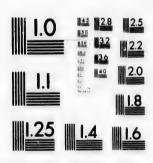
c; "yes, confesour last

ret, and n threw epeated, seated oor, and

le light e bolts e house politi-

11.00 11.00 11.00 12.00

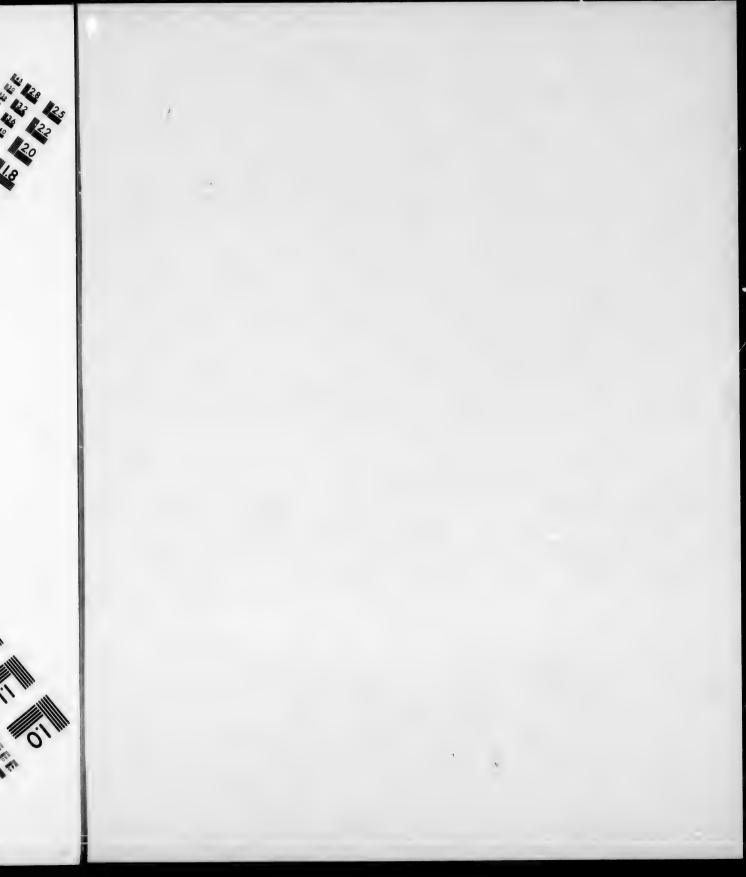
IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 "JEST MAIN STREET WERSTER, N.Y. 14580 (716) 872-4503

SIM STATE OF THE S



"Mother! mother!" said she, "do not cry, here I am! I have come back to you by a kind of miracle. We will leave Montreal, we will go wherever you like, we will live on little or nothing, if only we can be together."

Amy kissed her daughter's forehead over and over again, looked at her, listened to her, weeping and smiling at once. It was long before the two had completely opened their hearts to each other. When Amy heard that Margaret was the daughter of Jefferson, she pressed her child yet closer to her side, and said: "The daughter is paying the father's debt!"

Towards evening, thinking that they could safely pass through Montreal, Lucy begged her mother to leave their house which had already been pointed out to the police. Lucy's escape could not long remain unknown; naturally the prisoner would be sought for at her own home, and there would be no further hope of deliverance.

"You are right," said the mother, "let us go."

They hastily gathered some things together, and went downstairs. Where should they go? What should they do? They knew not, but they trusted that kind Providence which cares for the afflicted.

Wearied with wandering, they reached the port, as if in hopes of at once finding means to carry out their purpose of leaving Canada for ever. There were few people about. Heaps of trunks, bags, and packages formed a sort of wall between the two women and the river; they sat down on a great bale

here I of goods and hand-in-hand leaned back and gave way to the fatigue which overpowered them.

The sound of a voice which they had heard before, aroused them from their torpor.

"You understand, Quilenbois," said a young man in undertones, "you will come every evening to the neighbourhood of the rapids of La Chine with a good boat and three boatmen; perhaps we may not come for more than a week, or perhaps we may come this very night. Until God calls the heroic soul of John Canada to Himself, the Captain and Marquis Tanguy will watch over him as if he were their brother."

"Trust to me, Master Patira, Quilenbois will not neglect his duty, and when the Captain and his family are concerned we can never do enough."

"It might be well to prepare for a greater number of passengers on board the Lady of Gaul; Halgan has given orders to receive French and Canadian fugitives. The ship is to be a place of refuge."

Amy David and her daughter silently pressed each other's hands, then they rose and came near to Patira and the rough seamen.

"I have just heard your name," said Amy, "and you perhaps may remember mine. On the day when you first received John Canada's hospitality, a weeping mother came to ask him to restore her daughter who had been imprisoned by the English authorities. A devoted woman has enabled Lucy to escape; but we cannot hope for continued liberty. Hide us in your

d over g and d comon Amy son, she : "The

can be

ther to nted out nain unt for at hope of

o."
her, and
What
ited that

port, as rry out There , bags, the two eat bale friendly ship. Take us to your Brittany, since New France can no longer be our home."

Patira looked at the two women with a feeling of deep compassion. "Follow these sailors," he said; "I have just given them Halgan's orders!"

"And you," asked Amy, "where are you going?"

"I am going to receive John Canada's last breath," was his reply.

In a few minutes more, Amy and Lucy had reached the Lady of Gaul which was riding at anchor hard by, and Patira was on his way back to the village of La Chine.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MARTYR OF A GREAT CAUSE

In a hut dimly lighted by torches of pine-wood, a dying man lay propped up on a bed of branches and sassafras covered with a bear's skin. His head was bound up, his face was deadly pale, but was still lighted up by the brightness of his eyes; the shirt which covered his breast was stained with blood, and his arms bore the marks of recent sword wounds. In spite of the loss of blood and the fever caused by the numerous wounds, of which at least one must have been mortal, the dying man retained his presence of mind and energy. He had been for two days in this hut; from time to time he raised to his lips a crucifix which was lying on the covering of the bed together with a banner of white silk whose gold embroidered lilies were almost hidden by stains of blood.

e New

ling of id; " I

ing?" reath,"

reached ard by, re of La

a dying sassafras und up, p by the ered his pore the e loss of unds, of ing man ad been aised to g of the se gold

ains of

The dying man was John Canada.

At the moment when the final effort of the English soldiers had pushed him into the river, covered with wounds and almost exhausted, Patira, whose self-devotion never failed or flagged, had thrown himself in by his side. The enemies who had been pressing him so closely left it to the river to end the career of the heroic champion of Canada. These soldiers moreover, having joined the struggle at a late period, did not even know the name of their formidable adversary, for, although John Canada's fame was far spread, few of the opposing party knew him by sight.

Patira dived, seized his friend by the hair, and swimming between two currents, managed to reach a narrow tongue of sand on which the reeds grew high and thick. The sounds of musketry, of shouts and savage cries were still plainly to be heard; for a moment Patira thought that a band of Indians led by Pierced-Heart and Black Bison might still change the fortunes of the day, but he was soon convinced that nothing but complete defeat awaited his fellow-countrymen. Kneeling on the ground and bending over the wan brow of the unconscious John Canada, he wept as he had wept when spoilers invaded the Abbey of Léhon, or when the emissaries of the revolution assassinated Father Guéthenoc.

He saw the troop of Abenaquis flee like dust before the wind from the English, who did not venture to pursue them when they took to their boats to return to the village of La Chine.

Then Patira said to himself, "There, where the Great Hut once stood, must I bear him whom I have known in all his power and popularity."

But John Canada gave no sign of life, and the youth feared that the hero's eyes were closed in their last sleep. He raised him up, bathed his forehead with cold water, uncovered the breast in which gaped the wound made by a dagger, and then with tearful eyes waited, wondering what had become of Tanguy and Halgan, and lavishing on John Canada, attention and care which might perhaps be useless.

At last a sigh broke from the lips of the wounded man; he opened his eyes and looked at Patira with an expression of terrible anxiety.

"It has not pleased God to let Canada be free?" he said, in a tone of inquiry.

"No one knows God's time!" answered Patira

Silence, a dreadful silence, reigned between the two. The sounds of combat became fainter as daylight faded away; night only could permit them to leave their place of refuge.

Patira bound up John Canada's wounds, and then said in a trembling voice, "Rest a little longer, when the darkness is deeper we will leave this thicket of reeds and try to reach the bank of the river. Then, if you are equal to it, we will go to the village of La Chine: possibly some of your friends may have escaped from the battle and have taken shelter there."

"Yes," said John Canada, "you are right, let us act lose an hour, or even a minute; fever gives me

nere the n I have

he youth their last ead with aped the rful eyes guy and ation and

wounded with an

ree?" he

tira the two. th faded leir place

er, when
of reeds
n, if you
Chine:
ed from

it, let us ives me strength for the present. I would fain live to bid farewell to all whom I have loved.

Patira helped the wounded man to rise, and leaning on his shoulder, John Canada was able to stand. Very slowly, but with marvellous energy, John Canada ascended the grassy slope, then leaning more and more heavily on Patira, walked on silently with measured steps, often pausing to take breath. The sky was lighted up with countless stars, and no sounds from the city reached their ears; a terrible silence had followed the tumult of the day. The French inhabitants anxiously waited the course of events, the few among them who had not borne a part in the conflict knew that their nationality would of itself make them objects of suspicion; stern measures were to be expected from the English conquerors, and banishment was likely to be the portion of those who had taken arms. the thoughts which passed through John Canada's mind as he saw that his twenty years of calm preparation were in vain, and that the cause to which he had devoted his life was lost, probably for ever. His friends had been wanting in the power which had so long sustained him, the power of patience! All the bitter sorrows, the barren desolation, the suppressed tears and the disappointed hopes of Canada seemed to fall on this one man, who bore on his body and limbs many a wound from sword and musket, but the deepest of all was in his heart.

It took the two wanderers more than three hours to reach the village of La Chine. At first sight it seemed

to be completely deserted, but John Canada, who was accustomed to forest life and whose senses were almost as acute as those of the wild Indians, thought he heard faint sounds betraying the presence of human inhabitants.

Being unable to procure any other refreshment or sustenance for the wounded man, Patira gave him some water, then made him lie down, resting his head upon his shoulder, and both soon fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

John Canada was the first to open his eyes. A heap of ashes, charred wood, and blackened posts, showed him where his house had once stood. Patira had done well in bringing him to die where he had lived as the father and chief of the oppressed tribes, the consoler and hope of the French who looked to their mother-country for aid and support. Gratitude to the youth who still slumbered at his side filled the heart of John Canada as he recognised the river so well known to him in all its turns, its rapids and islands, and the forest beneath whose shade he had so often hunted in company with his Indian friends.

By-and-by Patira awoke and looked anxiously at John Canada.

"I am better, my boy," said the latter; "you need not be afraid to leave me for a few minutes. Seek some empty hut in the forest and then help me to reach it, I do not know, but I have a feeling that we are not alone."

Patira left John Canada resting against the trunk of

nent or im some

vho was

almost

im some ad upon reamless

A heap

wed him
one well
to father
and hope
y for aid
umbered
to he reto all its
beneath
ny with

usly at ou need

ek some each it, are not

runk of

a tree, and went on into the forest where the oak and maple shut out the sky. He presently perceived human forms gliding amongst the tall grass, and anxious faces peeping through the branches and underwood. He was utterly unacquainted with the language of the Algonquins, but he knew that the Indians would at once respond to an appeal made in the name of their friend and protector, so he turned towards the woodland depths which seemed to offer a refuge to the Abenaquis and Algonquins, and with all his might called out "John Canada! John Canada!"

The name acted like a magic spell. In a moment Patira was surrounded by Indians, many of whom bore traces of battle, and very soon Black Bison and the Silver-haired maiden also joined him.

"My young brother is saved!" said the Indian girl clasping her hands in token of gratitude.

"John Canada is dying," answered Patira.

A groan burst from the breasts of the assembled Indians.

"Will the young, generous-hearted warrior lead us to him?" asked Black Bison.

Patira led them to the place where lay the champion of Canadian liberty. They gazed sorrowfully and silently on the hero; grief was visible on every countenance. John Canada looked at the figures that circled round him and then said in a tone of inquiry: "Halgan? Coëtquen?"

"The Pale-races rought like hons," said the Black Bison.

"Have they escaped death?"

"The Great Spirit has protected them and they are now with the Black-Robe in the hut of Pierced-Heart, who will soon go to the world of departed souls."

John Canada made a sign to Patira, who readily understood his desire, but before going in quest of Halgan and Tanguy, he wished to see John installed in the hut whose door stood open at a little distance. A heap of branches hastily cut, together with some furs formed a bed for the dying man. One of the Indians brought him some ears of corn, another offered a gourd filled with refreshing drink, his wounds were dressed afresh, and then Patira bent his steps towards the hut where the Pierced-Heart was expiring. This hut was completely hidden by the trees, and the Indian whe served Patira as guide pointed out to him several other huts equally well concealed by the foliage and capable of sheltering the Indians for a while from the English forces.

For the present, however, those forces were fully employed in putting down the insurrection in the city. If the Indian allies of the French cause were to suffer for their generous friendship, it would not be till later, and indeed, while they remained in their forests, the Red-skins could laugh at all pursuers, being well aware that the soldiers could never find the prints of their light mocassins.

Patira and his Indian guide entered the warrior's hut. Pierced-Heart was listening to Father Flavian's words; when he himself spoke, visions of the Christians'

heaven were strangely mingled with descriptions of the happy hunting-grounds of his forefathers. He talked of the angels' songs and of endless wanderings through the sacred forests; but God saw into the depths of that upright and heroic soul. Although the legends of his lakes and the lessons of the Gospel were confusedly interwoven in his poor brain, he pressed his lips devoutly to the crucifix which the missionary held before him. But one thing seemed difficult to him at this solemn hour and that was, to forgive. The Indian who has looked on revenge, not merely as a pleasure, but as a duty, can scarcely understand the precept which requires him to pardon. Pierced-Heart still felt a kind of longing for his scalping-knife, and would fain have seen fresh trophies sewn around his tunic. Anger at his defeat struggled in his mind with his desire to obey the Black-Robe.

"God sees the heart of his Red children," he said at last; "Pierced-Heart has fought for the Pale-faces, he is dying as a warrior should die, without complaining, for he has lived as a brave man; he prays the Black-Robe to bless him and to take away from his soul every stain that would offend the eye of the Great Spirit."

Father Flavian laid his two hands on the brow of the Indian: "Let my son be at peace," he said, "let him kiss the feet of his Saviour and say, 'I forgive,' and then my God will receive him in mercy."

Pierced-Heart obeyed, he prayed in a low voice, and then, looking at the missionary said, "The God of the Pale-faces has spoken to me, the Black Robe will not

they are l-Heart,

Halgan the hut heap of ormed a brought rd filled afresh, at where all other capable English

e fully
he city.
o suffer
ll later,
sts, the
l aware
f their

arrior's avian's stians' lay the scalps taken by the Indian in my tomb; the Christian asks for nothing but a cross."

Pierced-Heart fell back; his spirit had passed away. Then Patira came gently, close to Tanguy, Halgan and the missionary, and told them that John Canada had sent for them.

The body of the Indian was left under the care of some of the young men of the tribe, while the old chiefs followed Patira in sadness.

"My lord," said the youth to Tanguy, "now that you see me, you know, do you not, that Hervé is in safety?"

"Yes, my trusted friend," answered Tanguy, "where have you taken him?"

"To the Lady of Gaul."

"Is she in the harbour?"

"No, I was afraid of risking our last chance of deliverance, but I desired two of the sailors to cruise about in the long boat. As soon as we can think of embarking on board the ship, I will go and give them the Captain's orders."

"Good!" said Halgan, "good! my boy; this very evening you must go and bid them leave Montreal and join us here."

"I will do it," answered Patira.

The story of Tanguy's and Halgan's deliverance was then related to the youth. When the Indian bands led by Black Bison and Pierced-Heart had succeeded in making their attack on the enemy, the two Frenchmen who had foughtlike heroes and had seen John Canada fall mb; the

ed away. Halgan nada had

e care of the old

now that rvé is in

" where

ce of deo cruise think of ive them

his very real and

ands led eded in nchmen ada fall into the river, knew that the struggle for independence had failed. Tanguy was bound to live for the sake of his son, Hervé. He went with the Captain in an Indian canoe to the village of La Chine and reached it just at the time when Pierced-Heart had received a mortal wound in the chest. Black Bison paid little heed to a terrible gash in his arm. The Silver-haired maiden, who had been saved by Black Bison, walked in the midst of a company of warriors. The Indians had taken refuge in the forest only a few hours before the arrival of Patira and his companion.

John Canada was able to smile when he saw his friends enter the hut. He leaned forward and stretched out his hands towards those whom he could never hope to see again.

The Indian chiefs stood silent in the hut and Father Flavian came close to the dying man's couch.

John Canada made an effort and said: "I have been a proud man, Father; I thought that God had chosen me to be the deliverer of a nation. I took my own ardent desire for the voice of Providence, and now, at this solemn moment, I reproach myself for having encouraged vain hopes in many hearts, and for having been the cause of so much bloodshed."

"God will judge your intentions, brother," answered Father Flavian. "You have never sought your own glory, your only aim has been the deliverance of an oppressed people and the triumph of your faith. It is true that much blood was shed yesterday, but who can say that that blood will not prove a precious seed? Is

it nothing to have kept the soul of a nation brave and faithful for twenty years? You have been amongst us as a soldier-apostle. Your voluntary mission has often been a help to mine. Do not let your last moments be troubled by the fear of having done harm when you purposed good. To me, you have been the very personification of French and Catholic Canada. The heart of your country beats in your breast. You have always looked on this land, which was conquered by Frenchmen, placed beneath the banner of the lily, and defended by Montcalm—as French soil. Fear not! my son. Your name may not indeed be handed down to future ages, like that of our hero, but you have done your work, you have cast the seed into the furrow, and your noble death will complete the devotion of your life. Every French heart, every friend or ally of France blesses and praises you."

"I am about to die," said John Canada. "I want

naught but mercy."

"No! no! you will live!" said Tanguy, taking the dying man's hand between his own. "You will live, and since a foreign yoke presses too heavily on Canada, you will return to the land of your forefathers.

"France!" murmured John Canada, "France" and he lay still, absorbed in memories of the past.

When evening came, Patira left the village of La Chine and went back to Montreal. The city was silent as the grave. He went to the harbour, saw Amy and Lucy David, and then Quilenbois and his comrade. He gave the Captain's orders to the sailors, and having accomplished his mission, returned to the village.

John Canada's condition gradually became more serious. He was fully aware of it, and with a soul strengthened by the Last Sacraments, awaited his summons. His presence of mind and calm energy never failed him, and in the intervals of comparative ease, he spoke of those who had been the witnesses of his life.

"I have had but one passion and one love," he said. "I devoted myself to it with all the enthusiasm of my nature. I took my dream for a living reality. I believed that the French could re-conquer New France, and ought to do so. God has not permitted it. But who can understand His secret purposes? What I have been unable to do, may yet be done without me, when I am gone. And if, at last, a day of glorious liberty should dawn for Canada, all that we hoped and longed for will be realized in generations yet to come. Notwithstanding conquest, Protestantism, and English rule, Canada will still be France! Time and distance may intervene, but the sons of a common country will ever understand each other, and their hearts will beat in unison. It may be that this premature and disastrous struggle will be our last effort for freedom, but even should my name be forgotten among men, I am sure that the sun which shines on the Old World and on the New, will ever shine on a France in each hemisphere."

On the following day, the burial of Pierced-Heart took place with a splendour at once religious and

The You nquered the lily, ear not! ed down ow, and our life.

ave and ngst us

as often

ients be

nen you

'I want

ing the ill live, Canada,

ance " st. age of

ity was ir, saw nd his

sailors.

warlike. Three other Indians also died of their wounds; their graves were made in front of the Great Hut, around the maple-tree which had given shelter to Patira, the Silver-haired maiden, and little Hervé, and were lined with fresh foliage and buffalo skins.

John Canada lingered on; he made no complaint, conversed sometimes with Father Flavian and sometimes with Tanguy, and spoke in their own tongue to the Indians who gathered into the hut. His friendship had for many a year watched over them, teaching, counselling, and assisting them, and now with persuasive sweetness he besought them to remain true to their faith, even if separated from their missionaries.

The solemn composure which the Indians consider it a point of honour to preserve, restrained any outburst of grief on the part of those who had been shedding their blood for the French cause. They made every effort to be calm, but a cloud was on their brows, their limbs trembled, and they looked sorrowfully at the friend who was about to pass away from their sight. Towards evening, on the second day, Patira, who had been keeping watch near the hut, informed the Captain that Quilenbois was waiting with the boat.

Halgan drew near to John Canada's bed.

"The ship is at anchor, ready for us," he said. "Let us carry you on board. Though your wounds are serious, we hope to save you. It has not been in your

of their t of the ad given and little d buffalo

omplaint, nd sometongue to s friendm, teachnow with o remain heir mis-

onsider it outburst shedding ade every bws, their y at the om their , Patira, informed with the

id. "Let unds are in your power to free Canada from English rule, come and seek the restoration of your health in your native air."

John Canada shook his head.

"Nothing can save me," he replied.

Black Bison left the group of Indians amongst whom he had been standing. With upraised face and hand outstretched towards the death-bed, he spoke in solemn tones, turning sometimes to the dying man and sometimes to his companions and these were his words: "Our Palefaced brother has seen the number of his days fulfilled: he will never leave the forest through which he has wandered with the Red-skins, he does not desire to depart far from their villages. It is the custom for an Indian when he is about to go to his fathers, to recount his past life in a song of praise. Our friend and brother has never taken pride in the good he has done, or the services he has rendered. It is for the Indian to declare that he was wise in council, and ardent in battle, and that as long as a fire burns in the Indian wigwam, as long as fathers teach their sons to wield arms and to respect the laws, so long will the name of John Canada live in their memories and on their lips. If the Great Spirit does not allow him to remain amongst us, if He calls him to Himself to give him his reward, let his grave be made in Indian soil; the children will go and pray there, and there the young men will ponder on the duties of The shadows of the maples and mossgrown oaks will be dearer to John Canada than the land in which he has not dwelt. Let him look upon the Red Children and read in their eyes; the tongue of

friends is not double and my lips have spoken what my heart inspired."

"I thank you, Black Bison," said John Canada,

"yes, here I have lived, here I ought to die."

Patira, Tanguy, and Halgan saw that the wounded man was growing weaker every hour. In one of the intervals when he seemed to waken from the torpor which had overcome him, he saw Nonpareille weeping in heart-broken grief; he gently called her to him and with fatherly kindness said, "Civilized life suits you better than savage life. Go to Europe with our friends, who will soon bid a last farewell to New France; God has given you a companion of your own age who will be a brother to you, unless he prays you to let him bear a yet dearer name. Promise me that you will go."

"No! no!" answered the Silver-haired maiden, "I

cannot bear to leave you!"

"You will not leave me, Nonpareille, it is I that am going away——"

John Canada made a sign to Patira who came near.

"There as here, always and everywhere, take care of her and love her," he said.

"I solemnly promise to do so," answered Patira, taking Nonpareille's hand over the bed where John Canada lay.

"And now," continued the dying man, speaking to Tanguy, "you are going back to France—the scaffold is cast down, peace will return, you will see the churches rebuilt; civilization, faith, commerce and the arts will what my

Canada,

wounded ne of the he torpor weeping him and suits you r friends, ace; God age who ou to let that you

iden, "I

that am

ne near. care of

Patira, re John

king to scaffold hurches rts will flourish again. You are happy, you will see our country! If people ask you of this distant land, say that time and suffering will never quench its love for France. Canada will always speak the old language, Canada will always look to France as to her mother-country. Teach those around you to love this distant land, which though it has indeed been subjugated is ever unchanged in soul! And some day tell your grandchildren that you loved the friend of Montcalm and saw him die." A spasm came over John Canada and for a quarter of an hour he suffered terribly, but he made no complaint and now and then said in a low voice to Father Flavian, "Pray for me!"

His agony began. The missionary recited the beautiful prayers by which the Church implores the mercy of God for the departing soul. John Canada answered in an audible voice. Nonpareille sobbed bitterly with her face hidden in the furs which covered the couch, and Patira could with great difficulty control his emotion.

Father Flavian placed the crucifix for the last time on the lips of Montcalm's comrade and said in a strong voice, "Soul of a Christian and a soldier, go forth to heaven!"

An expression of sublime peace spread itself over the face of John Canada, the cross remained between his fingers, but Nonpareille took possession of a doubly precious relic, the French banner saved at the battle on the plains of Abraham. She pressed it wildly to

her breast, then remained weeping with her arms stretched out upon the bed, until Patira came to lead her away from the desolate hut.

"Nonpareille has lost her second father!" she said; "Nonpareille can only die!"

"Will not the Daughter of the Forest obey John Canada and come with her young brother?" The Daughter of the Forest made no answer, but let her hand fall into Patira's.

The hero, whose name is now unknown, was laid in his grave on the following day. His memory has lived on among those legends which live in the hearts of men, which are repeated in the bark-roofed hut around the evening fire, and serve to throw light on many an obscure passage of history.

He was buried beneath the great oak trees, opposite the Rapids of La Chine, where he had saved the lives of Halgan and Coëtquen. A great cross was raised over his grave and Patira carved upon it the name "John Canada."

There was nothing now to keep Tanguy, Patira, and Halgan in a country where civil war was raging. They knew that peace had been restored to France and they all longed to be back in Brittany. The night after the burial of John Canada, accompanied by the Silverhaired maiden they went, in the boat which Quilenbois had in readiness, to the Lady of Gaul, and without waiting for a pilot, for delay might have exposed them to observation, they set sail and proceeded down the river. The river soon widened so that

its opposite shores were no longer visible and the eyes of the voyagers rested on a vast unbroken expanse of water.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RUINS OF COETQUEN.

From the stagnant waters of the lake of Coëtquen rise heaps of ruins, and on its banks, one fine autumn evening, wandered a thin and poorly-clad woman, whose long fair hair fell like a veil over her face as from time to time she stooped down to the ground, and when she suddenly raised herself rolled back in heavy golden masses whose beauty contrasted strangely with her rags and her wan, pale countenance.

Three children were with her, the two youngest held on to her skirts and the eldest walked with serious air at her side, every now and then raising a pair of large grave eyes to her face. The woman who was still young, held her rosary in her hands and paused at every broken fragment of the ruined Calvary, and knelt at every spot where once had stood a fair image of our Lady.

As she walked barefoot along the dusty roads, she often interrupted her Hail Marys, fell on her knees, and prayed in words so strange that all who heard her believed that her mind had lost its balance, then rose up with frightened mien, clasped her little ones to her breast and repeated

The let her laid in

ne suid :

y John

as lived earts of around any an

pposite lives of ed over "John

ra, and
They
d they
t after
Silverenbois
ithout
sposed
eeded

that

amidst many tears, "It is not their fault, Good Lord Jesus! It is not their fault! Let not the blood that has been shed be upon my innocent children! Gwen, Noll, and Frances have never offended Thee, O Lord! let them be under the protection of the angels! The burden that I bear is too heavy for them."

When the poor creature passed by a farm-house, the women would run out to her with eager compassion, bring her in and make her sit down in the great comfortable kitchen, where the dressers were bright with shining crockery, and buck-wheat cakes, slices of bacon, and pitchers filled with foaming cider, stood on the long table in the middle. She would eat as she felt inclined, without any care for hunger to come, and then with a bend of the head equivalent to a thanksgiving, would go her way, pointing to her innocent children and murmuring, "It is not their fault! no, it is not their fault!"

And the good wives of Brittany would answer, "The sins of John Anvil will never be visited on Claudia or the sweet little angels who follow her weary steps."

For weeks and months she wandered thus, crazed with grief, with the incendiary fire and the scenes of murder ever before her eyes; unable to forget the fearful tragedies she had witnessed. Something had given way in her brain and in her heart, Claudia the fair had become crazy Claudia. On the evening of which we are speaking, chance had brought her to the ruins of the Castle of Coëtquen. Fire and pillage had left a shapeless, dark mass of ruins, which cast a

ood Lord lood that Gwen, O Lord! s! The

n-house,
er comown in
dressers
k-wheat
foaming
he would
hinger to
ent to a
to her
ot their

"The audia or ps." crazed senes of get the ng had dia the aing of to the

pillage

cast a

dismal shadow on the water. The double girdle of blue which had once encircled the Castle no longer reflected the white and golden water-lilies; the wild flowers which had adorned a floating garden were now buried beneath heaps of rubbish. The ruin was wild and gloomy, and the young woman gazed at it with more attention than she was wont to bestow on objects before her. The children were rolling on the grass quite near her; occasionally she cast a rapid timorous glance at them and then relapsed nto her own sad meditations.

All at once she roused herself and raised her head; a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a broken voice said, "The owners are coming back, the owners of the Castle of Coëtquen, where Blanche Halgan suffered her martyrdom. I hear the steps of the Breton nobles on the soil that belongs to them! but the owl hoots in the ruins, the lizard is gliding over the burnt stones, the raven is flying over the manor where the wolves of Coëtquen spoke words of deadly threat. The noble Tanguy, whom I have seen as a child playing in his nurse's arms, will not cross the drawbridge; the Blue Child who was born in the dungeon beneath the Round Tower, will not enter the feudal mansion as its heir——"

"It is not the fault of the innocent children, no indeed, it is not their fault!" murmured Claudia; "my feet are bleeding from the stony roads, tears are flowing from my eyes, I pray constantly to the Mother of Sorrows, but the angel of pardon comes not, the angel of pardon will never come!"

"Hush, Claudia!" said Jennie the Spinster, stretching out her withered hand in the direction of the road. "I know which way the wind blows. I divine the future from the flight of the raven, and if I would, I might gather that golden herb which brings smiles; far, far away I hear the step of the horse that is bearing back to his domain, Tanguy Marquis of Coëtquen, Baron of Vaurusier and other lordships."

Claudia took to her beads again and seemed to understand nothing of the prophetical words spoken by Jennie.

At this moment, however, the predictions of the old woman, whom the neighbours credited with the gift of second-sight, were confirmed, as the sound of wheels and of the gallop of a horse came nearer and nearer.

A few minutes brought carriage and horse within view of the manor, and Jennie hastening up to the travellers as they set foot on the ground, exclaimed, with her bony arms upraised towards heaven, "Welcome Coëtquen! Tanguy of Coëtquen! Welcome to the land which is your own!"

The gentleman thus addressed started back in surprise, but a youth sprang to the old woman's side, clasped her hands in a transport of joy and cried out, "Jennie! dear Jennie!"

"Patira!" answered the old woman.

"And here is Hervé, the Blue Child whom I took first to the Dwarfs' Grotto and then to your cottage, dear old mother; you paid dearly for the welcome you stretchhe road. vine the vould, I smiles; is bearëtquen,

med to ken by

of the ith the sound er and

within to the d, with elcome le land

rprise, ed her ennie!

took tage, gave him!" Patira turned to the Marquis of Coëtquen, "My lord," he said, "my lord, it was Jennie the Spinster who helped me to save your boy."

"Blessings on her! God only can reward her for the good she has done. Patira, as she took care of my boy, I will now in my turn take care of her—I mean her old age to be happy."

"I will accept your favours for her, my lord, for Jennie would refuse them."

"Holy Virgin," repeated the kneeling Claudia, "surely the innocent children are not to blame!"

Patira exclaimed aloud, "Claudia! Claudia! Gwen, Noll, Frances, don't you know me?"

John Anvil's widow turned her troubled gaze to Patira, tottered, stretched out her hands, fell back and with a groan which seemed to come from a broken heart, said "It is himself! It is himself!"

The youth knelt down in the grass, then looking full in the face of her who had loved and protected and defended him, he said with a tone in which authority and affection were mingled, "I am no longer a child, Claudia, but a man; I am ready to undertake any work that God gives me to do; I have shared your bread, I will labour to support you and your little ones."

"It is the same!" answered Claudia; "Patira whom I found poor and weak and half-naked on the road-side; Patira whom I would have cherished as I cherish these innocent children. Blessed be God who has brought him back! Dreadful things have been done, do you know?—You see my tattered garments are black—It

is mourning, deep mourning—God knows what has become of his soul—Have you forgiven, Patira?"

"I have forgiven him, Claudia, and you have prayed."

While Patira was speaking to Claudia and Jennie the Spinster, the Silver-haired maiden had drawn near. As she stood in the full light of the brilliant sunset with her shining hair falling like a veil from her graceful head, she seemed the very personification of one of those mysterious, unearthly beings, of whose existence, notwithstanding her Christian faith, Jennie was firmly persuaded.

"Look well at her," said Patira, drawing the timid Nonpareille towards Jennie, "she is a child of the American forests, a daughter of the distant land whence we have now come. A great brave man gave her to me for a sister."

"She will be your reward," said Jennie, gravely, "your life will flow sweetly on at her side, the affection of this child will repay your devotion to the Coëtquen family."

While Jennie, Claudia and Patira were talking together, Halgan and the Marquis silently passed over the ruined drawbridge, and made their way into the courtyard of the castle. All the woodwork of the ancient edifice had been completely devoured by the flames, the door of entrance to the Round Tower was gone, and some steps of the winding staircase which led to the dungeons below were visible, though it was soon lost in the deep obscurity. Tanguy lighted

what has be-

you have

d Jennie the drawn near. liant sunset from her nification of s, of whose with, Jennie

the timid ald of the and whence ave her to

e, gravely, e affection Coëtquen

alking tod over the
the courte ancient
he flames,
was gone,
which led
th it was
lighted

dark-lantern with which he had provided himself, cast its ray upon the dismal descent and said to the Captain, "Come!"

Halgan followed the steps of his son-in-law down the stairs. The two were soon in a narrow passage, a yawning opening before them showed the place where a door had once been. They went through the opening. A wooden bedstead covered with a little straw, stood in a corner, a pitcher and a little stool lay on the floor. Through the narrow window with its twisted iron bars could be seen the water of the lake which when swelled by the winter's rain or snow would flood the dungeon, and a narrow strip of sky in whose midst shone a bright star.

"Father! father!" said Tanguy, falling on his knees before the wretched couch where Blanche of Coëtquen had so often wept herself to sleep, "this is the place in which your daughter suffered her martyrdom. You gave her to me, full of beauty and of joy, and in my very house she underwent an agony of many months. Oh father! father! I have wished to ask your pardon in this dungeon where she groaned and called upon me though I could not hear her."

Halgan stood leaning against the wall, with his face turned towards that poor bed. He was sobbing bitterly, and though he had never flinched from any danger, he was now trembling from head to foot. But he was too just to deem the Marquis of Coëtquen responsible for the irreparable calamity which had overshadowed their lives. He knew that his daughter's husband had

himself sought death when he believed that Blanche had gone to another world. He stretched out his arms and cried, "Tanguy! Tanguy!" and the two men embraced each other and wept.

A clear, sweet voice at the other side of the lake now began to sing the ballad of the "Lady of Coëtquen!"

The song had a sort of magical power to evoke the visions of the past. One of the saddest scenes of the terrible tragedy rose before the minds of Tanguy and Halgan. The burden of this song had often served to let the poor prisoner know that Patira was about to cross the lake. Then Blanche would rise from her bed, and clinging to the iron bars, while Patira kept himself floating on the water by means of his raft of rushes, she would speak to him of Tanguy, and implore him, poor ill-used boy as he was, to protect her little treasure.

"See, father," said the Marquis of Coëtquen, pointing to two shattered iron bars, "by this opening Patira saved my child; he took Hervé bathed in Blanche's tears, protected him, cared for him, and at last restored him to my arms. I must weep, for we are in a tomb, but I will also bless God, for He has given me my boy to bind me to life."

"Come, Tanguy," said the Captain, "we will return here again, and we will make a chapel in which you and I alone will pray."

They went up the narrow stairs, passed through the courtyard, crossed the ruined drawbridge, and then

at Blanche ut his arms o men em-

e of the "Lady of

evoke the enes of the anguy and a served to a about to in her bed, pt himself of rushes, plore him, her little

en, pointing Patira
Blanche's
restored
a tomb,
my boy

ll return you and

ugh the

slowly, as if bowed down by the heavy weight of sad memories, rejoined Jennie the Spinster, Claudia, and Patira.

Paira, with Hervé on his knees, was finishing the last verses of "The Lady of Coëtquen."

Tanguy pressed his boy to his heart. The memory of the terrible dangers that had here beset that young life called forth all his tenderest affection. Then he drew Patira, whose eyes were full tears, to his side. "Here," he said, "within sight of the Round Tower where Blanche of Coëtquen suffered, I adopt you as Hervé's brother. If I have not power to leave you my name, I have every right to treat you with the affection of a father, and to swear to you, once a poor lonely child, and then a brave, devoted hero, that henceforth my fortune is yours and that I am ready to love those who are loved by you."

Patira did not withdraw from Tanguy's embrace.

At that moment the heart of the nobleman and that of the unknown youth, who had once been the victim of John Anvil's cruelty, were alike melted by gratitude and affection. The adoption of Patira was sealed by the innocent Hervé who twined his arms round his neck and said to Tanguy, "I loved my friend a great deal, but I will love my brother even more."

Nonpareille stood by, with her arms folded on her breast, gazing at the group formed by Tanguy, Halgan and Patira; a melancholy smile played on her lips and she seemed to wonder whether there was room for her in the family circle. Patira divined her thoughts,

took her trembling hand, and drewher towards Halgan and Tanguy, gently saying, "By-and-by!"

Halgan and Tanguy now turned to Claudia and Jennie. "You too," said Tanguy, "have claims on my gratitude. Jennie, who gave Patira her goat to provide milk for Hervé, may ask what she will from Tanguy of Coëtquen. But you will not ask anything, Jennie, I know; only you will not refuse me one request. A comfortable, healthy house shall be built for Claudia and her children, you will live there with the poor soul, who may, please God, be restored to health by a little quiet and comfort. Take this purse for Claudia, Jennie! good faithful Jennie! and with it the heartful thanks of a father who owes you nis most precious treasure."

The old woman fell on her knees, kissing his hand and saying, "Blessed be God that the old owners return to their lands! the wayside cross will be raised up, and the name of Coëtquen will not die out."

Patira again embraced the children, and after an affectionate farewell to Claudia, got into the carriage with the other travellers, and soon all were rapidly proceeding to Dinan.

The towers of the Castle which had witnessed Blanche's agony were never rebuilt; the fortune of the Lords of Coëtquen seems to have been very seriously impaired by the Revolution of '93, but the Captain was rich enough to restore the ancient splendour of the family, and although the Marquis did not think of settling again in Brittany, he resolved to visit his

rds Halgan

laudia and claims on the goat to be will from anything, the me one all be built there with the doto health purse for with it the inis most

his hand here return ed up, and

l after an e carriage e rapidly

witnessed ine of the seriously ptain was ir of the think of visit his ancestral estates everyyear, and to make a sad pilgrimage to the scenes of his past happiness.

Hervé remained to him; Hervé, the living image of Blanche, and he enjoyed the devoted attachment of two young, warm-hearted and gifted creatures, Patira and the Silver-haired maiden, the foster-child of Montcalm's friend.